MARCH

15 CENTS

Everybody's Magazine

Eventually

Why Not Now?

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WASHBURN-CROSBY CO., Largest Millers in the World, General Office, Minneapolis, Minn.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE RAILROADS, ANYHOW?
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Everybody's Magazine

No. 3

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Entered as Second Class Matter at the Postoffice Department, Ottawa, Canada

"Look Up and Not Down"

DEAR old Edward Everett Hale, pastor of Boston, of the United States, of the World, preached a sermon when he was young, which grows younger as the world grows older.

It was: "Look up and not down. Look out and not in. And lend a hand."

Just now there is abundant reason for applying this to the business of our country.

From everywhere we hear business men talking optimism. "Business looks fine," they say to us when we talk with them about advertising, "and it's going to be better still."

Advertisers are thermometers and barometers both. They, who invest their money in the intangible asset of human nature through advertising, are the most sensitive men on earth as to business conditions. True, bad times affect them differently; for when business looks gloomy some of them advertise the more and others less; the difference is only a matter of their own courage. But when times look good, these advertisers all act alike,—they all want to advertise to catch the trade that the country has ready for them.

To-day what the American advertisers are doing is to "look up and not down." Business looks up. Credit looks up. Prosperity looks up.

Let us all look up and match our advertising friends with equal confidence.

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TIFFANY & Co

TIFFANY & CO'S MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT IS A BRANCH OF THEIR BUSINESS INTENDED TO SERVE PURCHASERS IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

THEY ARE STRICTLY RETAILERS AND IMPORT AND MANUFACTURE ONLY FOR THEIR OWN TRADE AND NEVER SELL THEIR MERCHANDISE THROUGH AGENTS OR OTHER DEALERS

THE ENTIRE STOCK OF DIAMONDS PEARLS JEWELRY SILVERWARE WATCHES CLOCKS STATIONERY CHINA ETC. IS DESCRIBED IN THEIR BLUE BOOK CATALOGUE WHICH WILL BE SENT UPON REQUEST IT IS NOT ILLUSTRATED BUT IS FULL OF INFORMATION

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NEW YORK

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Good Merchandising on Quarter Pages

HERE is a pointed example of the merchandising which EVERYBODY'S accomplishes for its advertisers. In the following letter you note two things:

(1) That the Scott Paper Company offered one article direct to the consumer, and that EVERYBODY'S brought more returns than all the other publications put together.

(2) That the other article advertised was sold in stores, the advertising aiming to awaken public interest in it,—and that the *dealers* were widely influenced by this advertisement.

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA, December, 8 1910.

ROBERT FROTHINGHAM,
Everybody's Magazine.

Dear Sir: It will interest you to know of the returns received from your publication on the products we are advertising therein.

On *Scottissue Towels* the hygienic paper towel, on which we used a number of magazines on a mail-order basis, we received more direct returns from EVERYBODY'S than from all the other publications put together, and from a class of people which use this towel in large quantities, such as schools, factories, hotels, etc. In nearly every case we have received orders.

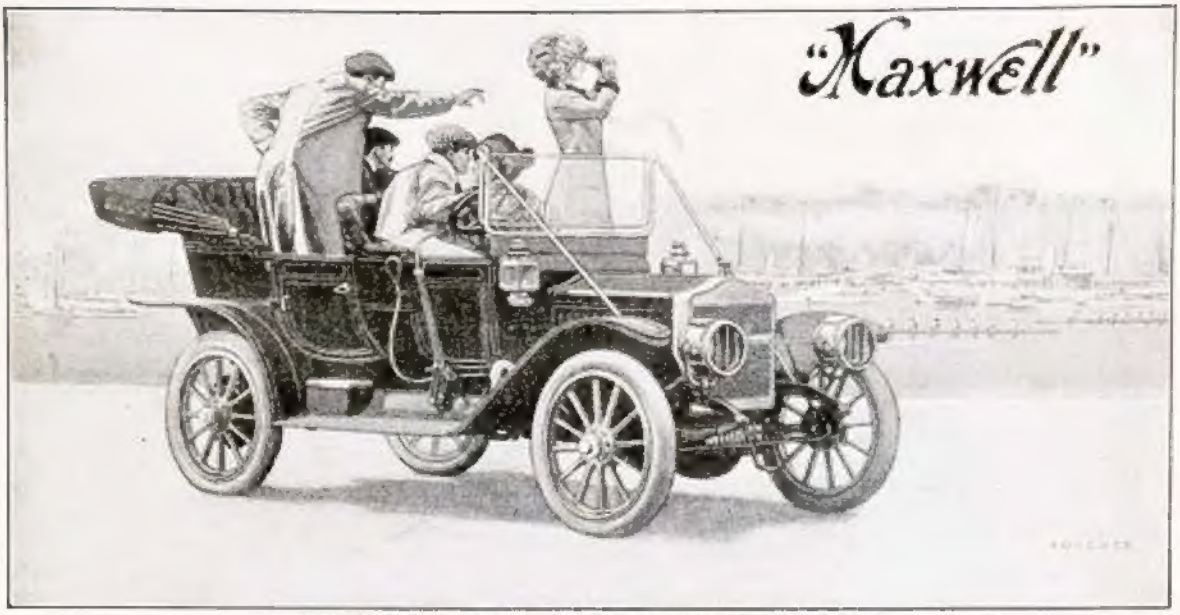
On *Sanitissue* (the only balsamized toilet tissue) the direct returns are much harder to trace; but the writer, on a recent trip, found that the trade referred to the advertising in EVERYBODY'S, to the exclusion of all other publications used, and this same condition has been evidenced in the letters received here from the trade.

These results demonstrate to us, beyond the question of a doubt, that the influence of EVERYBODY'S on the trade is greater than that of any publication that we have used, and that your readers are of a class that are quick to appreciate the value of a superior article.

So our campaign has been laid out for the coming year as with this practical demonstration of your efficiency in mind.

Very truly yours,
ARTHUR H. SCOTT.

But one thing is not mentioned in that letter: All the advertisements, save the last, were small, *only quarter pages*. Which shows, once more, that no advertisement in EVERYBODY'S is so small as to escape the eyes of its readers.



MODEL EA—4 CYL., 30 HORSEPOWER, 5-PASSENGER

Famous Model at New Price

$1400 (including magneto, gas lamps and generator)

TOP AND WINDSHIELD EXTRA

Prior to January 1st, this model sold at $1600. The story of the readjustment of Maxwell prices due to our affiliation with the United States Motor Company is fully told in our new catalogue.

ABSOLUTELY the best five-passenger moderate-priced automobile made. Stylish, roomy, with all the attributes of cars costing as much again, this model deserves your closest inspection. Holder of world's non-stop record for traveling 10,000 miles of road without stopping the motor, winner of both class and sweepstakes trophies in 1910 Munsey Historic Tour. One of the Maxwells that assisted in establishing the best team score in 1910 Glidden Tour. Its achievements are numerous for consistent reliability and efficiency.

THESE BOOKS FREE—"How to Judge an Automobile," a practical treatise on motor cars. Touring Booklet, Maxwell catalogue and other literature to aid you in better deciding your motor car investment, are yours for the asking. A postal will do. Just say, "*Mail Books.*"

Sale of Maxwells to Date

Sold to Dec. 31, 1910	40,726
Sold during Jan. 1911	547
Maxwells in use to-day	41,273

Watch the Figures Grow

Maxwell-Briscoe Motor Company

DIVISION OF THE UNITED STATES MOTOR COMPANY

Key Street, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Factories: Tarrytown, N. Y.; Newcastle, Ind.; Providence, R. I.

Members A. L. A. M.

Syracuse University

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Offers, besides the regular College Courses, Mechanical, Electrical and Civil Engineering, Architecture, Music, Painting, Law, Medicine, Sociology, Pedagogy.

Courses in Agriculture and Forestry have been established.

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SUMMER SCHOOL July 5—Aug. 16

Catalogue and Bulletin sent on application.

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MISS OLIVE S. PARSONS, B. A., Principal.

NEW JERSEY, Pennington, Box 4.

Kamp Kill Kare

Summer Camp for Boys on Lake Champlain. Every sport a boy loves, including fishing, swimming, sailing, rowing, canoeing, tennis and baseball. Tutoring in all branches. Send for booklet.

RALPH F. PERRY.

Rockford College for Women

(1849-1910) **Rockford, Illinois**

First rank. B. A. and B. S. Broad culture, with elective vocational courses that fit for life and for self-support. Faculty in close touch with the girls. Chosen body of students. Health and safety paramount. Pure air, pure artesian water, fine campus, New fire-proof dormitory, electric light, steam heat. Good table. Catalog.

Julia H. Gulliver, Ph.D., LL.D., Pres. Box 6

NATIONAL PARK Seminary

For Girls

Washington, D. C.

(Suburbs)

Box 153. Forest Glen, Md.

Stanley Hall

For Girls

Minneapolis, Minn

Claims your attention because in reputation for fine work, for strong discipline, for breadth of courses for study, for employing only specialists as teachers, for its thorough, up-to-date equipment, for the aesthetic home environment provided and for the general care and training given its boarding pupils, this school has for 20 years ranked as one of the strongest College Preparatory Schools in the country. Since 1906 its Conservatory, having 40 instructors and 500 pupils, has afforded advantages in Music, Art and Dramatic Art unequalled by any other girls' school in the country. For catalogue of either school, address

OLIVE A. EVERS, Principal, 2155 Pleasant Avenue

Learn Photography, Photo-Engraving or 3-Color Work

Engravers and 3-Color Operators Earn $20 to $50 Per Week. Only college in the world where these paying professions are taught successfully. *Established 17 years.* Endorsed by International Association of Photo-Engravers and Photographers' Association of Illinois. Terms easy; living inexpensive. **Graduates assisted in securing good positions.** Write for catalog, and *specify course in which you are interested.*

Illinois College of Photography or **Bissell College of Photo-Engraving** | **946 Wabash Av. Effingham, Ill.**

L. B. BISSELL, Pres.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

FOUNDED IN 1884

Connected with Mr. Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Companies

Franklin H. Sargent
President

For Catalogue and Information, apply to The Secretary, Room 151, Carnegie Hall, New York

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

HOME STUDY

Correspondence-Study Dept.

offers 350 class-room courses to non-resident students. One may thus do part work for a Bachelor's degree. Elementary courses in many subjects, also for Teachers, Writers, Accountants, Bankers, Business Men, Ministers, Social Workers, Etc. Begin any time.

18th Year **U. of C. (Div. S) Chicago, Ill.**

STUDY ACTING

Drama--Musical Comedy--Make Up--Opera

Vaudeville and all stage Dancing taught. Graduates assisted in securing engagements commanding good salaries. Valuable illustrated booklet how 3000 succeeded mailed free. Address **Secretary, Suite 2, ALVIENE UNITED STAGE TRAINING SCHOOL, Inc., Grand Opera House, 23d Street and 8th Avenue, New York.**

What School

Write fully what kind of school you seek, location preferred, expense limit for school year, etc., and you will receive *free of charge* catalogues of schools meeting the requirements indicated. Complete 252 page Directory of all schools and colleges in the United States, mailed for 10c. to cover postage.

EDUCATIONAL AID SOCIETY, School Information Bureau, 1625-53 First Nat. Bank Bldg., Chicago, Illinois.

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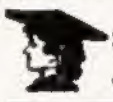
George A. Lewis
Speech Expert

Thousands have been successfully treated under my instruction. Established sixteen years. Largest, best equipped and most successful school for stammerers in the world. Endorsed everywhere. Trial lesson explaining Home Instruction, also 300-page book, "The Origin and Treatment of Stammering," with good advice, FREE.

George Andrew Lewis, 130 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.



NEW YORK, 935-1 Broadway, or CHICAGO, 55 State St. (Suite 1515.)

School Information

Free Catalogues and advice of all Boarding Schools or camps in U. S. Name kind. Girls' or Boys'.

AMERICAN SCHOOLS' ASSOCIATION.

IF YOU STAMMER

attend no stammering school till you hear from me. Largest stammering school in the world, employing the advanced natural method. My method has successfully treated me and thousands of others during the past nine years. No singe-songing or time-beating. If let run, stammering will wreck your life's happiness and handicap your endeavors. Beautiful 88 page book and Special Rate sent FREE. WRITE TODAY.

Lee Wells Millard, Pres., North-Western School for Stammerers, Inc., 912 First St., Milwaukee, Wis.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

CAN YOU DRAW?

We will turn your talent into money. Our Graduates are filling HIGH SALARIED POSITIONS.

We will open to you one of the most profitable and delightful fields of human endeavor—THE BROAD FIELD OF ART where the demand always exceeds the supply.

Good Artists earn from $25 to $100 per week

In easy, fascinating work. Splendid Opportunities await our students, because our twelve years of successful teaching enable us to offer **Many Special Advantages** which fit them for large pecuniary profit.

Individual Home Instruction
by Expert Faculty. Superior Equipment.

Large financial returns assured to able students

Complete Courses in Commercial, Fashion, Book, Magazine, Advertisement Illustrating; Newspaper, Cartooning, Lettering, Designing, Show Card, Photo Retouching, Architectural Perspective, Normal, Color, General Drawing, etc.

ARTISTS' OUTFIT WITHOUT COST
of Fine Instruments and Supplies to each Student.
Write Today for particulars and Handsome Art Book free.

SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART Founded 1899
F8 Fine Arts Building
Battle Creek, Michigan.
Our own Fire-proof Building.

If YOU Would Be Successful Stop Forgetting

MEMORY the BASIS of All KNOWLEDGE

THE KEY TO SUCCESS

You are no greater intellectually than your memory. Send today for my free book "How to Remember"—Faces, Names, Studies—Develops Will, Concentration, Self-Confidence, Conversation, Public Speaking. Increases income. Sent absolutely free—Address
DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL, 758 AUDITORIUM BLDG., CHICAGO

Government Positions

43,970 Appointments were made to Civil Service places during the past year. Excellent opportunities for young people. Each year we instruct by mail thousands of persons who pass these examinations and a large share of them receive appointments to life positions at $840 to $1,600 a year. If you desire a position of this kind, write for our Civil Service Announcement, containing full information about all government examinations and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission.

COLUMBIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

You need business training

LEARN BY MAIL — TO BECOME A:

Certified Public Accountant	Auditor	Advertiser	Banker
Broker	Business Organizer	Corporate Secretary	Merchant
Cost Accountant	Credit Man	Factory Accountant	Manufacturer
Insurance Specialist	Real Estate Specialist		Salesman

Prepare yourself to be a specialist. Aspire for a higher professional training. We can prepare you, in your spare hours, without interfering with your present position, for increased knowledge and substantial income.

Each course complete in itself. Instruction equal to that given at the leading universities.

Write for booklet B, mentioning professional career desired.

UNIVERSAL BUSINESS INSTITUTE, INC., Dept. B,
Fifth Avenue, corner 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

NOW IN AN ORCHESTRA

How Music Lessons FREE

In His Own Home Started Him

"I could not play a note when I received the first lesson from you, and now I am playing in a good orchestra of ten pieces, and can read music and play as well as any of them. I shall always recommend your home study school of music." That is what Eli Smith, Jr., R. R. No. 2, Marietta, Ill., writes after a one-year course on the violin.

Eli Smith's only expense under our free tuition plan was for postage and music. That cost him less than **Two Cents** a day, and he was under no further obligation whatever.

If you wish to learn to play the **Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Mandolin, Banjo, Cornet, Cello,** or learn to Sing, our teachers will come to you by mail once a week with a lesson until you can read music and play your instrument to your own satisfaction.

Over ten thousand weekly lessons are now being sent to homes all over the world to pupils in all walks of life, from seven years of age to seventy.

Our free tuition plan will enable you to get weekly lessons costing **You** less than two cents a day. It will be your only expense and places you under no further obligation whatever.

This school has been established since 1898. Don't be deceived by imitators.

Don't say you cannot learn music, but send for our booklet and free tuition offer. It will be sent by return mail free. Address U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 3, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Instruments supplied when needed. Cash or credit.

BECOME A NURSE

By the Most Advanced Home-study Method

Two Chautauqua Graduate Nurses
MRS. JANE B. MARSHALL, Beverly, Mass.
MRS. ANNA B. C. POTTER, Montreal, Can.

We have trained thousands of beginners and practical nurses, in their own homes, to earn **$10** to **$25** a week.

Send for our 10th 64-page Year Book, explaining method, with stories of actual experience by successful nurses.

The Chautauqua School of Nursing
281 Main St., Jamestown, N. Y.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

$ What are your brains worth? ?

IF YOU learn advertising you will have acquired the greatest factor in your business career. If you decide to be an advertising man you must know that the salaries range from

$25 to $100 a Week

If you use your knowledge to better your position you will find that you have a decided advantage over the man who does not know advertising, regardless of the line of business, or the position for which you are looking. The instruction we give makes you a better business man; keener to the possibilities that lay before you and gives you absolute confidence in your ability to *"make good"* at whatever you undertake. Send for our beautiful prospectus. It's free.

PAGE-DAVIS SCHOOL

Address either office { Dept. 220, Page Bldg., Chicago, Ill. / Dept. 220, 150 Nassau St., New York

We Train Business Men For Commercial Supremacy

Brainy men—men of purpose and ability—men of position and power.

Law is the backbone of business. Buying, selling, contracts, partnerships, transportation, are hedged about by legal restrictions. Without knowledge of fundamental law every business man risks legal pitfalls, error, mistake and loss.

For 20 years bankers, corporation officials, educators, labor leaders, city, state and Federal officials, ministers, physicians, army officers have been trained by us for highest efficiency—greatest money-making power. They have studied at home or at office, in spare hours, at small cost.

STUDY LAW AT HOME

Our school is the original and foremost; our methods sound; our teachers practicing attorneys; our study courses thorough and exhaustive.

We offer a Business Law Course and a College Law Course, both endorsed by bench, bar and law colleges.

We want to send you the catalogue and "evidence." Write for it.

SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW
174 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

EARN AS YOU LEARN

IF you are anxious to join the high-salaried advertising writers and managers, I will train you through my famous System of Advertising Instruction by mail, for ten years the standard. I shall be glad to mail free my elegant prospectus telling all about it.

Arrangements have been made for my students to earn money practically from the start through co-operation with the manufacturer of a revolutionary article.

GEORGE H. POWELL
1485 Metropolitan Annex, New York

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?

THAT'S ALL WE WANT TO KNOW

Now, we will not give you any grand prize—or a lot of free stuff if you answer this ad. Nor do we claim to make you rich in a week. But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can make money, send a copy of this picture with 6 cents in stamps for portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate, and let us explain.

THE W. L. EVANS SCHOOL OF CARTOONING
333 Engineer Bldg., Cleveland, O.

I won the **World's First** Prize for best course in Penmanship. Under my guidance you can become an expert penman. Am placing many of my students as instructors in commercial colleges at high salaries. If you wish to become a better penman, write me. I will send you **Free** one of my **Favorite Pens** and a copy of the Ransomerian Journal.
C. W. Ransom, 714 Reliance Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

WE WANT STORY WRITERS

We read, criticize, revise, and typewrite stories, novels, plays, and book MSS; we sell them on commission or tell you where to sell them. We teach by mail **STORY-WRITING and JOURNALISM**
Endorsed by leading daily, weekly, and monthly publications throughout the United States and Canada. Send for free booklet **"Writing for Profit"**; tells how and gives the proof. THORNTON WEST, Editor-in-Chief. Established 1895. Two prize story-contests.

THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
87 The Baldwin Indianapolis, Ind.

STUDY LAW

High-Grade Instruction by Correspondence
Established 1892

Prepares for the bar. Three Courses: College, Post-Graduate and Business Law. Improved method of instruction, combining **theory and practice.**

One student writes: "I have learned more law in three months under your instruction than I learned in six months in a law office."

APPROVED BY BENCH AND BAR

Classes begin each month. Uniform rate of tuition. Send for our 48-page catalogue, in which we give a synopsis of the rules for admission to the bar of the several States.

Chicago Correspondence School of Law
500 Reaper Block, Chicago

COPY THIS SKETCH

and let me see what you can do with it. You can earn $30.00 to $125.00 or more per week as illustrator or cartoonist. My practical system of personal individual lessons by mail will develop your talent. Fifteen years successful work for newspapers and magazines qualifies me to teach you. Send me your sketch of President Taft with 6c. in stamps and I will send you a test lesson plate, also collection of drawings showing possibilities for YOU.

THE LANDON SCHOOL of Illustrating and Cartooning
1430 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland, O.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Learn a Good Paying Profession

IF YOU will give us part of your spare time for 30 days we will *positively teach you* the **Boyd Syllabic System of Shorthand.** It is a wonderful new method, easy to learn, simple, only nine characters, no words to memorize; yet so simple and complete that it puts the entire English language at your command in 30 days. Anybody can learn it and become an expert stenographer. We have graduates earning high salaries everywhere. **Write for Testimonials & Free Book.**

CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
956 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Illinois.

TO LEARN BOOKKEEPING WHEN I WILL MAKE A FIRST-CLASS BOOKKEEPER OF YOU At YOUR OWN HOME

IN SIX WEEKS FOR $3 OR REFUND MONEY

Fair enough? Distance and experience immaterial. I find POSITIONS, too, **EVERYWHERE, FREE!** Placed pupil Sept. 7 at $25 weekly. Perhaps I can place YOU, too! Have **10,000 Testimonials.** Why not **WRITE—RIGHT NOW!**

J. H. GOODWIN, Expert Accountant
Room 367, 1215 Broadway, New York

FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, ITALIAN

Can be learned quickly, easily and pleasantly, in spare moments at your own home. You hear the living voice of a native professor pronounce each word and phrase. In a surprisingly short time you can speak a new language by the

Language-Phone Method

With Rosenthal's Practical Linguistry
Send for Booklet and Testimonials

The Language-Phone Method
814 Metropolis Building, New York.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

Here is the way through

OUR "DEFERRED TUITION SCHOLARSHIP" supplies the way and removes the last barrier between the progressive, ambitious young man and the higher position and salary to which he aspires.

Read every word of this offer. We mean it, and there is a fine chance for you if you improve it.

Thousands of men realize that all that stands between them and good positions with big pay is their lack of special training in some one thing. We are going to help these men We are going to lend them the cost of the training they need and let them make their own terms about repaying us.

This is the greatest offer ever made to men who have "got it in them to rise" We have studied the matter very carefully, and are fully prepared to help everyone who comes to us in earnest.

If you are one of these ambitious fellows willing to study for an hour every evening, willing to stick to it with the kind of persistence that wins, then you are on the right track

Check the coupon, mail it to us, and we will explain fully our "DEFERRED TUITION" plan, how we will lend you the cost of the tuition, and allow you to pay us back when the increase in your yearly income equals the amount of the loan

NO PROMOTION — NO PAY — that's what our "DEFERRED TUITION scholarship means Ask for the little book, "Profitable Worldly Wisdom" It will be sent to you free and will help you.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE, Chicago, U. S. A

Opportunity Coupon

American School of Correspondence, Chicago U. S. A.

I [illegible] for the position [illegible]

....Book-keeper	....Draftsman
....Stenographer	....Architect
....Accountant	....Civil Engineer
....Cost Accountant	....Automobile Operator
....Systematizer	....Electrical Engineer
....Cert. C.P. Public Acc't	....Mechanical Engineer
....Auditor	....Moving Picture Op'r
....Business Manager	....Steam Engineer
....Commercial Law	....Fire Insurance Eng'r
....Reclamation Engineer	....College Preparatory

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

LEARN PLUMBING

[illegible] Hours Shorter—Pay Bigger—Demand Greater [illegible] Short Day Trade. You [illegible] Practical [illegible] months to [illegible] conduct your own business. Catalog [illegible]

BIG PAY SHORT HOURS

St. Louis Trades School
4446 Olive St. St. Louis, Mo.

From Alexander's *Court Hose* — one of 1,000 subjects in

The Copley Prints

You know their general fame, but what you do not perhaps realize is that we will send you a selection on approval,—through the art stores if you wish, or direct if the art stores are not convenient for you. In quality "they are all that an artist could ask," says Elihu Vedder. 50 cents to $20.00. They make the

BEST OF GIFTS

Illustrated Catalogue, 320 cuts (practically a handbook of American art), **sent for 25 cents** (stamps). This cost deducted from a purchase of the Prints.

Exhibitions for schools, clubs, churches, etc. **Family Portraits** [illegible]

CURTIS & CAMERON [illegible] BOSTON

YOU CAN BE A SALESMAN

EARN WHILE YOU LEARN

We [illegible] Salesman's Positions open [illegible] Practical Training [illegible] Practical Training [illegible]

THE PRACTICAL SCHOOL OF SALESMANSHIP

CORTINA-PHONE

ENGLISH GERMAN - ITALIAN - SPANISH - FRENCH

[illegible] of any other language [illegible] and [illegible] by the Cortina Method [illegible] You learn the [illegible] you learned your [illegible] listening to it. You and understand [illegible] present instead of [illegible]

Write for booklet today

CORTINA ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES
Established [illegible]
[illegible] Cortina Bldg., 44 W. 24th St., N.Y.

CORTINA-PHONE

Oregon Journal—"Harold Bell Wright has given to the world a literary gem that will live."

"The Crown is not the kingdom, nor is one King because he wears a Crown."—*From "The Uncrowned King"*

The Uncrowned King

Mr. Wright's Allegory of Life
"The Cameo of Literature"

New York Tribune—"It embodies the aspiration, civic and [illegible]."
Chicago News—"Full of delightful humor and sentiment."
Indianapolis Evening News—"It represents dreams of artistic [illegible]."
Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch—"The secret of his power is the same God given secret that inspired Shakespeare and [illegible] Dickens."
Grand Rapids Herald—"It is the greatest story since Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress."
Omaha Bee-Herald—"It is a classic in nature and spirit and rendering."
Richmond Journal—"The language throughout is exquisite—such as one might expect of Henry Van Dyke."
Hartford Courant—"It is an original contribution to literature. It is worth all it looks for it."
Birmingham Ledger—"It is beautiful in its wording almost poetry. It is beautiful in its binding of red and gold."

Frontispiece and Ten Illustrations in Color by John Rea Neill.
Over 100 pages, size 4¾x7 inches. Cloth, Net 75 Cents — Full Leather, Boxed, Net $1.25.

The Winning of Barbara Worth

To be published in August
First Edition, 125,000

¶ Full of action, big incidents and the Spirit of the West.

¶ Mr. Wright's first novel since "The Calling of Dan Matthews," and the greatest of his life work.

¶ Pictures by Cootes—made on the scenes of the story.

The Winning of Barbara Worth

To be published in August
The Great American Novel

¶ A story of the Great Colorado Desert—*The Key-Note:* The reclamation of man through the reclamation of the desert—The Ministry of Capital.

¶ Six illustrations by F. Graham Cootes.

¶ Uniform in binding and price with Mr. Wright's other novels.

Other Novels by Mr. Wright—Over One Million Copies Have Been Sold

Chicago Evening Post—"Unquestionably the author knows [illegible]."
New York Herald—"Mr. Wright's books are wholesome at the best sense."
Chicago Tribune—"Vividly mapped out are the adventures [illegible] but [illegible] colorful [illegible] never [illegible] spirit, strength, [illegible], never-ending tragedy."

The Shepherd of the Hills

Illustrations by Cootes. 352 pages. 12mo. Cloth, $1.50

Chicago Tribune—"Done to the life."
Denver Times—"A tale of [illegible]."
New [illegible]—"[illegible]"
Atlanta [illegible]—"[illegible]"

The Calling of Dan Matthews

Illustrations in Color by Arthur I. Keller
364 pages. 12mo. Cloth, $1.50

New York Times—"There are many bits of excellent descrip[illegible] of the story, and [illegible] are as fresh [illegible] as one would [illegible] on the Ozark trails this May."

That Printer of Udell's

Illustrations by Gilbert. 468 pages. 12mo. Cloth, $1.50

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS or send your order to the Publishers—The Book Supply Company

BOOK CATALOG FREE—Size, 8½ x 5½—Big Savings—Books of all the Publishers—WRITE FOR IT TODAY

[illegible] Hundreds of Fine Sets and Fine Bindings for your library. [illegible] in stock. [illegible] at prices proved fair on request. A [illegible] of customer. We want your [illegible] orders. [illegible] Public, Private or School Library orders.

THE BOOK SUPPLY COMPANY, Publishers and Booksellers
ESTABLISHED 1895 E. W. REYNOLDS, President 220-222 Monroe Street, CHICAGO

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

Copyright 1910 by Patriot Publishing Company

Who Was There That You Knew

Look with care at this ghostly picture—this strange old Civil War photograph. Perhaps among these Union soldiers about to venture into Petersburg—or among the besieged Confederates who tensely waited for the fire of this gun—which roared destruction just after this photograph was taken—perhaps, in that dread place, some one near and dear to you moved and fought and fell.

To every American who gazes on a scene like this comes a sense of his own heritage, for the great Crisis that tested both North and South, found neither wanting in skill or courage, and made our national Government, our unity, brotherhood and character.

But where did we get this war-photograph? Why do we print it here? That makes a story in itself; for in securing this picture we secured three thousand five hundred more—an astonishingly vivid panorama of the greatest struggle in modern times.

We will send you that story well printed and illustrated by more pictures. Read this:—

18 Photographic Reproductions FREE

For the Cost of Mailing

To give you some idea of the bigness of this work we have chosen 18 of the photographs at random, reproduced them carefully and enclosed them in a handsome portfolio. These 18 we will send you **free** if you send only 10 cents for the cost of postage. Even these samples will be valuable acquisitions.

When the startling existence of these negatives is generally realized we shall not give away pictures. So you had better send the coupon at once and make sure of this splendid addition to your library.

How We Got the 3,500 Unique Civil War Photographs

From Sumter to Appomattox—a camera and a dark-room under protection of Allan Pinkerton and the Federal Government accompanied the armies and the navies through the Civil War. The 3,500 photographs taken were bought by the United States Government for $27,840 and promptly buried in the War Department as an important part of our secret records. But the great camera genius who took the photographs kept a duplicate set for himself. When he died, these too were lost, until nearly fifty years after the war, when they were found again. How they were taken—how they were lost—how they were found again—how the REVIEW OF REVIEWS secured them and put them into a superb set of books in ten volumes so that they would be within the reach of every American home, is a wonderful story that can't be told here. But read the panel and send the coupon and you'll get the whole story. We have the privilege of offering these books for a limited time only. We suggest you act promptly to avoid disappointment.

Review of Reviews Company
13 Astor Place, New York

Ev. 3-11

Review of Reviews Company
13 Astor Place
New York, N. Y.

Send me free of charge the 18 reproductions of your newly discovered Civil War photographs. Be [illegible] Lincoln [illegible] from Mr. [illegible] the days of the [illegible] myself [illegible] mailing.

Name

Address

To Every Person

who has played the races, bought mining stocks or gambled [redacted]

Greeting! You have played the most interesting game in the world—and you have lost.

And you will play it again and you'll lose again.

Why? Because you haven't a chance in the world.

The wisest man who plays the races, or speculates, hasn't a chance.

We are all "suckers" together.

How do I know?

Because I have played both ends—and lost.

I am an expert on horse-racing.

I made $7.30 grow into $1,500,000.00 in less than two years, giving tips on the races.

And I lost it all betting on my own tips.

I am an expert on mining-stocks.

I have induced the public to part with $200,000,000.00 for Nevada securities.

I engineered the Goldfield boom.

I was on "the inside."

I got in on all the good things.

I haven't got a cent today.

I have gambled since I was a kid.

I have been in all the gambling hells that count for anything.

I have as good luck as the next man and a lot more experience.

I have *won* all kinds of money.

But I have lost every cent.

All I have to show for my ten years' work is a large fund of experience, some odd recollections, and this firm conviction:

That *the public hasn't got a chance.*

I have no intention of telling you a hard luck story, but I do want to tell you how the game is worked.

It's not all bad.

It's not all good.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

It's merely catering to the American people's insatiable desire to gamble.

I want to tell you

How your money goes
Who gets it
What they do with it
What chance you have of winning it back.

I want you to know the game as I know it, see it as I have seen it—from the inside.

This is not a moral *exposé*.

It's a life story.

It is just what the title says:

"My Adventures with Your Money."

It's a great yarn—a real adventure story.

And it's true.

GEORGE GRAHAM RICE

MR. RICE'S story begins in the April Number of ADVENTURE. In the telling, he is wholly unconventional, perfectly unembarrassed, frank, cordial, straightforward, even bold. He will take you into his confidence from the beginning.

His intellect glories in it—and so will yours. And it *may* save you from speculating again. He can't guarantee that, but he hopes so.

Anyhow, you will get the most exciting tale you could possibly want to read. You will learn, in the first article, how Mr. Rice gave tips on the races. Ever hear of Maxim & Gay? Ever hear the phrase "one best bet"? George Graham Rice invented them both. And he invented many other things that kept him in funds for two years.

He will tell you that first.

He will tell it in the Ridgway Company's new magazine, ADVENTURE.

Good name for a magazine that publishes his story, don't you think?

And a good magazine, too, as you will see.

The April Number is on sale March 5th.

Mr. Rice's first article is in it.

To make sure to get this first article, send $1.50 for a year's subscription to The Ridgway Company, Publishers of *Everybody's Magazine* and ADVENTURE, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York, N. Y.

START WITH THE FIRST ARTICLE.

READ EVERY NUMBER.

REMEMBER, the first article is in the April

Adventure

News-stand Price 15 cents a copy
Subscription Price $1.50 a year

Published by the
Publishers of Everybody's

Girls!

Do You Want More Money?

IF YOU'RE a girl with more desires than dollars, here's good news for you.

You need no longer try to be contented with a pocket-book so slim that you are afraid to touch it. The Clover Club, a club organized and run by the Best Known Magazine in the World, The Delineator, will gladly reveal to you a recipe guaranteed to fatten the thinnest purse.

In other words, the Clover Club offers any girl and every girl who wants more money the opportunity to earn money, and the way is pleasant and dignified, too. Here are just two or three extracts from letters of girls who are trying the Clover Club way:

"I am very, very much in love with the Clover Club. It is indeed easy to accomplish the light task you set, and I am very thankful to you for showing me this rosy way to make money."

"I think it such pleasant work that I am devoting every minute to it."

"It is great fun belonging to the Clover Club and gives me lots of pleasure as well as profit."

"Many, many thanks for the check. It really seems as if I must be some one else, for I have never before had showered upon me so much good luck."

"It is certainly delightful to be receiving money for the little I do. I thank you heartily and wish every success to the Clover Club."

Every mail brings letters like this—letters that would convince even a sour old cynic that there's nothing difficult nor disagreeable about earning money à la Clover Club.

And best of all, there are no conditions to bar out any girl that wants to join. In the first place there are no dues of any kind. Then it doesn't matter one single bit where you live. Our members are to be found in city, town, and village in every section of our great country. It's immaterial, too, how long you have lived. As I've often said, one may be as young as Red Riding Hood or as old as Mother Goose and still find a warm welcome within our ranks. We have girls of eight and "girls" approaching eighty.

A great many of our girls are married, but that fact in no way hinders their being one of us. "I feel as enthusiastic about it all," writes one, "as though I were a really, truly girl instead of a married woman with a little girl of my own."

You may devote as much or as little of your time to the work as you like, and last but not least, remember, you do not have to be talented nor even business trained.

The one great thing is the desire to earn money of your own—money that does not have to be asked for nor accounted for to a single soul. If that desire is yours, join the Clover Club!

You'll find it means more than money, too, for from time to time our members receive valuable gifts from the Treasure Box. For instance, there's the Club pin that is given to every girl entering the Golden Chapter of the Clover Club. And such a beautiful pin as it is! In the first place it's solid gold, and in the second place it contains a genuine diamond, and in the third place it comes from Tiffany's. Nothing is too good for the Clover Club.

The Club Brooch of Solid Gold, set with a Genuine Diamond.

Here's a photograph so you may get a little idea of its beauty, and here's a letter or two that tell you what the girls who are now wearing it think of it:

"I write to thank you for the five-dollar check, the sixth spoon, and the dear little diamond pin which I think perfectly beautiful. I am sure I do not know how to thank you. Can only say I certainly appreciate it and am so proud of it."

"The beautiful diamond pin surpasses all my expectations and anticipations. It is lovely. Words can not express my appreciation of it. You can't know how greatly pleased with it I am. I wish to thank you again and again."

"My pin came to-day, and to say that I am delighted does not half express my feelings. It is a little beauty, and I want all of the Clover Club girls to have one just like it. Do tell them not to rest content till they own one."

To enter the Golden Chapter and wear the beautiful diamond brooch, you must first be a member of the Clover Club, so don't put off another day finding out all about that. *Before bedtime to-night*, drop me at least a line with your name and address and I will send you a copy of our little "Guide to Moneyville," together with full particulars of our wonderful club. There's a warm welcome awaiting you whenever you want to join.

Helen Halladay

Secretary The Clover Club,
Room 12, The Delineator, New York.

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Bathe Daily with Fairy Soap

The daily bath is worth all the squills and pills in the world, but half its benefit and enjoyment depends on the purity of the soap used.

Fairy Soap is just as pure as its whiteness would lead you to believe—because it is made from edible products, and has no coloring matter, dyes or high perfumes to deceive the eye, or delude the sense of smell.

Its floating properties, handy, oval shape and price of 5c leave nothing to be desired.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
CHICAGO

"Have You a little Fairy in Your Home?"

Do you remember your first lesson in "telling time?" The chances are ten to one that the Watch was a Waltham. First impressions are lasting, and Waltham confidence, begotten in youth is renewed year after year by the progressive methods of Waltham Watchmaking.

WALTHAM

lives on its youth—not on its traditions. It is the oldest established Watch in America, but it is also the youngest, most modern and up-to-date in the World. The spirit of progress is the secret of its perennial youth.

In the Waltham Colonial Series for instance, watchmaking reaches its most refined [illegible] development to date. The Colonial, Riverside grade—made as thin as it is safe to make a reliable watch—offers the most exquisite watch model in the world and a timepiece of unerring accuracy. It is in every way the ideal high-grade gentleman's watch. Send for booklet describing the various Waltham movements. Your Jeweler will assist you in selecting the one best suited to your needs.

"It's Time You Owned a Waltham."

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, - - - WALTHAM, MASS.

[illegible] are indexed. Turn to page 2.

NOTICE OF EXPIRATION of the Period for Registering EARLY APPLICATIONS for the Eleventh Edition of The Encyclopaedia Britannica, at Substantial Concessions in Prices, but without Immediate Payments.

The Cambridge University Press

invited applications in advance of publication for the New Edition of The Encyclopaedia Britannica on a basis of preferential treatment in the matter of prices to those who by applying promptly should assist the publishers to further the economical production of the complete work, and in a large edition.

(No Payment was required until after delivery of the volumes, the object of the advance offer being to ascertain in what proportion the public would prefer the work—whether on ordinary book paper as in the case of previous editions, or in the more compact form on India paper (very light, yet strong and opaque)—and what was not less important, to ascertain their preference as regards the six styles of binding.)

Advance-of-Publication Orders (New York and London)

[illegible] 1911

TOTAL ORDERS .	12,166
of which the orders for sets on India Paper are	10,827
being [illegible] of the total.	
The orders for sets on Ordinary Paper are .	1,339
being [illegible] of the total.	

Of the [illegible] the India paper [illegible] Cloth Sheepskin or Full Morocco.

[illegible] for the printer thirty days before it can be read [illegible]

The purpose of this advance offer

having been achieved, the relative demand for the work in its essentially different formats having been definitely determined (this being necessary before making estimates for the printing and binding of a large edition — 25,000 to 50,000 sets — of a work in 29 volumes of 960 to 1,064 pages each), the manufacturing will now proceed rapidly and on a scale altogether without precedent in publishing.

Delivery to early subscribers

has already begun in the case of Volumes I to XIV inclusive, and the other volumes XV to XXIX are in the binders' hands. Complete publication of the Eleventh Edition of The Encyclopaedia Britannica will, therefore, be effected soon after this magazine is in the hands of its readers. The sale has been so extremely successful that in order to allow all who wish to purchase the book an opportunity of obtaining it on the most favourable terms possible, it has been decided to allow the present low prices to remain open till May 31st next. The first printing of 17,000 sets—12,000 on India paper and 5,000 on Ordinary paper (which it is expected will be finished by March 1st) will, in respect of the India paper, be over-sold by the time this advertisement is read; so that those who do not order promptly will find their names far down on the list of subscribers to whom deliveries will be made in impartial rotation from the further stock of sets which has been put in hand.

The advance-of-publication prices are only $4.00 a volume for ordinary paper bound in Cloth, or $4.25 a volume for India paper bound in Cloth (the Ninth Edition having been sold when first issued at $7.50 a volume), Cloth, which will be the ultimate price for the Eleventh Edition. The leather bindings (full sheepskin and full Morocco) are now correspondingly low in price. The present saving which

Applications for the New ENCYCLOPAEDIA

The first edition of The Encyclopaedia Britannica was issued at Edinburgh in 1768-71 by "A Society of Gentlemen in Scotland"

✣

Successive editions have appeared at an average interval of 14 years.

✣

The last completely new edition was the 9th, in 25 vols., issued volume by volume, between 1875 and 1889

This photograph was taken in an old country house in England, and the contrast between old fashions and new is strikingly shown by the fact that the volumes of the new Encyclopaedia Britannica in the single-tier mahogany bookcase stand under a portrait painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds about 1775, nearly the time the First Edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica appeared.

The new (11th) edition has been edited and written as a complete whole.

✣

All the volumes are of practically uniform date, all are being printed and will be issued at practically the same time.

✣

The contributors, 1,500 in number, include the great scholars, the leading authorities and the best practical experts of all civilized countries.

early applicants may effect by entering their names as subscribers will enable them to acquire the foremost work of reference at prices which have never before been possible, and which would not have been possible, even in the present case, unless the book-buying public had responded promptly.

Immediate applications in the case of those whose names were not entered on the first subscription list will be dealt with with all possible dispatch — that is, as quickly as printers and binders can produce complete sets.

62 printing machines have been requisitioned for the volumes that are being printed on India paper. In view of the fact that the printing of The Encyclopaedia Britannica in this form is a lengthy process requiring unusually careful presswork, and in view of the further fact that the publishers anticipate a demand exceeding 40,000 sets before May 31st, it has been necessary to open a waiting list, delivery of the volumes to be made as rapidly as printers and binders can turn out the books, but in no case need any payment be made until the volumes have been delivered.

BRITANNICA should be registered without delay

The total expense of production has been £250 000 ($1,150,000), including editorial expenses of £163,000 ($815,000).

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P. T. O.

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March

CARRYING THE MAN-EATER INTO CAMP. THIS MONSTER TERRORIZED A DISTRICT IN INDIA OF HALF A MILLION INHABITANTS FOR FIVE YEARS BEFORE A BULLET FROM MR. CORBETT'S EXPRESS PUNISHED HIM.

VOL. XXIV
MARCH

Everybody's Magazine

NO. 3
1911

TRACKING THE MAN-KILLER

By CAPTAIN FRITZ DUQUESNE

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS ESPECIALLY COLLECTED FOR THIS ARTICLE BY THE AUTHOR

RUN your finger across the map from Baluchistan to Singapore, an eighth of the globe. Between these points lie the mighty states of the Indian Empire, towering mountain ranges, and broad and stately rivers—the Indus, the Ganges, the Brahmaputra, the Irawadi, the Martaban—all flowing to the sea from the high Himalayan gable of the earth. In this vast area, with its jungles, its deserts, its tumbling hill country, lies one of the world's greatest hunting grounds, a region of big game second to Africa alone.

My one wish was to test my nerves on a tiger. Time and again, around the camp fires of the African veldt, I had heard tales of the big striped cat. Men that knew told me there was no quarry afoot that compared with it in cunning and ferocity. In their minds, it was the most difficult to hunt of all the hunted ones. And so, with a resolve to test the truth of the camp-fire stories, I took ticket for Calcutta—since there are no tigers in Africa—and from there pushed deep into the Indian jungles.

It will no doubt astonish many to hear that India runs so close to Africa in its wildness. One easily pictures Africa as a home of big game. Comparatively speaking, it is sparsely populated, and much room remains everywhere within it for uncounted hosts of wild things. But that India, teeming with a population of more than three hundred million souls, should still have space for big game of many kinds seems very nearly incredible. For the Empire averages one hundred and sixty-seven human beings to the square mile.

Then, again, this astonishes: Not only is there room for game in plenty, but much of it is of the most dangerous sort. On an average, India loses every year twenty thousand persons and fifty thousand head of cattle from the depredations of wild

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EUROPEAN CAMP OF TIGER HUNTERS. THE PREPARATIONS TAKE ON THE ASPECT OF A HUGE PICNIC

THE NATIVE ATTENDANTS' CAMP. PREPARING AN ELEPHANT FOR THE HUNT

beasts. Consider these figures—statistics compiled by the government; they show both the abundance of man-killing game and the mortality due to their ravages:

In one year hyenas killed 28, elephants 29, bears 87, leopards 301, wolves 829, tigers 809, snakes 15,261, and other animals 1,127—a total of 18,471. There must be many others not accounted for. In the same year 48,400 cattle fell a prey to marauding beasts. Remember, too, that crocodiles, which are heavy destroyers, are not mentioned in the list. But that the destruction is not all one-sided may be realized from the fact that during the same period—that is, in a single year—27,000 dangerous animals were destroyed, besides 116,500 snakes. Could such a condition exist elsewhere than in India? I think not.

The indifference of the natives toward this situation is unbelievable. For ages they have suffered, have paid their toll of death, and yet they remain passive, like their cattle. Europeans that know the country will unite in telling you that the timidity of the native encourages the beasts to attack human life. One white man cynically remarked to me that the life of the average Hindu was so miserable, anyway, that he made little effort to preserve it. At any rate, it is true that the Hindu willingly leaves the country to its wild life. By the millions he crowds to the cities, where he is content to fester, to exist in hopeless poverty and squalor.

Out of justice to the Hindu, however, it should be said that to a great extent the laws made by foreigners are responsible for this. The conqueror will not let the native own a rifle, lest he may some day wish to rule and so turn the weapon on his British overlords. Naturally, without a means of self-defense, the native shuns the jungle.

But though India is the habitat of the leopard and the tiger—two of the world's most dangerous beasts—it is not to be compared with Africa for its perils. Of course, if one hunts for danger in India it may be found there readily—danger enough to daunt the stoutest heart. But, for the most part, the Indian methods of sport are little more than child's play beside the Dark Continent's perilous amusement.

In India, for one thing, there is no hardship. Most of the shooting is done from a howdah strapped to an elephant's back, in which one is literally carried to the game. Men with one arm or one leg or otherwise crippled may hunt with success in Indian jungles; but not in Africa, where, as a rule, the hunter faces the game afoot. In Africa, furthermore, one usually hunts alone, with a native *shikaree*, and perhaps an extra gun-bearer in attendance. But in India the crowd turns out; it is a party, ordinarily.

For the outsider, however, shooting is made difficult in India. Permission is required from the British ruler and also from the district's native rajah. Unless you belong to a party of officials, military or civil, you might as well seek elsewhere for your hunting. A smattering of Hindustani is imperative. You will require also the trained *shikar* elephants; and as these are owned by officials and native princes, unless you have the proper introduction you cannot rent them for love nor money. And elephants are absolutely essential on account of the nature of the hunting grounds.

Providing, however, that you have the influence, the best ground awaits you between the Himalayas and the River Ganges, and in the country along the Brahmaputra. Burma, Assam, and Singapore are also splendid *shikar* grounds. But apart from these domains, perhaps the best and most accessible place is northern Bengal, any part of which can be reached by railway. It was at Jubbulpur, in this region, that I took part in my first Indian hunt.

By good fortune, in Calcutta I found Mr. Mortimer, an English friend, who was just starting on a tiger hunt. Through him, everything was made easy for me. After our passports were issued, our outfit made ready, and our servants engaged, we boarded a train of the Indian railway. For a great stretch, the line parallels the Ganges, traversing the depths of a miasmatic jungle, an impenetrable mesh of foliage defended against human invasion by a riotous profusion of thorn vines and other creepers. One saw at a glance here why one needed an elephant to take one through the jungle.

On our arrival at Jubbulpur, where the government's elephants are stabled, I was astonished to find that a number of women were to go with us on our hunt. In fact, what struck me first at the stables was the sight of them strolling under their parasols among the big beasts and the native attendants. To my eye now, the *shikar* began to take on the aspect of a big picnic.

There were the huge white tents, the picturesquely dressed and undressed natives, the soldiers, the women in white dresses, ready to watch the jungle tragedy from

THE AUTHOR AND HIS PET LEOPARD CUB

a *loge* on their elephant's back, the men in white duck and pith helmets—almost a fête, it seemed. Almost everybody, too, was a lord, a sir, or an honorable, all related to some one having a hand in the British Indian government. And, in amount and quality, the provisions brought along would have done credit to a first-rate hotel.

Everything was ready now. The elephants were driven up and commanded to fall upon their knees. Men and women climbed to the howdahs by ladders. The head *shikaree* gave the signal; each elephant heaved to his feet like a mountain in an earthquake; and off we started in a long string toward the Nerbudda River.

To me, it looked as if the big cat would not have much of a chance. Squatted on the neck of each elephant sat its mahout, the native driver. A steel goad helped him to guide the unwieldy beast; and I'm bound to say the mahout used it freely. These were *shikar* elephants we rode, trained for the hunt, supposed to stand when a tiger charges, and not to flinch when a rifle is fired from the howdah. I say supposed, for few elephants live that do not fear the tiger. Later, you will see what mine did—incidentally, what he did to me—when charged. Besides these *shikar* brutes, there were other elephants used for beating up the game. On them, our native aides rode along, unprotected by a howdah and sitting on pads strapped to the elephants like saddles.

My howdah, like all the others, resembled nothing so much as a big cradle. It was fitted with side racks for the guns. Generally, two rifles are carried, one a small-bore, high-velocity arm of, say, seven millimeter caliber; and a double-barreled express running between .450 and .600 caliber. The double .577 is still a great favorite among Indian sportsman; justly so, too, for its bullet has a crushing impact calculated to stop the charge of almost any beast. Many Indian hunters favor also a twelve or an eight gauge double-barreled shotgun, using spherical balls. A great advantage of such guns is the ease with which they may be sighted, for they have only a bead at the muzzle, and may be sighted by glancing down the rib. At close quarters, to be able to take a snap-shot with a good chance of hitting the mark is a big factor of safety. Again, sights for long distances are superfluous in the dense Indian jungle, for nearly always the game is seen close at hand, say, at between thirty and sixty yards. So the great necessity is to be able to shoot

quickly with some feeling of confidence in your aim.

After a consultation, our *shikaree* turned into a part of the jungle where a kill had been made the night before. A "kill" is the carcass of an animal slain by the tiger or other beast. Ordinarily, the killer hangs about in the immediate neighborhood, waiting to make a second meal at nightfall and in the meanwhile driving the jackals, vultures, and hyenas from its prey. As the tiger is nocturnal, it dozes during daylight in some shady spot near the banquet place. Furthermore, it usually shuns dens and very rarely hunts long in one particular district. This accounts for the fact that the lion has practically become exterminated in India, while the tiger is apparently as abundant as ever.

As we approached the "kill," the *shikaree* called the sahibs' attention to a flock of gaunt vultures perched in near-by trees. It was an auspicious sign. Besides, some of the elephants were twitching their ears and trunks and treading uneasily, having evidently got wind of their foe. So, to rout out the beast, the beaters made a detour of half a mile to get behind it, while we, the hunters, took our stand at the jungle's edge. We were to wait there until the tiger had been driven up to our guns.

As the elephant walks six miles an hour, it was not long before the din of the drums and shouts of the beaters reverberated through the jungle, scaring monkeys, peacocks, smaller birds, and dozens of other jungle dwellers before them. Sambur deer, barking deer, swamp deer broke past us in twos and threes; and a diminutive mouse deer, not over twelve inches high, plunged between my elephant's legs. With a snort of fear the huge beast turned to bolt, and had it not been for the mahout's steel goad, I might have been carried off into the thorn jungle, and perhaps brained against the branches. This nervousness on the part of my mount did not give me much faith in his alleged courage before a tiger's charge.

The din made by the beaters grew louder, and we heard, too, the peculiar drumming sound made by some of the elephants—their sign that a dangerous animal was near. This brought us to our feet in the howdahs, fingers on triggers. Just then a deer in wild fright flew past us, and the *shikaree*, pointing to the left, whispered "Tiger, sahib." I saw him then. Before me was the mighty cat, his jaw almost to the ground as he sneaked, half crouching, through the jungle. He stood for an instant in suspense. Then, as I was about to shoot, my elephant, with a scream of rage, charged straight at the beast, shaking me clear out of the howdah into the bushes, which luckily broke my fall. At the same time, one of my companions fired, and wounded the tiger. Altogether, there was plenty of excitement for a moment. My rifle exploded as I landed, and that, with the elephant's trumpeting, the tiger's howling roar, and the cries of the beaters made a nerve-racking din. But the tiger was undaunted. He met the charge of my enraged elephant, and with a lithe spring was on its head, sinking claws and teeth into the huge beast's neck and trunk, while the mahout beat at him with his goad, and the elephant tried to crush its enemy on the ground. Because of the position of the two combatants, it was impossible for my companions to shoot.

Resenting the blows of the mahout's goad, the big cat sank his claws into the fellow's thigh, and tried to pull him down. This revived me to action and, seizing my rifle, I fired the remaining barrel into the tiger's spine. With a roar of pain he fell backward to the ground, and the maddened elephant, bleeding profusely from many wounds, tusked and trampled the beast to a pulp before it could be driven off.

The fascinating part of big-game hunting is that the unexpected generally happens. I was not prepared, however, to have an elephant that had bolted from a harmless mouse deer charge a tiger. But that's what happened; and you may be sure that I kept this incident in mind during all my future experiences.

Our next tiger hunt was of a different character. It resembled more the hunting in Africa, and was conducted from a look-out platform, or *mucharn*, constructed in a tree. The village *shikaree* informed us that a tiger was carrying off the village cattle at night; so, to entice our quarry into the vicinity of the *mucharn*, half a dozen domestic buffaloes were tied up as a bait. We were informed that the marauder was an old offender, and although a hundred attempts had been made by the village *shikarees* to destroy it, it had escaped all their efforts. In fact, the villagers had begun to believe the tiger possessed super-

IT WAS A SPLENDID SIGHT TO SEE THE MONSTROUS ELEPHANTS TAKE TO THE WATER.

natural powers. But Mortimer and I decided to try our luck on the village curse.

It is far from comfortable to sit in a cramped position all night on an unsteady platform, in a tree that sways with the wind, waiting for a shot at a dark patch that moves in the blackness, while the fireflies wave their lamps in your face and every conceivable insect beats about your head, to say nothing of a lizard or two that crawls into your shirt. Three hours of misery had passed when I heard the bullock near me begin tugging at his tether. Straining my eyes for a glimpse of the expected tiger, I saw a black shape moving across the opening. A dull thud followed; afterward there was a bellow, and for a moment sounds of a struggle arose. Then all was still. I waited perhaps half an hour before I heard the sloppy, tearing sound that is made by an animal eating un-bled meat. I could hardly see to shoot, but I leveled my rifle, which had luminous sights, at the dark mass, and fired. A roar of pain burst from the target, telling me I had reached my mark. The echo of the shot had hardly died away when two loud reports on my right told me, too, that something of importance was happening with my companion.

Descending the tree, I made my way cautiously to the black mass I had shot at, covering it in case it should rise and charge. Then my friend, Mortimer, cried at the top of his voice: "I've got him!" "I have, too!" I answered and, to make sure, I fired another shot at my fallen quarry. It did not move. To make doubly sure, however, I lighted a bunch of dry reeds, and saw to my astonishment that, instead of a tiger, I had killed a huge leopard. The unexpected again!

Again, while I was looking over my kill, I heard two additional reports from Mortimer's heavy rifle; and then in rapid succession half a dozen shots from his automatic pistol. I knew there was trouble, and, crying at the top of my voice, ran stumbling through the darkness toward him, loading as I advanced. To my relief I saw Mortimer standing in an opening with the huge form of a tiger at his feet.

He told me that just as I first fired he saw his tiger. He fired and the beast went down. As it rose again, he gave it the other barrel; and then, feeling certain the animal

THE [illegible], HANGING OVER THE SIDE OF THE HOWDAH, DISCOVERED THE TIGER'S TRAIL IN THE MUD

was dead, he descended from his *mucharn*. But when he was within twenty yards, it again leaped up and charged. He fired two more shots in rapid succession. The beast rolled over with a roar, only to rise and charge for a second time. Whipping out his Luger pistol, he poured bullets into the beast as it came on, until one well-directed shot penetrated the tiger's brain and it fell at his feet.

Next morning, when the *shikarees* brought the carcasses into camp to skin, they found nine bullets in the big cat's body.

An incident in this hunt illustrates the peculiar mental processes of some Asiatics. The government gives a reward varying from thirty to fifty rupees to any native or natives who kill a tiger. So as soon as the village *shikaree* saw Mortimer's tiger, he immediately recognized it as the cattle thief and claimed the reward from Mortimer, saying that the sahib had destroyed his tiger and deprived him of the government reward. Mortimer, who was rich, decided to pay rather than argue.

Then came another piece of brilliant Asiatic reasoning. The reward was thirty rupees for a tiger killed from a tree or an elephant's back, and fifty for one killed on foot. When Mortimer handed over thirty rupees to the *shikaree*, the native counted it with dignified gravity and then, turning with a you-tried-to-cheat-me air, said, "The sahib forgets that the reward for a tiger killed on foot is fifty rupees." My friend roared with laughter and, thinking the joke on himself was worth it, he paid the extra twenty rupees. What is more, we found at the end of our hunt that we had to pay to all our natives a reward for every animal we killed.

My next tiger experience was with a man-eater, an animal that preyed on human beings exclusively. Man-eaters are by no means infrequent, and whenever one is on a raid, it strikes terror into the hearts of every villager in the district. A single tiger of this sort may prey on twenty different villages, visiting one to-day, another to-morrow. To my mind, there is nothing that so chills one's blood with horror as this sinister brute that passes, silently as a cloud's shadow, from hut to hut, looking for an entrance. The native lies awake looking through the opening of the hut. The crackling of a twig startles him, he strains his eyes

and trembles with apprehension. He has nothing but a knife with which to defend himself. All at once, as if born out of the silence, silhouetted against the moon's silver flood, there stands the apparition, the man-eater. And after that—— The natives crowd round the deserted hut and there is mourning in the village. A daily occurrence in India.

It was with exultation that I started off one day with Mortimer to a village where a man-eater had been seen the day before. I took my nine-millimeter Haenel-Mannlicher rifle and a thirty-five Remington auto-loader for fast work at close quarters, should the beast charge. When we reached the village we were taken to a *mucharn*, which Mortimer mounted, for it was already dark. I remained below, as I thought I should like to have it out with the tiger in the African mode, that is, on the level of the ground. Hour after hour passed without incident. It was getting toward morning, and I was dozing, half asleep, when Mortimer's double express banged like thunder twice on the platform over my head. In a flash I was on my feet. An instant later I saw the tiger not thirty yards away. I fired haphazard, but did no evident damage, and it vanished in the jungle. Mortimer was convinced he had wounded the beast, so we waited till daylight, and searched for the tiger's trail. It was eventually found by a native, who, after following it for a few yards, picked up a large leaf of the teak tree, and cried "*Koon, sahib, koon*"—pointing to a drop of blood. This was a good sign.

As we were afraid the beast might get away, we took after it on foot, instead of sending for elephants. Our *shikarees*, however, did not like the idea of hunting the man-eater on foot, and protested sullenly. So I told them to walk behind, for I could follow the trail easily, as it passed down the center of a dry ravine.

Eventually we reached a point where the ravine made an abrupt turn past a small thicket of tamarisk. We divided our forces, Mortimer going one side and I the other. As I came to the end of the thicket, a water-hole met my view and—what I desired to see more than anything else—there was the tiger, lying in the water with only his head out. Taking careful aim, I fired, but though my shot hit, it did not kill. With a short, sharp roar the big cat sprang from the water, and rushed around the other side of the thicket. A second later I heard two shots from Mortimer's express, a roar, and then a cry for help. Running toward him at top speed, I saw a sight that made my blood run cold. Mortimer was on the ground, his white clothing covered with blood, while standing over him, its mouth dripping with gore, was the tiger. The *shikarees* who had our extra rifles and had gone by another route to the pool, came rushing up, breaking through the bush almost opposite the tiger. In a moment it charged them and they opened fire, but none of their shots stopped the brute. One of the *shikarees* dropped his gun and ran; the other stood, firing as the beast advanced. When the magazine was empty the native tried to reload it, but too late; for the mighty bulk of the animal flew through the air and bore the unlucky fellow to earth. For some reason the beast used only its claws. It fell over the body of the man, and then began wiping its face with its paw like a house cat.

I got down on the ground and crawled nearer to get a better shot. A cobra in the grass raised his head in front of me, thrust out his tongue, and vanished. At last I was within easy range. I got on my knee and fired, and at the shot the tiger sank in a limp heap on its victim, dead. When I reached Mortimer, he was sitting up, wiping the blood from his clothes with grass. He told his story: "You'd no sooner fired than the tiger came bounding round the thicket. I couldn't take aim: I just fired, hoping for a lucky shot. The tiger sprang at me—down I went. The blow blackened my brain for a while. When I got my senses I felt the huge body of the animal across me and hot blood flowing over my neck and head. Whether it was my blood or not I did not know. I wondered how long I had to live and just waited to feel his teeth in my flesh. To my surprise he got up and ran. I am pretty sore but still alive. Shake hands."

In the meantime the *shikaree* who had run was attending his companion. When we reached him the poor fellow was hardly breathing. He was carried to the village, where he died in about six hours, his skull having been fractured by a blow from the beast's heavy paw.

On examining the tiger, I found that the first shot I fired, which had an expansive bullet, had shattered the bottom jaw after passing through the bridge of the nose. For

HUNTING THE INDIAN RHINOCEROS IS POOR SPORT IN COMPARISON WITH HUNTING THE AFRICAN SPECIES. THE INDIAN SPECIES HAS BUT ONE HORN

A DESPERATE SPEAR THRUST AND THE LAST ACT IN THE DRAMA OF THE MAGNIFICENT BUFFALO BULL

that reason the brute was unable to use its teeth—which no doubt saved Mortimer's life.

Again the unexpected!

While on another tiger hunt, I had the good fortune to witness one of the grandest combats a man could hope to see. It was a combat that would have made the emperors of Rome applaud—one that brought to me the realization of what the heroic animal life of the jungle really is.

I was perched on a *mucharu* built in a solid old tree on the jungle's edge, waiting for a tiger that had a kill not more than fifty yards away. The scraggy trees of the swamp were silhouetted against a sun that blazed in the west like a ball of incandescent copper. The day insects ceased their hum, and the fairy life of the night, whose dawn is the setting day, came buzzing in myriads from their hiding places, like the ballet of an elfin opera. A stately crane stepped daintily through the reeds, and fat-breasted little birds of brilliant plumage settled on twigs, kissed, ruffled their feathers, and put their tiny heads beneath their wings. I breathed deep. The swamp air, sweet to my nostrils, almost intoxicated me.

Then all at once I heard heavy feet forcing their way through the tangle. The giant grass ahead of me swayed and bent down, and a moment later a splendid buffalo cow breasted her way out of the entanglement and stood in the open. Suspiciously she sniffed the air, and then, throwing her face toward heaven, she bellowed like thunder. I seemed to shake in the tree. A moment later an answer came, as if from miles away, and the cow replied. She shook her mighty horns and then drove them into the earth. She walked up to the tiger's kill and sniffed it. Again the thunder of her throat burst the silence.

Suddenly she showed uneasiness. She turned and looked with lowered head past my tree. My eyes followed hers. My tiger was there, just on the jungle's edge, within its protecting grass, skulking silently along, with his white belly sweeping the ground. He saw the buffalo. He stopped motionless, save for his twitching, writhing tail. The cow scattered the loose earth with a stroke of her hoof. Shoot I could not. I would not. I wanted to see the jungle drama. Slowly the tiger crept into the open, never straightening his elastic body, his eyes fastened on the cow. His jaw hung half open and dripping. Round and round in a circle he went, trying to get behind the buffalo; but she was too quick for him. He paused and drew himself into a ball, his tail lashing the ground.

Then, like a rocket, his body shot through the air, as with a thunderous bellow the buffalo charged, her mighty horns leveled. They met in the air. The shock hurled both to earth. In a flash they were up, and with another roar, another bellow, they charged. The tiger missed, but his leap landed him behind the buffalo, and, turning swiftly, he sprang upon her back. But before his teeth sank into her flesh, she threw herself over and rolled. The tiger, to protect himself, loosened his grip; again he seized her as she sprang to her feet. But the cow shook him off, and with a roar charged, bowling him over, and forcing him against the tamarisk. Blood was flowing from her bellowing mouth, streaming, too, from the claw wounds in her back, as she retreated to get charging distance to finish him.

But he was still fit to fight, and again he sprang. He landed between her mighty horns, his body hanging over her face. His teeth sank into her flesh. Blood filled his mouth and ran down the cow's sides. She roared in pain, and, lowering her head, charged at a stout tree with her burden. A feeble roar told the tiger's distress. In a limp heap he fell to the ground. The buffalo drew back and measured her mark. A short rush forward, a twist of the horn, and she had gored him mortally. He tried to crawl away. A roar of victory shook the swamp grass as the cow charged again. She lifted the huge beast on her horn and dashed him to death.

Night crept on, and the cow disappeared in the darkness that fell like a curtain over the last act of the jungle tragedy. I wanted to say something to the splendid animal in her victory, to stroke her scarred skin, and never till then did I know the narrow limits of human speech.

The leopard, which shares with the tiger the honor of being one of India's scourges—both in India and elsewhere, the cattle's greatest scourge—is another nerve strainer for the hunter. Australia is the only continent without some variety of this animal But, though a wicked beast, it affords little sport and, to get a shot, one has to depend on luck as much as anything. This

WE DISCOVERED TIGER TRACKS ON THE EDGE OF A STREAM, AND THE BEATERS STARTED IN PURSUIT.

A CHI[illegible]

is because, like the tiger, the leopard has no fixed abode, no den.

It has more cunning and courage than any other animal I have ever encountered. The tiger seldom enters a dwelling or house of any sort that is reasonably barred against him. The leopard, however, will try to force its way into any house or shed where it can detect the slightest odor of prey, and, failing to reach it, will walk up and down all night in the vicinity.

Leopards are exceedingly fond of dogs, and will go to almost any extremity to get one, as the following incident shows. One night, Mortimer was in my tent writing letters, neither of us thinking an animal would come near the tent, which was well lighted with a powerful lamp. At our feet was a fine Russian wolf-hound, which had accompanied Mortimer all over Africa and India. As the animal was prized greatly, it always occupied its master's tent, and on this occasion was tied to his cot. Presently I thought I saw something pass the door, and then decided it must have been my imagination. A little later I looked up again and saw the two green, phosphorescent eyes of a leopard. I pretended I did not see it, and slowly sneaked my hand round for my pistol; but the animal disappeared. I jumped up and went outside. Looking everywhere, I could see no sign of the leopard, and was about to give up the search, when a howl of pain sounded from Mortimer's tent, and the next instant the leopard bounded out, holding the dog in its mouth as a cat holds a mouse. Like a flash I fired, missed the first shot, and got in the second and third that killed it. But the dog was dead, its back crushed by the powerful jaws.

It is natural when writing of leopards to associate with them the cheetah—an animal whose natural hunting instinct has been cultivated in India for sporting purposes since dark antiquity. Although the animal is plentiful in Africa, it is there only in a wild state. And, while I have seen cheetahs used as pets by French officers in Africa and have had one myself, I have never seen them trained to hunt as they are in India.

Most native princes have their cheetahs, which they use in the sport of deer coursing; many of them reserve jungles where no one is allowed to shoot, even though a man-eater may have made it his lair.

The coursing usually takes place during the cold months, when there is little grass to hide the game, and generally the quarry is the magnificent and fleet-footed black deer. Before the cheetah is taken to the hunting grounds he is starved for twenty-four hours to make him keen, for he knows from long experience that if he brings down his prey his reward will be its blood.

The cheetahs that I saw in action were the personal property of the Rajah of Punjab, whose keepers conducted the hunt for the benefit and edification of His Excellency's guests.

We set out for the hunting ground with drays drawn by two oxen, each dray holding one cheetah and its keeper. Some were in cages, others just chained to the dray, and in every case hoods were kept over their heads so that they would not grow excited at the approach of game. As it chanced, the first course was with a fine herd of between twenty and thirty black deer. Once they were sighted, the drays went on to get as near as possible before the game was alarmed. When they were within three hundred yards, the game bolted. In an instant the keeper slipped the hood off the first cheetah's head; it sprang to the ground, hesitated a second as if picking out its prey, and then, like a rocket, the yellow form shot over the gray-green earth after a fine buck—the fleetest animal, it is said, on four legs.

Spurring our horses, we dashed after them in a wild ride, to be in at the kill. It was a picturesque scene—the galloping native gentlemen in their striking costumes, on their splendidly equipped chargers, galloping after the flying buck and his pursuer. Thrice the deer doubled on its track, each time losing ground to the cheetah. It was a splendid but cruel sight to see these two beautiful creatures racing for their lives, the buck to save its own, the cheetah to maintain his, for it was the life instinct of hunger that drove him on. At last in a cloud of dust the tragedy took place. The cheetah leaped at the throat of his prey, and down came the buck in a heap.

The cheetah held the poor beast's throat in a grip of iron until the keepers cut it and gave the hunter his reward.

His appetite satisfied, the cheetah becomes useless—he will not hunt unless hungry; so the hood is slipped over his head and he is taken back to his cage. Cheetahs have a

peculiar, almost sentimental, sense, for when they fail to bring down their quarry they will run away and hide, and when caught will sulk for considerable periods, as though ashamed of their failure.

Like the tiger hunt, a buffalo hunt in India is a sort of picnic to an old African hand, although dangerous enough and often fatal; for the Indian buffalo is no weakling.

The Asiatic buffalo, like the African species, makes its home in swampy country. It is generally found near large bodies of water, where it can make the wallow, so necessary to its existence. Our party hunted the Soune River, a tributary of the Ganges. There were twenty-six elephants in the *shikar* host, each howdah carrying its white hunters—some novices, some old hands. Our first herd we found in a heavy jungle, a part of the lowland where grass grew at least fifteen feet in height. It was a good hiding place for any wild beast and, I may add, a dangerous place to hunt in. Twice I caught a fleeting glimpse of tiger, so brief a view in that tangle that I had no chance to shoot. In fact, the jungle was so thick that without elephants it would have been impossible to hunt. A man on foot could see only the cane-like grass around him and a little patch of sky above. Against a dangerous wild animal in such surroundings, he would not have the ghost of a chance.

Failing to find the herd on the east bank, we crossed the river. It was a splendid sight to see the monstrous elephants take to the water. They walked right down the bank till they were almost submerged, the *shikarees* and mahouts standing up on the small patch of elephant hide that showed above the water. In this fashion the huge beasts walked, in single file, straight as an arrow flight to the bank opposite.

While crossing the river an amusing incident occurred. In our party was an expatriated American who disguised his nationality under the mask of an English accent. It was only on rare occasions that a slip gave him away. Among our elephants was one that had only recently been broken, and, following the elephant habit, it wanted to play when it got into the water. So at a moment when the English-aping American was upholding the wonderful intelligence of the elephant to the two ladies with him, the green elephant raised its trunk and squirted a broadside of muddy water straight into the howdah. It came with the force of a fire hydrant, and deluged the occupants.

"Gol darn yer soul!" rose above the roar of laughter in a strong New England twang.

When we had regained our composure, a young American in another howdah cried, "Say, old sport, the elephant washed out your accent."

We had no sooner touched the opposite bank than the mighty, spreading horns of a buffalo showed above the grass. Unfortunately, however, it bolted before we could get a shot. The elephants were now divided, each half to act as beaters for the other.

Thus arranged, we had gone not more than a quarter of a mile into the grass when a rush and a grunt warned us to prepare for action. The elephants were halted, and a moment later a rhinoceros broke cover—the unexpected again. Two of us fired and the beast fell without a struggle.

We thought that the day was to pass without any further incident. In the distance we could see the white helmets of the other party coming toward us above the grass. "Poor sport," I said to Mortimer.

In answer came the thundering crack of a .577 express. By this time we were getting out of the long grass into shorter growth. The mahouts halted our elephants, and we waited. We could see the grass waving and hear the crashing of some huge body as it rushed through. Suddenly a huge buffalo bull, magnificent to behold, broke out of the undergrowth. Blood and froth were streaming from its nostrils, and its eyes were glaring. Without hesitation, the mighty beast, with its formidable eight-foot sweep of horn thrust forward, rushed at the line of elephants with a thunderous bellow. I fired, but my elephant, anticipating a fight and crouching to resist the foe, threw my aim off. Then the two huge beasts met with a terrific shock. I was jerked off my feet, and it was all I could do to hold myself in the howdah as the elephant swayed. Mortimer now came to the rescue by putting a couple of express bullets behind the shoulder of the infuriated bull. Even then it did not fall, but staggered back to make another thrust at the elephant. Blood was gushing from its mouth and the glaze was over its glaring eyes, but still it made the rush. It was the last, however. The huge brute fell with a roar as it hit the bleeding side of my mount.

CODFISH *and the* IDEAL

(BEING FURTHER MEMOIRS OF PRENTICE PIPER)

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

Author of "THE AMERICAN STAGE OF TO-DAY," "THE NEW THEATRE AND OTHERS," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD GILES

OF course, I never expected Prentice Piper to do anything so commonplace as to die of a broken heart. (I suppose it is commonplace to die of a broken heart, though I never knew any one who did.) But I must admit that his recovery was speedy and thorough. Poor Prentice, with the soul of a Shelley and the outer aspect of a milk-fed Marceline, has himself recorded the story of his first romantic aspirations, of how Alicia turned from him to a youth who knew much less about Romance philology (and nearly everything else) but whose proportions were somewhat closer to those approved by æsthetic standards, and whose mind did not leap out of the road into the lanes and pastures of human thought and achievement upon the slightest provocation. "I have a family-dog mind," Prentice once said. "I

go fifteen miles while the carryall is driving three." Prentice, however, always reaches his intellectual destination, with an amazing lot of wild flowers gathered by the way.

But I am mixing my metaphors and forgetting my story. Prentice possessed beneath his fat and preposterous exterior a depth of romantic sentiment unguessed even by me, an old friend. Perhaps it was his shy way of telling me—to leave behind the autobiographical record of his unfortunate attempt at love, when he departed for Tibet and Central China. He said he went to study the routes traversed by Marco Polo and other antique travelers. Actually he went, I know, to forget Alicia, to forget that his fat body and his quaint soul had decreed that he could not "come into his garden and eat his precious fruits." Alicia was "a garden shut up" indeed, for him, by all the laws of her girlish nature. Beautiful she must have been—and quite incapable of understanding Prentice. But what did that matter if he loved her, longed for her, wove his ardent dreams about her? When he found she loved another, he gave her up with unquestioning self-sacrifice. That is his way. Then he went to China to forget.

The manuscript he left behind I published—disguised, of course. I know he never really meant that I should, but it seemed to me too good to keep. Besides, I never dreamed he would come home in time to see it. But editors sometimes take a long while getting round to printing things, and before it had reached type Prentice was back in America and had laid another—and far happier—manuscript on my desk. If one is printed, the other ought to be. I won't rehearse the discussions we have had, almost fights, over the question of printing these intimate, if disguised, records. It is enough to state that I have finally won his reluctant permission to make the second one public also. Perhaps he believes that he owes it to his fellow fat men to demonstrate that even two hundred and twenty-five pounds are not inevitably a bar to the convincing expression of a romantic temperament.

The continuation of his "Useless Memoirs" he calls, characteristically, "Codfish and the Ideal."

* * * * *

The suburbs have always been a vice with me. So many people live there whom one never knows! In the summer the suburbs go to funny hotels along the coast, hot-looking hotels with no trees about, and when you drive by you see them playing tennis on impossible courts without any back-stops. And the suburban girls look at you in such a delicious, devouring way! I have always wanted to know the suburbs better, perhaps to spend a summer among them at one of their hotels. Returning this season from China, I decided to gratify this perverted passion. Besides, for sundry reasons I didn't care to meet anybody I know.

As the only spots on the Maine coast with which I was familiar were York Harbor and Bar Harbor, I got a map in Boston and did a little ciphering. I took the distance between these two points, divided it by thirteen, added that result to the distance between Boston and York, and told the conductor to tear out of my mileage book coupons equivalent to the new total.

He put me off the train, much to my satisfaction, in the heart of Suburbia. Girls with devouring glances were at the station, their lingerie waists disclosing the colored ribbons in their underclothes. I had always wanted to meet such girls. I selected the hotel nearest the water and told the proprietor I desired two rooms. He looked at me in amazement. "Why the second?" he said.

I, too, expressed surprise. "Why, to dump the sand in out of my shoes at night, of course," I said.

I spoke in a clear, strong voice. Suburbia, fancy-working in the lobby, looked up with mingled curiosity and alarm. A buzz followed me about the hotel. When I entered the dining-room, one hundred and three forks were suspended in air, loaded with sundry morsels of fish or vegetables; two hundred and six eyes were fixed upon me. There is more than one way to attain celebrity.

The hotel which fortune had selected for me is on a rocky headland jutting into the Atlantic. After dinner I scrambled down on the rocks amid the swaying seaweed and the battering, swinging rollers, and also, I found upon inspection, amid the boarders. Every few steps I would come around a bowlder or peer over a ledge upon some boarder or group of boarders engaged in those quaint little human occupations which we cannot forego even in the face of the Atlantic and under the sound of his mighty minstrelsy.

WOULD ON HIP
IN THE SWASHES.

Ladies of super-matronly figure and high-pitched voice reposed upon red cushions in niches of the cliff. Some were reading novels, some were knitting white shawls, some were doing that kind of embroidery when you clutch a hoop madly—is it centerpieces? But mostly they were writing letters, on lap portfolios. "I am sitting right beside the sea as I write this"—that, I know, is the way they all began. Now and then one of these females would lift her eyes to remark, in her high-pitched, chairman-of-the-literature-committee-of-the-woman's-club voice: "Isn't it lovely here? I just adore Nature!" Or else she would rise and move to a more shaded rock, with the graceful motion of a terrified elephant on a tight-rope.

There were young women, too—the suburban man-eaters. A few had secured victims and dragged them off to a lair above the waves. Them I did not disturb at their repasts. Others, less fortunate, had sought a substitute in a box of molasses kisses and a volume of George Barr McCutcheon.

But I came upon odd game, too. Rounding a huge bowlder, I nearly tripped over a small, wizened, bespectacled old gentleman, with dandruff on his collar, reading a strange-looking book. The characters were Hebrew. He saw my glance. "I'm reading a little Isaiah," he said, with a friendly smile. "I like it in this setting."

"'Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand and meted out heaven with the span—'" I quoted, looking more intently at the funny little old gentleman.

"Do you read Hebrew?" he asked hopefully.

I shook my head. "Only German, French, Spanish, Italian, Romance French, Anglo-Saxon, and a little Latin," I answered [illegible] leave Hebrew to the Di[illegible]

"Not necessarily there any longer," sighed the little old gentleman. "There is no call [illegible] for Hebrew any more."

"Sir," said I, "to speak with that elegance which the subject demands, Isaiah is some pumpkins in the English."

The old gentleman smiled and made a place for me beside him. "Let us talk of many things," he said.

"Shall we begin with cabbages or kings?" I asked.

"We will begin with that artist over there," he answered, pointing down the rocks. "I think she paints very well, but I fear her pictures do not sell. I like her because she paints the colors in sea fog."

So we talked of her, and sea fog, and Japanese art, and the Venetian autobiographies of the eighteenth century, and the origins of Italian impromptu comedy—of many things indeed, while the lady artist, in a long blue apron, worked on her canvas down by the swashing tide, her back toward us.

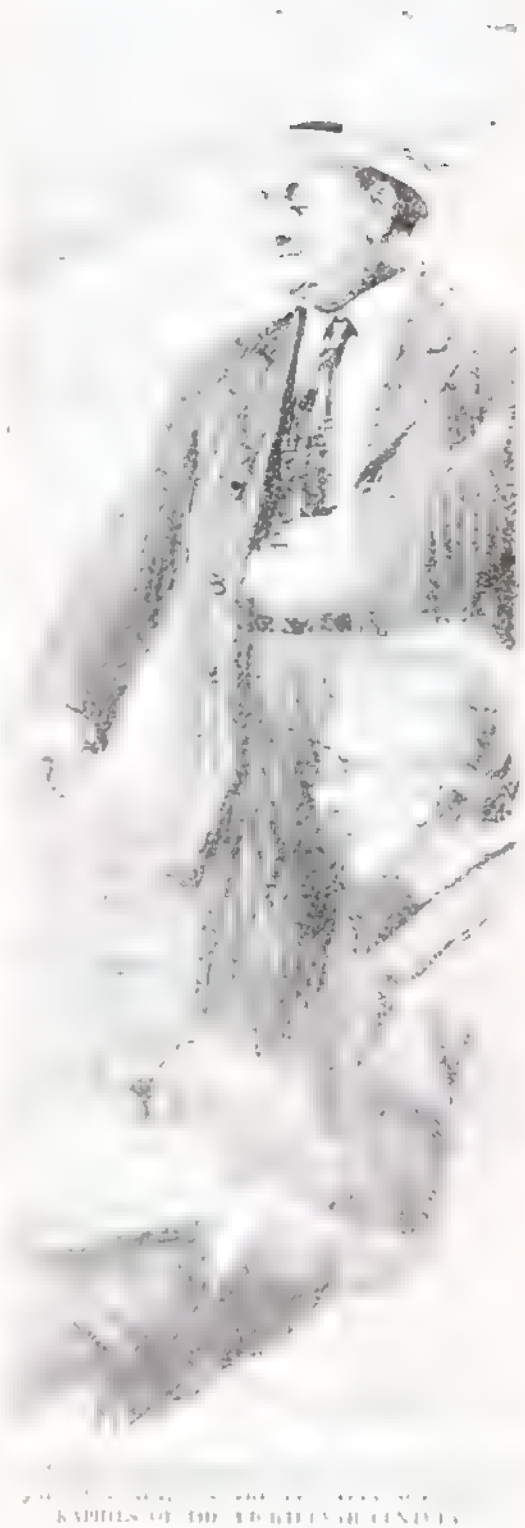
I loved the little old gentleman. I wanted to ask him what he was doing here in summer Suburbia. But suddenly one of the large ladies under a silly sun hat lumbered round our rock, laden with pillows, fancy work, and E. Phillips Oppenheim. "John," she said, "help me up to the house!"

John rose spryly and bent his five feet one to the task, like a small jack under the axle of a seven-passenger touring-car. So the suburbs can harbor an Old Grammarian! Poor man, I suppose he was thinking absently of some Hebrew prophecy when she proposed to him, and assented before he realized!

When he left me I clambered down behind the lady artist. She was not Paul Dougherty, nor was she trying to be. Without seeing her face, I could see her picture. She was not after the smashing shoulder of a wave nor the powerful suck of the recoil, she was painting one of those indescribable exquisite pools left in the rocks by the tide, a pool filled with crystal water, red starfish, white shells, a floating weed or two, and mosses of a thousand shades of red and olive and green. She was working in oils. I thought water-colors the only medium for the subject. She felt my presence after a moment and turned rather impatiently around. I stood just above her, my face, of course, wreathed in its habitual grin, my latitudinally ample form blocking the western sky.

"Water-colors," said I, "water-colors not the new-fangled opaque kind, but good, old, translucent water-colors!"

She was a slight woman, maybe my age (which is none of your business), maybe a bit younger. She wasn't pretty—but she



RAPIDS OF THE ROBERTS RIVER

was thin. Moreover, her face was one of those lively countenances which interest you at once.

"I don't agree with you," she said, rather tartly.

I waved my hand. "Few do," said I. "It doesn't trouble me at all. Nevertheless, the essence of your subject is a kind of bright, magic clarity of color, seen through the crystal of water. Oils don't fit it. I want the hint of the white paper."

"Are you an artist?" she inquired.

"No," said I, "I'm a factory owner and an amateur philologist. That's why I criticise art."

She smiled. Her smile was very pleasant. "However, I believe you are right," she said. "But nobody will buy water-colors."

"Will anybody buy oils?" asked I, cruelly.

Her face betrayed an instant pain, but as quickly it was conquered. "Sometimes," she returned brightly.

I began to like her immensely. "Do me this pool in water-colors, and I'll buy it, at your price," said I.

She colored, and began to gather up her stool and brushes. "I—I couldn't do that," she said in embarrassment.

"You can, and you will," I replied, jumping down the rock to help her. "Business is business, you know."

"But you don't know my work," she objected feebly.

I had the fresh canvas in my hand. "Here is enough," said I. "As a matter of fact, it was your work that I was considering. It is charming."

"Well," she finally agreed, "I suppose business is business. Where shall I deliver it?"

"Not at the hotel," I answered. "I'm not married."

She blushed. "But I'm not. I'm afraid I shouldn't care for the hotel. I live a mile up, at Codfish Cove."

"Not care for life at the hotel?" I cried. "Why, we have school teachers for chambermaids, and everybody in the place just reads literature and the Merry Widow!"

"Evidently," said she.

I picked up her stool and easel. "Then it's Codfish Cove," I said and started on.

She regarded me in an amused way. "Do you actually fancy you are going to carry my things home for me?" she asked.

"No," said I. "I'm certain of it. If you don't live at the hotel, you can't deliver the picture, and if I don't know where you live I can't come after it, and besides, I'm a fat, foolish, preposterous person that nobody minds at all. After a while, you won't notice me."

She accepted my escort as inevitable, and we moved along a little path through the bay bushes, just above the rocks, where we could look up the coast at the white fringe of the surf to a second distant group of summer hotels and cottages. Presently the path wound over a ridge and came down to the shore of a rocky cove, where a little tide inlet made up into the meadows. Scaly dories rode at their moorings on the clear, deep water of this cove; between the rocks and the water, on a strip of shingle, was a group of gray, weathered fishermen's houses, with nets spread out to dry in the sun, and piles of lobster pots. I noticed studio lights in two or three of the fish houses. Back at the edge of the meadow stood a comfortable old white farmhouse. She pointed to it.

"That is where we artists of Codfish Cove live," said she. "We work in the fish houses. Come, we will go to my studio."

We entered the low door of the mouse-gray shed—or at least she did. I paused on the threshold, for from within came that coast of Maine fish odor with overpowering might.

"What?" she cried gayly. "Afraid of my nice, wholesome smell? Come right in, the odor's fine."

Thus challenged, I advanced. The inside of the shed was the most delightfully incongruous place I had ever entered. The light came from a great window in the northern end, looking out on the sweep of the coast, and then to open sea. Against one wall stood an old Mary E. Wilkins sofa with rolled ends, against the other a row of lobster pots. The easel, with a picture on it, was placed near the window, and the brushes stood upon an inverted fish bucket. Immediately above the sofa and the lobster pots the walls were hung with charming marines, brightly framed in gold. Above them jutted the low rafters, and on cross strips, making a ceiling for the room, were piles of nets, the leads hanging down, broken oars, a dory, fish-lines, an anchor, and a myriad other objects dedicated to the pursuit of the cod. My hostess now stood against the light from the north window. The blue sea, growing pink on the edges

from the westering sun, made an aura in her hair. She was smiling, a little wistfully, a little triumphantly.

"Don't you think it is nice?" she said.

I held my nose with one hand. "Now I can pronounce it unqualifiedly delightful," I answered. "Codfish and the ideal!"

"You are laughing," she said. "I do not permit people to laugh at my studio!"

"Madam," I cried, "I always laugh at everything. I cannot help it. My face works quite independently of my feelings. I have, besides, the rôle of fat man to keep up. Actually, I envy you everything but the odor, and I should be willing to have even that and fifty pounds more weight as well if I could write out my ideals, my inner visions, one half so successfully as you."

She looked at me gravely. "Have you never tried?" she said.

Dusk was creeping into the studio. Perhaps it was that. Perhaps it was the odor going to my head. Perhaps it was the aura in her hair and the friendliness of her voice. Perhaps it was because I had scarcely spoken to a woman of my own race for a year; you get to [illegible] creatures sad[illegible]. Perhaps it [illegible] because I am naturally [illegible] or less of a romantic idiot. At any rate, I answered:

Yes, I have tried. Being neither painter nor writer nor musician, I tried to write out my

"COME RIGHT IN, THE ODOR'S FINE."

ideals in my love for a girl. My—my technique was faulty.

She seemed to ponder for a moment the propriety of reply. Finally she said, "Perhaps you expected too much."

"I expected," said I, "that romantic happiness which you dream about when you are young and the world is dull."

"That is not always idealism," she answered, gravely. "Sometimes that is selfishness. I must close the studio now. I shall begin your picture in the morning."

"May I come to watch you work?" I asked, glad enough now to crawl thus easily out of the subject.

"If you can escape the ladies who just love Nature," she smiled.

"Nature has aided me to do that," I answered mournfully.

"Not when they are really hungry," she ventured. And with this she fled up the path to the farm. I watched her go, and then strolled slowly home, pondering her words about idealism and selfishness. And I came here to study Suburbia! . . .

Her name is Hattie, Hattie Walker! Was ever a name more preposterously prosy? Fancy its possessor following the Gleam, searching always for the ideal expression of a beauty felt in sea or sky or water pool, and sacrificing to the search! Yes, I am sure she has sacrificed much. She is immensely clever, and if she desired merely to live well by her brush, she could. But she boils the pot with the best that is in her. My water-color of the pool is a gem. It stands on my bureau, completely obliterating the glass and causing me to cut myself when I shave. How casually she took my check! Yet I detected that her fingers trembled. The Old Grammarian says it is the first picture she has sold this summer. He's an old . . . snooping round with the fishermen . . . isn't reading Hebrew, and picking . . . gossip about the run of lobsters and the . . . airs of the artists at the Cove.

I . . . bought him one of her pictures by . . . ay, or rather I took him to buy it for . . . the blessings of an honest poverty is the pride it fosters. Miss Walker would, of course, have sold me more of her pictures, but if she had she would thereafter have regarded me deferentially as a "patron," but with a kind of smoldering hostility. I know these New Englanders! She would sell me her choicest work, but she would cease to give me her choicest friendship; and that friendship she has given me with less and less reservation as the days have passed and I have burbled beside her as she worked. So I sent the Old Grammarian.

When I went to get him, he was sitting on the veranda, out of the piping gale, telling a group of contemporary females about Kansas cyclones.

"You know, out there in the schools," he was saying, "they have cyclone drills instead of fire drills. Each teacher has a long rope with a noose at the end to put around her waist and a lot of little nooses down the length of it for the children. At the signal she adjusts her noose, throws out the rope, each child springs into a little noose, and the teacher leads the way to the cyclone cellar. It is a very interesting sight. The principle is the same as that of the Alpine climber's rope."

"Well, isn't that interesting!" chorused the ladies.

The Old Grammarian just then spied me. "Mr. Piper," he added, "would make an excellent teacher in Kansas."

The ladies tittered respectfully. (My two rooms have inspired a respect never before accorded to me.) I drew the Old Grammarian aside.

"You old reprobate," said I, "you've never been in Kansas. But now you are going to buy a picture from Miss Walker."

I had to give him a detailed statement of my income, to explain to him exactly why I couldn't make the purchase in person, and to paint the delights of ownership in glowing colors, before I could induce him to buy the picture for himself. He was quite ready to buy it for me, but his pride balked at accepting a gift. Why are the people I want to help invariably the ones who won't let me? But finally I won him over.

"I don't own a really good picture," he said wistfully. "I have some nice reproductions through, and two plates from Audubon's Birds, which my wife doesn't care for. I have hung them in my little . . . ."

We found Miss Walker in her studio. "Lady of the Cod," I said, "I have brought you an admirer. He is enormously wealthy. Stick him good."

She looked up with her bright smile, taking in the Old Grammarian with her glance. His faded, unpressed clothes, his clerical collar, his shoulders stooped with poring

AND I BLESSED THE LORD FOR THE KIND FRIENDS HE HAS GIVEN ME.

over books—the true librarian's stoop—his bespectacled eyes, ludicrously belied my words. Miss Walker looked back at me with a kind of frightened questioning. I nodded reassuringly, however, and we got out the canvases.

The Old Grammarian was soon lost in the delights of contemplation. He especially loved the more delicate aspects of the sea, which Miss Walker attempts to capture, the overtones of that mighty organ, as it were. Warmed by his enthusiasm, she adjusted lights, she told of the composition, her color rose. And I sat back on the Mary E. Wilkins sofa and loved them both protectingly. When finally the Old Grammarian pulled a fat roll of my bills out of his pocket assumed ownership of his picture with triumphant artistry, and counted out $20—the price he insisted on paying, though she would have taken $150. I think I was never more happy in my life.

No, I was happier still a few moments later. The Old Grammarian stood with his picture hugged under his arm. Miss Walker stood between us, rosy with pleasure. "Mr. Piper must bring you again," she said, "not to buy, but just to look [illegible] work, if you really like it. But it is Mr. Piper who should have been the [illegible] When you [illegible], you suddenly discover that his eye is on some beautiful effect and he catches [illegible] it in a sentence. So he [illegible] and paint his sentences."

What could I [illegible] I stood there like a fat, grunt[illegible] little prickles of pleasure go[illegible] my spine, and Miss Walker [illegible] smiled at me brightly, with that glance of level friendship which makes some women so unspeakably dear. Then the Old Grammarian [illegible] the fatherly third person. He beamed on us both through [illegible] spectacles.

"Mr. Piper has little [illegible] in directions," he said [illegible] the nice things in the [illegible] 'em are connected with his heart [illegible] his head."

"No," I remonstrated, "I'm [illegible] not an octopus." But the [illegible] smiled the more at my embarrassed gallantry. I think three hearts were [illegible] with sympathy and happiness [illegible]

And many hours later, while the breakers roar in the midnight and Suburbia sleeps, one of them is still aglow. I am too happy to be annoyed by the moths which squeeze in through my apology for a screen, to die like Semele in the glory of my kerosene lamp. . . .

Whenever there is a new arrival at the hotel, I hear the ladies first asking the proprietor where she comes from, and the next day asking her. "New Rochelle? You don't say so! I wonder if you know my [illegible] there—Mrs. Roberts, James Roberts? You do? Yes, yes, that's her—short and rather stout—that goes to the Episcopal church, of course. Well, well, the world *is* a small place after all!" This mighty truth about the world has been borne in upon me, too.

The Lady of the Cod and I have a favorite apple tree in a pasture a quarter of a mile back from the coast. It is low and aged, and from its branches we look across the pasture to the white ribbon of road, and beyond that the rocky fields of bay bushes and then the blue plain of the sea.

We sit in this tree toward sunset time, because just at that time the white sails out toward the horizon turn pink, and an old man comes into view along the curve of the road, driving two cows.

Yesterday we were looking out from our Eden perch, and I was discoursing upon the needs of a civic theatre to rescue such people as my factory hands and their children from the blighting mediocrity of moving picture shows or the crass vulgarity of vaudeville and burlesque, while the Lady listened with frowning brows, contributing now and then suggestions [illegible] which fired both of us with [illegible].

You shall come down with me next winter," I cried, "and we'll make a start on working this thing out. I've never done a hundredth part for those people that I should."

No, I don't believe you have," said she.

I was about to answer when I suddenly saw a runabout come around the bend of the road. It was two hundred feet away, or more, but I could not mistake the figures. Hatless, in his inevitable white flannels, Marlborough Saltonstall was at the wheel, and beside him sat Alicia. The silvery peal of her laugh drifted over the pasture to me, like an echo from the past. An instant, and they were gone. I cannot describe the emotions within me—the wakened memories of Alicia's kiss, of her flower-like beauty, of the extravagant romantic longings of my youthful heart, of my dreadful torture when her love turned cold to me and warm to Marlborough Saltonstall; and the curious sensation, too, of having her cut across my eager converse with this other Lady, she who had never really followed with me a serious train of thought in her life. I was stunned into silence.

"What is the matter?" said a voice at my side.

I turned to the speaker, as if awaking. *She* had never pitied me for my preposterous exterior!—she had never seemed to recognize the need of pity. She had met me on the ground of common interests and made me her friend without a hint of sex. She, who worshiped beauty, had made a friend of so unlovely an object as myself, because I, too, am a worshiper, in my poor, jocund way. Again I thought of Alicia's flower face and remembered my hungry longings for her love; but following, stifling such thoughts, was the real image of this eager, grave, clear-eyed face beside me, and the memory of all the exquisite hours of the past month, when, instead of the old emotional unrest, there has come to me the peace and pleasure of perfect comprehension and the mutual pursuit of beautiful sights and stimulating ideas. Even her name suddenly lost for me its preposterous prosiness.

"The matter?" I answered. "The matter is, Hattie, that the world is a small place, as the ladies say at the hotel."

She regarded me quietly, gravely, and waited.

I think I told you," I continued, "that once I tried to write out my ideals in my love for a girl. That was the girl."

She put her hand lightly on my arm. "My friend," she said, "you have a romantic heart. You think every one as beautiful [illegible] to be, as fine as your own fancies. You hunger for an enthusiasm and sympathy as boundless as your own, to make you happy. You won't find them. Write out your ideals in real ink and paper, or in the lives of your factory hands. You will be happier so, and—and nobler."

She withdrew her hand. Her touch had been warm and friendly, but it had been something more to me. It had kindled me with a sudden desire to hold her shoulders

between my hands, look into her face, and read there what was really in her heart.

But I did not touch her. Something held me back, something besides the danger of such a proceeding in an apple tree. Perhaps it was the echo of Alicia's laugh, still drifting across the pasture. I simply said, "Lady, that sympathy and that enthusiasm I think I shall find!" And I looked her eagerly in the eyes.

She met my glance for a moment—a hushed moment charged with I know not what electric eloquence. Then, in silence, we descended from the tree, and in silence followed the old man and the cows up the white ribbon of the road. . . .

The Lady is going to give her exhibition of her summer's work next Saturday, and the Old Grammarian is cursing his poverty. Sometimes now he sits with us while the Lady works, reading aloud snatches from the Upanishads. Fancy his reading the Upanishads to Mrs. Grammarian! His affection for us seems to draw us closer together, as in a protecting garment. I believe the sweet old soul is living vicariously in our younger friendship.

To-day he delivered a little talk on Romanticism, apropos of some remark of mine about literary tendencies. The Lady, I noticed, quite stopped her work to listen.

"Romanticism!" he exclaimed. "In literature and life, through the ages, it has been a search for an escape from the bondage of fact, from the prison of the commonplace. Yet how often has it been a Pharisaical search, a selfish search; how often has romantic literature been the sigh of a dissatisfied soul, yet, paradoxically, a self-satisfied soul! Why does the prisoned soul seek an escape? Is it because he feels a 'divine unrest'? No, but because he feels that he, personally, is deserving of something better. Only when the romantic impulse expresses itself in some word or deed of sacrifice for others is its unrest truly divine. The Romantic shut up in his ivory tower is detestable, and his literature a sham. The Romantic who forgets his own little pains to make his dreams operative for society is the one to admire. I don't mean he must be a propagandist or a reformer, but his work must eliminate a sickly self and speak to all men. If he is a man in love, Anassin is not his ideal, however beautiful that ideal may seem to the heart of youth; he will not be sicklied o'er with the amorous passion, but expanded into a wider sympathy for his fellows.

"Even if he is just a man trying to live in the modern world, he will not be perpetually discontented and moonstruck, but perpetually trying to put his ideals before the eyes of the less fortunate souls about him—even if he's only a poor librarian. If he is a novelist, he will not be writing idiotic tales about spurious knights and ladies or mythical kingdoms or impossible deeds—that is not to be romantic but puerile. He will, with all the grace and charm that is in him, be writing about the real people whom he knows, and showing how their lives, however humble, are touched now and again by the Gleam. We babble too much about romance and realism. Huysmans said there are no such things, but only good literature and bad. But what is good in this world has always about it some aura of its infancy, some golden glint of the true romantic Gleam. Which reminds me, my wife asked me to bring her this novel."

He took a volume of current fiction from under his coat, grinned sheepishly, and moved away around the rocks.

"It's a poor sermon," said I, "that doesn't hit somebody in the congregation."

The Lady said nothing, and I continued: "All my life I have been cherishing the delusion that I was beautifully romantic; but all my life I have, it seems, been seeking only a personal satisfaction. You told me the same thing, I believe, when we first met. Once I loved a girl without any thought but to be shut up with her in a tower for two. That love made me no more eager to help my people, no more sorry for any one less fortunate than I, no more desirous of making my ideals of sweetness and light—if I have any—prevail. In fact, it made me hate my fellow-men—one of them especially.

Still she was silent, but she was regarding me with a kind of frightened joy, strange and puzzling.

"I want now," I again continued, "to work out for my people in a humble way that civic theatre idea of ours. They, as much as we, go to their cheap theatres to escape the grind of daily toil; they are obeying a romantic impulse, too. I want to give it no less a satisfaction than my own impulse would demand. That will be a way of making my romantic dreams really of some use, won't it?"

[illegible] of me. "You are something of a great goose," she said eagerly. "Of course it will, the very best way! I know you are not selfish! I know you too well to think that!"

"How do you know?" said I, still puzzled. "I tell you, all my life I have been pitying myself because I was so fat, telling myself that I was cursed like Job, and deprived of the romantic satisfactions which come to the normal man and maid. I was self-centered in my fat, selfish, egotistical way. Yet you have taken me for a friend. Why have you done it?"

"Perhaps," she smiled again, "because *I* pity you. How can I help pitying any one who places such absurd emphasis on trivial externals? Then, again, perhaps I have done it because I like you."

"You have done it," said I, "because you and I blissfully love the same things and don't fail to understand. Isn't that so?"

"Then, if it is," said she suddenly, "let us stop this silly talk and think about that mother-of-pearl light out on the horizon."

"Let us think," I answered, "about your exhibition next Saturday."

"I think of little else when I am alone," she answered, with a look of pain. "It means everything to me."

So our lecture on romance ended in practical figuring—where most romances end! . . . It was in the sudden sweetness of pity—so much sweeter a thing than the sensation of being pitied—that full realization came to me of my love for the Lady of the Cod. I knew that the Old Grammarian was right, and I knew that I had found my true romance at last. How different from my dreams of it! Not clothed in the ardor of a flaming passion, with no lyric eloquence and moonlit song, had it come; but with, instead a deep upheaval and expansion of my nature, almost as if love were a preacher exhorting me, and a kind friend, too, leading [illegible] first desire was to crown my [illegible] th success; my second [illegible] my love, to learn whether for [illegible] too, our friendship had become that profounder mystery of the heart.

There wasn't a soul at the hotel whom I could enlist as a purchaser at the exhibition except the Old Grammarian. So I had, after all, to make the hateful trip to the Harbor, among the folks I know. I found Jack Hollis there. Better still, I found his sister. I found my father's old partner, too—a kindly, if tight-fisted, lover of the arts, and stayed to tea in order to get his promise to drive up to the exhibition—and to buy. There were three. Then, finally, I rounded up Billie Barton, who has become a grist mill of "best sellers" since he used to write pale pink imitations of Pater, in college. Now he lives at expensive summer resorts, wears socks to match his ties, and pretends he admires his own books. If he keeps it up much longer, he'll end by really admiring them! I told him so.

Well, they all descended on the studio in a body. The Lady was staggered for a moment by the prospect of real purchasers. Those segments of Suburbia which were present retired to a corner before the rustle of Miss Hollis's clothes, to observe her rather than the pictures, and Billie Barton actually forgot he was a "best seller" and became once more the old, appreciative Billie, sensitive to the real thing. Bless him, he bought two pictures!

Jack Hollis wanted one of the golf links, but, failing that, he took a bit of sea which showed a yawl—wrongly rigged, he complained, but still recognizable. His sister met the Lady with that beautiful friendliness which she knows so well how to cast like a spell over those whom she would set up beside herself. She is the truest patrician I have ever known. The Lady, happy and rosy under this spell, expanded shyly. Father's old partner watched her and me, I could detect, quite as much as the paintings, and grinned amicably. But he had been watching the pictures, too. As we were about to depart, he put his hand on the gem of the lot—a strip of shingle with a phantom dory riding in the fog. "This goes to our Museum at home," he said.

The Lady gave a happy little gasp. Miss Hollis smiled. I cried, "That's the ticket! And you've got the best of them all!"

"Young man," said father's partner, "I am well aware of that. I trust it will reproduce in the catalogue." And I blessed the Lord for the kind friends He has given me.

When my guests had departed, under the peering eyes of Suburbia on the hotel veranda, I hastened back to the fish house.

On the way I met the Old Grammarian, coming along the path under the cliff with his vicarious purchases hugged under his arm. "I have left her almost happy," he said.

"Why not quite?" I asked.

"That is for you to do," replied the Old Grammarian. But I was not angry with him. I sped with renewed vigor along the trail.

Again the light was low and pink on the sea, and my Lady of the Cod stood alone against the northern window, an aura in her hair.

She came forward with her hand outstretched. "How am I ever to thank you for this?" she said. "You have enabled me to go on; you have been my fairy godfather. I fully expect you to drive off in a pumpkin coach!"

I held her hand in mine. That lifelong romantic hunger of my heart for an exalted emotional excitement, a thrilling happiness, which should burn steadily and bright, was satisfied anew, but satisfied in a manner I had never dreamed. There may be a bloom and a glory about romantic first love which never comes again, but there is a glory about our later love, our love based upon a mutual recognition and understanding of each other's wider interests and desires, which has its graver and its sweeter charm. There is no fear of the future in it. The years stretch ahead in a vista of ever truer happiness and comprehension. "Dear Lady of the Cod," I said, "I am ugly and fat. All my life I have been a joke in the world's eyes. Nobody but you has ever seemed entirely to ignore my fleshly garments or to run without weariness after the crazy truths of my thought. It is you who have enabled me to go on!"

Perhaps it was the fading light, but I thought there was a mist in her eyes as she answered, with a smile: "You are fat, I cannot deny, but you are not ugly. You are beautiful!"

"I love you," said I. No words of romantic fervor rose to my lips, in impassioned poetry of wooing. I told her calmly, quietly, and as God is my witness, my thought was all for her happiness, not mine.

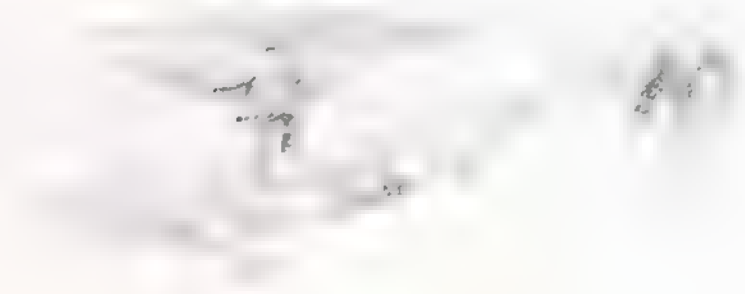
And as quietly she answered: "I think we can help each other. You need some one to love you, too, you romantic child, and I am the one to do it."

"Have you loved me long?" I asked.

"From the moment," she answered, "that I knew some one else hadn't."

"But I told you that when we met!" I cried.

With a little laugh she crept closer in the dusk of the studio, and slowly the beautiful pictures in their frames, her visions of the loveliness in sea pool or fog-swept shore, her contributions to the romantic glamour of the world, melted together with the lobster pots into an indistinguishable blur. But the heart where these visions were warmed to life was beating against my own.



STEEL RAILS *and* IRON HANDS

by Richard Washburn Child

Editor's Note *What do you know about the railway problem? Do you realize that it enters into your cost of living, no matter who you are or what your occupation? Do you realize that your food, your clothing, your furniture, everything in your house, everything that you buy pays toll to the railroad at least once, perhaps many times? Here is an article that presents the whole railroad situation simply, surely, without prejudice, and corrects many long entrenched and fallacious impressions that so far have cumbered the issue. The railroad problem is your problem. Its final solution will be for you to find. Here are the facts on which you can base your consideration and your conclusions.*

RAILWAY regulation is not a sentimental question

It has been made to appear so.

It has been made sentimental by half a generation of ill-advised accusation and a defense on the part of the railroads that seemed like perfume used to conceal an odor.

The attack has been so senseless, the defense so sensitive, that the ordinary man hardly knows what to think. He cannot confidently advise his representative in government what to do. His opinion is no opinion at all. It is an impression. It is a feeling in the bones.

Before these articles were written, two hundred men of various stations in life—laborers, clerks, lawyers, doctors, merchants, government employees—were asked for their opinion about American railways. A composite of their answers, jotted down, is about this:

Stock-watering and manipulation have been paid for by the public through high rates. We are gouged—you and I. Rates should be lower. Government ownership wouldn't work, I guess. I don't know much about the question, now that you ask things in detail. But it is robbery; the people will finally get on to it and stop it. You can tell it is robbery by the way these railroad presidents and big financiers act—you can see they don't want the truth known. We need more legislation to lower rates. Cut 'em in half."

The tragedy about this is that the voice is the voice of the court of last resort.

Who will settle the railroad question? Not Wall Street. Not Mr. Morgan or other financiers. Not railway presidents. Not investors. Not employees. Not politicians. Not newspapers owned or corrupted by the "interests." Not shippers. The court of last resort is composed of the men and women for whom this page was written, edited, set up, printed, and sent out across the country.

The man who settles the problems of railroad transportation will be the man who finally pays for railroad transportation, the man who wants the service and pays for it.

This man in his home can see in the price

paid for rocking-chair, knives and forks, curtains, rugs, water faucet, necktie, closet door, poker and tongs, overcoat, rubber boots, flour and saleratus, the wall paper, the evening lamp, and the family Bible, a percentage due to the cost of transportation. Let him look around the house for an article that has not traveled on a railroad. Most of these articles, their parts, or materials from which they are made, have traveled on railroads not only once, but many times. The charge for transportation each time has been added into the final price. It is there. The consumers have paid the promoter, the financier, the salary of the railway president and officers, the employees, the railway supply houses, the investors, the bills rendered by the railroads to the shippers.

Collectively, they have paid the whole bill. Not as a matter of sentiment, but as a matter of business; not as a matter of speculation, but as a matter of fact, it is the consumers who must say the last word about the railroads. You can talk of the rights of property till Doomsday; you can say that the setting of the interests of mankind above the rights of property is Socialism, or anarchy, or arson, or Christianity, or altruism, or twaddle, or you can talk of public utilities and constitutional limitations and reasonable rates and commissions until chaos; the truth is this:

THE RAILROADS AND THE FAMILY HORSE

It is a nation of consumers who say the last word on service and rates, not for any other reason than that they can do it. That eliminates any sentimental or learned or doctrinal notions at the beginning of the subject. That is the business of the situation. They can do it. Theirs are the little iron hands.

This is a good notion—it is the only air-clearing notion—to begin with in dealing with the railroad question, which is not only a question of rates, but—for goodness' sake, let us remember—a question of service as well. Service! Something we want done!

When a man finds it hard to pick out an article in his home or office that did not come to him over a railroad, it is evident that railroads have had some place in the advance of civilization. It almost seems as if they are civilization. And yet this fact is something that every one is every moment forgetting, just as the virtues of the old family horse are forgotten. The service of the railroads is forgotten most thoroughly when the cost to the nation of maintaining them is up for discussion, just as the faithful performance of the family horse is most thoroughly forgotten when it is remembered that he burdens us with last month's bill for hay and grain. Human nature is just like that. It pops up with its sudden heat. It becomes forgetful, unthinking, impatient, and costly to itself.

THE COLD-BUSINESS-OF-THE-THING

In going at the regulation of railways from any side, it is blind, vicious, savage. The thing that corrects it is the cold business of the thing, which is not blind, vicious, nor savage, but knocks quietly on the door while the fuss is going on, knocks on the door when the fuss is over and broken crockery and furniture are strewn about the house, and knocks on the door when agitators are out of breath and corporation officials are through with their devices. In order to save trouble on both sides, we might as well open the door and let the persistent thing in now to save expense, wasted emotion, sentiment gone off the handle, and the knuckles of the cold-business-of-the-thing that are knocking on the door.

The story of the railroads in the United States is astonishing. See the growth:

MILEAGE

	Miles of Line in Operation	Track Mileage	Population	Miles of Line per 10,000 Population
1830				
1850				
1870				
1890	167,191	199,876		
1900	198,964	258,784		
1905	225,196	306,707		
1908	240,439	333,040		

Line mileage per 10,000 population shows only slight relative variations since 1890. Total track mileage increased between 1890 and 1908 from 41.9 to 38.2 per 10,000 population [illegible] from developed territory handled [illegible] ing, etc.)

And then look at the figures on freight in the years from 1890 to 1908. See the increased weight or distance bought and paid for by the average consumer. Civilization

in the material sense had opened her throttle then! It is these railroad figures that reflect progress. And just as clearly they tell the story of the service of railroads to man. They show that transportation is being used over eight per cent. more per person per year.

FREIGHT TRAFFIC

	Freight Ton Mileage	Thousands of Ton Miles per Capita
1890	77,207,000,000	1.23
1892	88,241,000,000	1.36
1894	80,335,000,000	1.18
1896	95,328,000,000	1.36
1898	114,078,000,000	1.43
1900	141,597,000,000	1.85
1902	157,289,000,000	1.99
1904	174,522,000,000	2.15
1906	215,878,000,000	2.57
1908	218,381,000,000	2.48

The main point about these figures is their indication—only too slight—of the inestimable and increasing service that railroads perform. If this service were wiped out of existence or tinkered with so that it was seriously impaired, we should be willing to pay many times the price we pay for it now to get it back in its present shape. Cold business sense says so. And it is not necessary to work up any sentimental gratitude toward the railroads. Cold business sense, having said to the common citizen, "The regulation of railways is in your little iron hands," now says: "The first thing you want is service."

It is true.

THE HEART OF THE RAILWAY PROBLEM

Nevertheless, the court of last resort, which may change even the Constitution if it wishes, has at least *one* limitation of its authority. It is constantly forgetting it, trying to override it, neglecting it. This limitation is the characteristic of physical matter. Physical matter will not move intelligently for the benefit of man, by itself. Mankind must move it. We may have it moved for us only in one of two ways: We can have the government move it, or induce private parties to move it in exchange for a reward. We must have it moved. *We should like it moved safely, quickly, politely—and at the least possible expense.*

That last sentence is the heart of the railroad problem.

Now what has been the experience of other nations with the railroad problem? Comparisons between railroad conditions at home and abroad are the chief delight of academic investigators. The comparison of impressions and reports and volumes and statistics and figures proves anything, can prove anything, and has been made to prove anything. Agitators for government ownership and rates cut in halves—and quarters—make the case look one way; railroads, "corporation men," and financiers can make the whole thing change its color, skin, stripes, and spots. Men conjure with figures showing the cost of a ton mile of freight in one place and the other. These are empty figures. It is like this. Here is a sample. The average per ton mile rate is in

The United States, .76 cents; Germany, 1.36 cents.

But in this country the expensive traffic is taken away from the railroads by the private car lines and express companies, which charge exorbitant rates. In Germany there is a parcels post, and mail is carried free.

YES, BUT—

Yes, but railroad materials are cheaper in Germany.

Yes, but in Germany bulky commodities yielding a cheap rate are carried by water.

Yes, but in the United States the gradients make investment and operation cost higher.

Yes, but in the United States the per ton mile figure is deceptive because it includes the free carriage of goods for the companies themselves.

Yes, but in Germany wages are lower.

Yes, but the average haul in Germany is 78 miles; in the United States 244. The shorter haul is more expensive.

There is no end to this. When you have gone far enough with it, the best guess seems to be that, figuring everything in, the average freight charge in Germany is just about what it is in the United States.

The matter of freight rate is secondary, anyhow. What about *service?* What about national development? *Now* comparisons are more difficult!

The facts to make them have never been gathered. Having found out about what each country *pays*, you now lack any definite notion of what each country *gets*.

That is the sample. Yet perhaps it is worth while to summarize the investigations abroad:

England: Shockingly high capitalization per mile. No end of fraud and scandal in purchase of rights of way by managers in collusion with owners of purchased property. Rates far higher than ours. Discrimination and rebates. Legislation unsuccessful and expensive. Periodical, stupid agitation. A garden spot for exposures. A situation a thousand times worse than ours, *except as to safety.*

Belgium: State ownership. Rates about the same as here on freight. Extremely low on passengers. Clean record as to fraud and favoritism. Pay a fair return on cost. A situation better than ours and probably best of all. But, of course, our own problem is different. It is vastly larger and vastly more complicated. Our fitness for government administration is not so well developed.

Russia: Largely government ownership. Fraud. General public deprived of benefits. Still a part of a despotism.

Italy: Government ownership failed. There were political frauds and rows. Sold out to private interests. A subsequent history of poor service, agitation, discrimination. Then four or five years ago the government, under pressure of public opinion, bought back, even though expecting to suffer a deficit on operation. History worse than our own.

Switzerland: Government ownership began in 1903, after a decade of agitation. Comparison as to service and rates difficult, owing to light density of traffic and mountainous territory. Rates much higher than ours.

Austria: Part government ownership. Paternalistic management, i. e., passenger rates made to encourage people to travel, go to school, live in the suburbs, etc. Ownership was sold out to private management in 1840 and bought back in part in 1877 and since. Zone system of passenger rate. Comparison of freight rates with our own difficult.

That is enough. The bald truth of the matter is this: as to service, rates, and development of our resources by the railroads, *and excluding the important matter of safety to life and limb,* we, in the United States, are no less fortunate than the average of other countries.

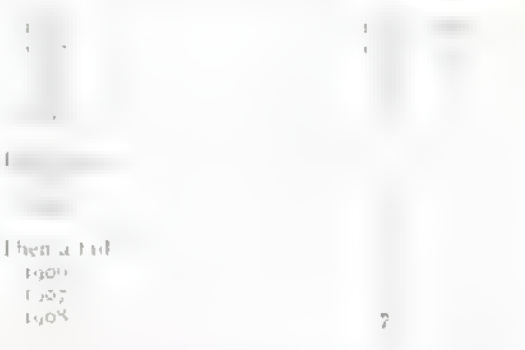
Let us say all the good things first. There are more of these satisfying facts not to be denied.

The first is that the percentage of the cost of living, including savings, which the average consumer can charge up to transportation is surprisingly low. It averages about seven per cent. of the total. It is true that each family has been paying much more in these days than ten years ago for transportation, but, as we have seen already, the population, composed of many families, is receiving *a much larger service.* The average person, or a member of the average family, pays a larger freight bill every year, because, in fact, *he is getting more freight.* The consumption of commodities per person is larger, and one way of knowing this is that the railroads carry more freight per capita—an interesting consideration apart from the railroad problem, because it helps to explain the high cost of living.

INCREASE IN RATES HASN'T MUCH TO DO WITH THE COST OF LIVING

Then it follows, if one cares to figure carefully, that before the cost of living is raised one hundredth from a direct effect of freight rates, these rates must be advanced over ten per cent.

Considering the service rendered to the nation, the change in average rates per ton mile is not very shocking, in spite of the general impression to the contrary. Especially is this true when compared with the upward course of prices of everything else, and the rapid increase of cost of living and the decreasing value of a dollar. These are the rate per ton mile statistics:



It is to be remembered, however, that rate per ton mile statistics cannot be used with any assurance. A variety of influences makes them deceptive. Yet they are indicative of truth.

Then another fact must be recognized,

be watered stock in American railroads. That is, there may be capitalization which does not represent an investment of money. It is hard to think of an easier thing to make people believe than that railroads are all water. But this is not a sentimental question. Cold business sense will knock on the door until everybody is ready to admit that, though the history is thoroughly bad, there is some bright light as to the present capitalization of our railroads.

NOT SO MUCH WATER IN RAILROADS NOW

To begin with, the total capitalization carried by our operating roads averages $50,206 a mile. Now, though many other countries show better construction, which makes the cost per mile higher, we show better equipment. Then, of course, density of traffic has much to do with capitalization per mile. The density of our traffic is greater than that in France, less than that in England and Germany. The greater the density of traffic, of course the larger the proper capitalization will be, because increase in density means more stations, doubling of tracks, more equipment, more expense to insure safety of travel. Bearing these considerations in mind just so the approximate capitalization per mile in other countries [illegible] of 1907 or 1908

[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Germany	[illegible]
Austria	[illegible]
Russia	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]

Furthermore, though there is some difference in opinion, the least prejudiced experts believe that we could not duplicate our railroads for a price less than $80,000 a mile—the present capitalized value. Note well, however, that present value has nothing to do with the actual amount invested in railroad property. And do not make the common mistake, into which many fall, of thinking that our capitalization is evenly distributed among the railroads. We are just beginning to learn that each railroad must be judged by itself. Some are capitalized away beyond righteousness and earn dividends on that capitalization; some occupy defensible positions. It is folly for both kinds to set up the same kind of wail against regulation, or even against agitation. It is ridiculous that they should join in presenting a single front; it is equal folly for the public to forget the difference in their worthiness as public servants.

Finally, it must be remembered that some of the roads which have carried the most water have for long periods failed to yield dividends, and that, since the worst days of stock watering, receiverships and reorganizations have squeezed much of the water out—not at the expense of the public, but at the expense of the security holders. It is true that vast fortunes have been made by crooked financial manipulation of American roads, but the *very worst* examples are ancient history and, because the investors sometimes bore the loss, the consequence of the exploitation does not rest so heavily upon the consumer—the man for whom this article is written. The burden of capitalization is not so heavy to-day as it would be if, the railroads being annihilated, any one government or private interests—should try to refurnish the country with transportation service.

These facts are sensational enough, for, instead of showing that the situation, nationally, is wholly bad, they show a much more surprising truth, which is that it is *not* wholly bad. The consumer might as well recognize this, and do it now. It is one of the necessities for intelligent regulation.

THE MOVE TO RAISE RATES

Let us, then, get down to a simple consideration of our railroad problem. There is no better way to approach the subject than to seize the most timely question for analysis. The consumer may become familiar with the ground over which he must travel to reach a conclusion by looking at a minor matter that confronts him at the moment.

This minor matter is the present move of [illegible] roads to *increase* their rates. The importance of a general advance in freight [illegible] is evident to the consumer to a lively interest in a matter which is his concern and in which his voice, till now, has [illegible] while voices of financiers, railroads, and shippers have been raised in a hubbub of rather crude, evasive, and selfish controversy, which has enveloped the whole

contention in an impenetrable cloud of eye-blinding dust, both inside and *outside* the official hearings.

MORE SERVICE—MORE MONEY

There never has been a more important railroad question than that which was raised by this battle-front of railroads asking for an advance in rates. It is only an opening skirmish. Never has the Interstate Commerce Commission had to realize more keenly that the question of what is a reasonable schedule of rates is a question which it cannot really answer. The perplexities of the situation are increased by what may be fairly termed an absolute failure on the part of shippers and railroads to meet anywhere on a common issue where the welfare of the *consumer* would be considered. It is necessary for any one who wants to make an educated guess about the merits of the railroads' demand, from the consumer's point of view, to go outside the record of the proceedings for light.

The case of the railroads is based on these assertions, and we may comment upon them as we go along:

1. There is a necessity to raise more money for improvements and extensions and to give the country the service that it needs.

Cold business sense admits this. The transportation facilities are inadequate. We want, need, demand, and must have *service.*

INCREASED RATES VS. GILT ON THE CEILING

2. Many of these improvements and extensions are of such a nature that the benefit of them in large part goes to the public and does not add to the earning power of railroad property. That is, new capital for railroads sees railroad property being purchased or built which does not promise profits from its use. Therefore, they say, there arises a situation in which the whole property earns less proportionately.

Cold business sense admits this, too, *with qualifications.* There is some virtue in the suggestion that rates should be high enough to give a fair return of profit and also pay, at least in part, for *non-earning* additions, which benefit the public more than they do the railroads. The traveler on American lines can see plenty of examples of property which is *non-earning.*

"Look at that man putting new gilt on the ceiling of this waiting-room," said a commuter. "I pay for that. The road wants to raise its rates and take the cost of the job out of me."

"Surely," said his companion, who knew a little more about corporation management. "You're the man that wants it there. Gilt ceilings and big terminal stations, beautifully designed by high-priced architects, and lots of other things that you have been hollering for in recent years, are expenditures that do you more good than the stockholders. You would be astounded to know how large such non-earning improvements have become. It is the demand for non-earning improvements that makes investments in railways less attractive than they were and makes financing more difficult."

BILLING THE PAST TO THE PRESENT CONSUMER

Cold business sense winces a little. To be sure, this sounds plausible. Yet the trouble—and a great difficulty it is— lies in the exaggeration given to the fact by the testimony of the railroads.

Any business man knows that parts of his investment are non-earning. Some non-earning investment is a normal incident of all business. A mahogany desk in your office earns no more than one of oak.

When the railway presidents this September tried to point out on the witness stand the need of higher rates to attract capital so that they might make additions, or to yield enough to help provide for *non-earning* improvements out of current earnings, the business man asked, "What are these new non-earning improvements?"

"Oh, safety devices," said the presidents, "and heavier track and faster service, and abolishment of grade crossings and expensive terminals, and——"

Here cold business sense interrupted to say that to a considerable extent these matters of furnishing safety, convenience, and inducements to customers are perfectly normal incidents of business, and that if the railroads find themselves behind in these things, it shows a laxity in American railroading in the past which cannot properly be billed to the consumer to-day. And yet

there is no doubt at all that the *non-earning* property of railroads is growing proportionately larger.

3. "Our operating expense has increased," say the railroads.

"But so has your revenue," says cold business sense. "So has the density of your traffic. That helps you. Then again how easy it is for you, in spite of the accounting system provided, to show your profits are less! Listen! We know the trick! You can do it by making heavy charges to your maintenance figures, which are a part of your operating expense. You can make expense show large. That means that you are investing your profits in your own property. How can you show that this maintenance is not a process of concealing profits or taking them in a different form than dividends?"

JUGGLING THE ACCOUNTS

"Oh, we would not do anything of that sort," say the railroads. "Especially as to our accounting."

"Wouldn't, eh?" says cold business sense. "Let me show you this exhibit."

Exhibit:

New York Central; Reported under Operating Expense

	March, 1909	March, 1910	Increase
Ties	$129,785.29	$381,996.96	$252,211.67
Rails	90,213.88	237,452.93	148,239.05
Steam Locomotive Renewals	6,788.41	278,183.00	271,501 59

Increase in operating expense over a year ago	$672,045 31
Decrease in net earnings	840,078.04

The difference, however, is illuminated by letters which passed between officials of the New York Central:

April 27, 1910.
File 1234

MR. A. H. SMITH,
Vice President & General Manager.

Dear Sir: Referring to our conversation in regard to the March quarter:

Mr. Place advises me that it would be illogical, although perhaps not illegal, to carry any portion of the extra Lake Shore dividend over into the second quarter. I have, however, recommended to Mr. Carstensen a charge to the March operating expenses of $275,683, to cover the value, less salvage, of the 35 locomotives which have been condemned; and a charge of $622,538.50 for rails and ties, to cover one quarter of the estimated expenditure during the year, instead of $249,000, which is one tenth. I have also asked Mr. Carstensen to see that the March figures are withheld until he has had a chance to confer with Mr. Brown.

Yours truly,
(Sgd.) R. A. WHITE,
General Auditor.

BOSTON AND ALBANY RAILROAD

(By Messenger.) At BOSTON, April 28, 1910.

MY DEAR MR. WHITE: Thank you very much for your favor of the 27th inst., File 1234, advising that Mr. Place stated "it would be illogical, although perhaps not illegal, to carry any portion of the extra Lake Shore dividend over into the second quarter."

If it is illogical to spread credits it should also be illogical to spread debits over one quarter, two quarters, or 12 months.

My only interest, of course, is the effect that it may have upon matters that are now being considered.

Believe me,
Very truly yours,
(Sgd.) A. H. SMITH.

Mr. R. A. White,
General Auditor.

File 1234. April 29, 1910.

MR. A. H. SMITH.
Vice President & General Manager.

My dear Mr. Smith: Replying to yours of the 28th, in regard to spreading debits.

You are quite correct, that it is illogical and also illegal to spread debits over a period, with the single exception of such general classes of work (such as renewals or rails or ties) as would logically be continued through a series of months and the benefit of which is applicable to a year.

In view of Mr. Place's decision, the Lake Shore dividend was not carried into the succeeding quarter, but I have authority from Mr. Carstensen to change our plan of renewing rails and ties so as to spread it over the entire year, which means that the March quarter will include one quarter, instead of one tenth, of the entire amount; and also to include in the March expenses the figures reported by you covering condemned locomotives. This will increase the expenses for March between $650,000 and $700,000.

Yours very truly,
(Sgd.) R. A. WHITE,
General Auditor.

If this little departure from the regular practice of the New York Central accounting had not been made, because of "the effect it may have upon matters that are

now being considered," the New York Central would have shown an increase in operating revenue for the three months ending March, 1910, of $447,794.72, instead of a decrease in revenue.

It may be mentioned that this "painted" decrease, whatever reasons were back of the manipulation, not only had the effect of making the public and shippers believe in the railroad's distress, but helped to convince wage earners that, in order to have better wages, they must help the railroads in an advance of rates. It is not unfair to say that the laborers are taken in by this species of strategy—these doctored statistics—which tend to show that a road is in distress.

"And now," says cold business sense, "it seems to me that recently the charges to maintenance all along the line *have jumped*. It is a curious thing, in a way—*this leaping of railway maintenance out of its skin*. Instead of seeing properties that are really impoverished, I see a good many that have increased their earning capacity and have done so by charging to maintenance money which was yielded by the present rates, which came from the public. In a sentence," concludes cold business sense:

THE RAILROADS' CONCEALED PROFITS

"*Some of you have been spending, out of money yielded by present rates, amounts which have increased much faster than the prices of labor and materials or the degree of thoroughness of repair. A good deal of this money goes to the railroad interest just as much as it does when it goes in dividends. It is a part of the profits of the business when a new piece of earning property is added to the total of earning property. And this profit comes out of rates.*"

Let us look at the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy. In 1905 maintenance of structures, way, and equipment was $18,878,692. In 1908—the year of depression, too—it had gone to $27,104,936. The first three fourths of a year, or nine months ending April 1, 1910, showed $22,827,305!

This course of expenditure on maintenance helps to explain why some of our roads can make a poor showing to the public by talking about *what is left* after "operating expense" has been deducted from revenues. Nothing can be plainer than that a road can make reports which serve to conceal the true state of earning power. And it is a fact that just now these charges to maintenance are aviating.

HOW THE PUBLIC PAYS THE PIPER

What do the railroads say? They say that mileage has increased, so that upkeep must be larger. The answer is that it has not increased in any such proportion. They say that thoroughness of upkeep has been enforced as it has not been before. The answer is that current upkeep is a part of that revenue which any fair-minded person wants the railroads to have, over and above a fair and liberal return, with depreciation reserve thrown in; but the flight in these charges can hardly be called necessary for current upkeep when, in the recent past, good current upkeep has not been so extravagantly phrased in terms of dollars. They say, as to operating expense, that in good and profitable years the property should be so strengthened that dividends can be maintained in bad years. The answer to this is that no man of business sense will deny the railroads that right so long as the privilege is not extended beyond reason.

The complete answer to any attempt to justify excessive maintenance charges is that excessive maintenance charge, or any excessive operating expense, means money that comes *out of the public* and goes more or less directly to the owners, or more often to the manipulators. Sooner or later, directly or indirectly, the increased value of the property is capitalized. Then what?

Then the public must pay rates that will yield a return on this increased capitalization, *which really is the investment of the public. It was out of the earnings yielded by the public that the investment was made.*

HIGHER WAGES—HIGHER RATES, SAY THE RAILROADS

This is the first, foremost, and most important of the concealed profits of the railroads. It is so simple that a child can work it. *It makes ridiculous any figures of railroad profit that are based merely on dividends paid.*

But suppose, for the moment, that the railways have been earning only a fair profit, or at least one which encouraged them to keep on in business and apparently was large enough to attract new capital.

What is the principal basis for asking an increase in rates to maintain that fair profit because operating expense has increased?

Wages.

It is true that in five years wages paid by our railroads per average employee have increased fifteen per cent. or more. It is probably true that, for the increased amount, less hours of work per laborer are received. It is true that forty-two per cent. of the gross revenue of railroads is paid out in wages. It is true that considerable increases have just been granted or are under advisement. But the introduction of labor-saving machinery has saved some wage expense, surely. For example, the Rock Island's report for 1908 shows 3,300 tons of bridge steel placed by the use of a bridge-erecting car at a saving in cost of about sixty per cent.

RAILWAY LABOR PLAYING CAT'S-PAW

Then, when the total wages and salaries paid are compared with the total operating income, there does not seem to be any extraordinary change in the status. It looks like this:

	Per Cent. of Income Paid in Wages.
1894	42%
1898	40%
1900	39%
1905	40%
1909	42%

Under these figures there is no need for any such excitement about increase in wages paid, for it follows that *if wages have increased, there must be fewer employees in proportion to the dollars of business done.*

It is hard, then, to see why railway laborers should become very much excited in joining with their employers to ask for a rate increase, as the only way to obtain higher wages. When they do so, they forget that in the past wage increases did not depend upon rate advances. This was well brought out in the cross-examination of President McCrea of the Pennsylvania. The truth of the matter is that railway labor has, in the past few months, when it has advocated rate advances, played a title rôle in the old, old comedy of cat's-paw.

And yet, when all is said and done, the advances in wages must be reckoned with. So must the question of advance in the cost of materials.

The advance in cost of materials was a large phrase with which the railroads advanced to the fray. It faded considerably as time went on. Cost of railroad materials is not increasing so very fast. In fact, when the federal arbitration board was sitting to adjust the wages of locomotive firemen last June, they were presented with a list of sixty-two raw materials, tools, and basic supplies with prices in 1906 compared with prices in 1909. There were forty-four decreases in prices and ten increases. Here is another list of four of the most important railroad materials, with comparative price figures:

	Bituminous Coal Per Ton	Steel Rails Pool Prices	Pig Iron	Lumber Arbitrary Unit
1905	$2.60	$28.00	$15.58	127.7
1906	2.75	28.00	17.78	140.1
1907	2.80	28.00	21.06	146.9
1908	2.70	28.00	15.72	133.1
1909	2.60	28.00	16.13	

Under the circumstances it may be better for the railways to rest their case on other grounds.

There are other matters to consider, too. What of the new conditions of doing business which tend to reduce cost of service? And what has been the effect of the increased density of traffic?

The last few years have seen cheaper methods of handling freight. This saves money.

Longer trains. Ten years ago the average train carried about 240 tons, now it carries nearly 390 tons.

Longer haul. Ten years ago the average haul was 130 miles, now it is 150.

Easier grades. Larger cars. Increased density of traffic.

WHY NOT BE FRANK?

The trouble with the general case of the railroads was principally a trouble in proving the facts and their significance. Acting together, they asserted a heavier operating expense as a need for higher rates. This case, with the exception of its application to some of the Southern roads, was not such as to convince the court of last resort. It would have been a much better case if it had argued outright for a more liberal return to railroad investment. That kind of a case is frank and open. When the public knows the facts about the real return to rail-

road capital and what standard of man-efficiency goes into the business, the road with a *good* case has nothing to fear in asking for adequate rates. It is to the interest of the consumers—those with the little iron hands—to keep the railroads in sound health, not as a matter of sentimental gratitude, but as a matter of cold, selfish business sense, which realizes the need of service, more service, better service, plenty of it. In the judgment of what is necessary to have service, the nation cannot afford to go wrong, show animosity, listen to agitators or special classes of shippers, or lend an ear to old, worn-out scandal of the pioneer period which has gone.

HOLDING THE LID ON THE INFORMATION POT

Unfortunately, not only as regards the case itself, but as regards its presentation inside and outside of the Interstate Commerce Commission hearings, the railroads made a wretched exhibition. Their lawyers, as a whole, were constantly in the attitude of holding the cover on the information pot. Which, by the way, is the trouble with a lot of these lawyers representing semi-public corporations. There was a tendency on the part of the railroads to put witnesses on the stand who could not answer from their own knowledge as to vital matters. And when individuals who did know came along, they showed a reluctance to treat the situation in a man's way. Some of the shippers' testimony was rabid and unfair.

Mr. McCrea, of the Pennsylvania, seemed to hang back in answering questions which brought out the fact that Pennsylvania stockholders, "most of whom are women," have received in a year six per cent. in dividends and eight dollars a share in rights during a period in which two and one half per cent. went to the surplus. He did not seem pleased to say that the past year was the most lucrative for stockholders of any year in the past ten except 1901.

Mr. Daly, vice president in charge of traffic on the New York Central, said he could not tell what surplus his road had last year, and that he could not tell whether there was any surplus!

The auditor of disbursements for the New York Central had an estimate of the wage increase on his road, which was $4,590,647. It was pointed out that this did not show the increase in wages of men employed in freight business, but included the increase in wages paid men in passenger service. At a suggestion that the railroad furnish figures indicating the distribution between the two kinds, the attorney for the road objected vigorously.

President Truesdale, of the Lackawanna, testified that in ten years his company lost about one million a year on operation of the Morris & Essex, which is leased to the Lackawanna, while fifteen millions were spent on the leased road. The fact was later brought out that in the telling of this "loss," it was not explained that the "loss" on operation was calculated after seven per cent. interest had been paid on nearly thirty-two millions of stock and bonds of the Morris & Essex. This was a typical case of the other half of the truth—under the hat. Incidentally, the New York Central in five years has paid out over four millions for the pleasure it takes in operating the Boston & Albany.

The railroad men who testified to the increased return demanded by investors in railway securities, knew very well that increased return is demanded all along the line—in municipal bonds, in industrial securities. Their bonds have shrunk in value no more than other bonds. They knew it.

HOW ABOUT RAILROAD EFFICIENCY?

These examples are not given to add soreness to the subject, but to indicate that the consumer—the man who is destined to have the final say—cannot yet open his mouth and shut his eyes to receive wisdom. Nor has this consumer, in fact—this for the benefit of railroad officials and financiers—read without a smile items in the newspapers about how Mr. So-and-so, the "European financier" (who, we find, used to be a railway publicity man!) says that foreign investors distrust our railway securities because they fear a rate advance will not be allowed. Our ordinary suburbanite with a derby hat, and our ordinary farmer who wears a collar, heard the cry of the railroad interests that railway securities held by widows and orphans and savings banks are threatened. But such people knew—of course they knew—that this suggestion was a hundred times more hurtful to the integrity of the "people's savings" than any rate regulation! They knew that if there came

any depression in railway securities, it could be charged, not to the alleged cause of the wail, but to the pessimistic wail itself.

There were two reasons, then, against the general advance in rates proposed—and a third.

The first reason was that, with a few exceptions, the roads failed to show that their real profits had been reduced by new conditions. It must be remembered that profits are not only in the shape of dividends but also in the shape of: 1. Rights to subscribe to stock at a figure less than the open market will pay. 2. Abnormal increase of undistributed funds. The railroads are now enjoying the largest surplus ever stored up. 3. Charges to maintenance, or any operating expense which exceeds an amount necessary for good, honest current upkeep of the road.

The second reason is that there is a good old doctrine of equity that the plaintiff must have clean hands. Somehow it seems as if the railroads have come to court this time with gloves on.

The third reason is the best of all. It is constructive. To Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, who as counsel represented eastern shippers, must be credited the suggestion and the testimony drawn from railroad men themselves that gave the suggestion nourishment. The suggestion is this. It is quickly said and frill-less:

"You say this first step in the advance of rates you plan is a small increase, a small burden on the consumer and a small offset to your 'enlarged' operating expense. But a small *decrease* in your operating expense would meet the situation just as well. Why don't you try *efficiency?*"

Mr. Brandeis showed by his cross-examination that scientific business efficiency practiced in competitive industrial enterprises was something of a stranger to most railroad operation. The presidents of the Pennsylvania and the Baltimore & Ohio, for instance, pained and surprised at the suggestion, admitted that no standard costs were kept for the variety of repairs on locomotives or freight cars. An injection of three per cent., or thereabouts, of efficiency in operation would offset the much talked-of wage increase. And would increased efficiency be possible? It is a painful idea! Nevertheless, the expense accounts of the insurance companies which were supposed to represent the minimum that could be reached through the efforts of high-salaried men have, since the investigation, been proved to have represented only seventy-five per cent. of reasonably attainable efficiency.

And there is the Illinois Central asking for a rate advance and pointing to a decrease of some $700,000 in net earnings. This is poor grace in a management that in two years lost $1,500,000 in car and equipment repairs through fraud, which might not have been discovered at all. Such a loss would have been impossible where standard costs and modern scientific business protected the investors. Yet the Illinois Central has a large reputation for efficient management.

What about this railroad efficiency?

This is a rich vein.

Perhaps, before rates are farther advanced, it should be explored.

Surely the consumer—the man who pays—is not attacking the railroads, nor "killing the hen that lays the golden egg," nor putting the widows and orphans in danger, nor even exhibiting any extraordinary "anti-corporation" animosity when he mildly suggests that before he contributes a larger income to the roads, they, on their part, should see that nothing is wasted.

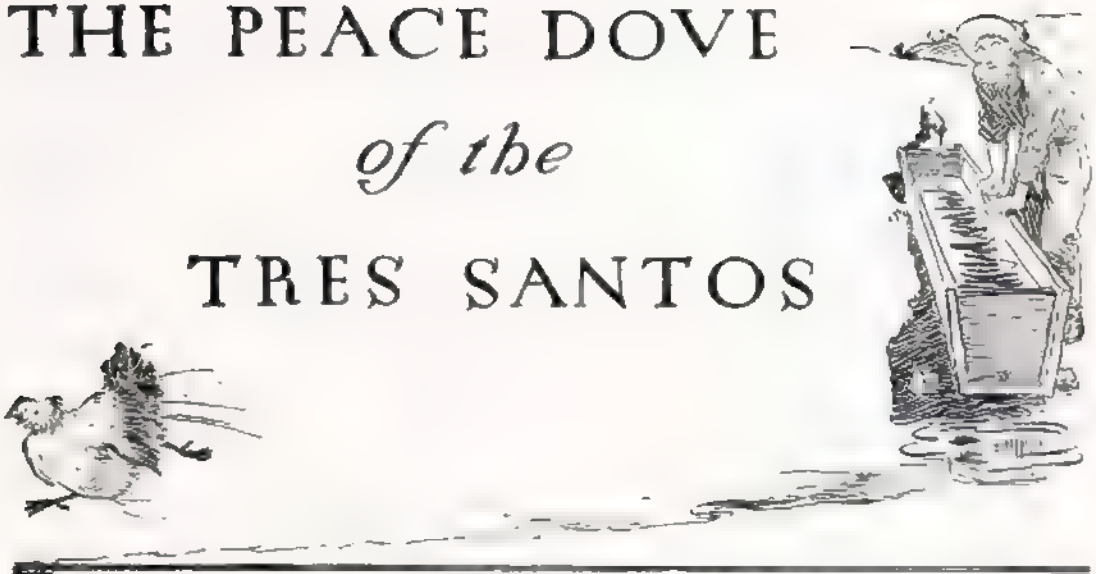
What do you think?

GOD'S PRISONER

BY CHARLOTTE WILSON

LORD of wide spaces, though I wear Thy chains,
Duty, and circumstance, and body's pains,
Help Thou my soul to mock Thy prison-bars,
And range Thy purple paths between the stars!

THE PEACE DOVE *of the* TRES SANTOS



BY HAROLD FINLEY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HORACE TAYLOR

"THERE'S one thing about the alkali country; or, rather, there ain't one thing — and that's petticoats," observed Riley, the foreman of the Tres Santos, with a yawn. "There's one or two worse places than New Mexico at that," he added.

"It's funny there ain't more marries Mexes, where it's so near that or nothin', ain't it?" remarked Johnson, the ditch boss.

"I've seen the day when there wasn't a white woman in thirty mile of here," continued Riley. "Jack Wilkins went clean to San Anton' for his wife. Jack was allowin' that the kind of girl to stack up to an educated taste didn't grow in this valley, which they didn't, either."

"The same being why you ain't follerin' a baby carriage, I reckon," suggested Andrews interestedly. Riley chuckled. Andrews, being ranch machinist and hence indispensable when anything "busted," often took liberties with the foreman.

"The difference between you and me, Jim," Riley retorted, "is you'd be after harnessin' up with anything that done her hair up the back, and I ain't that kind of fool." He arose for perhaps the tenth time from his seat astride a bale of hay and peered out of the barn door at the beating rain, which was soaking countless tons of fresh-cut alfalfa and enforcing idleness upon himself and four unmistakably pleased ranch hands.

"What a heap of fools there are," replied Andrews languidly. "But say, how about Jack Wilkins? For a married man with a family I'd call the boss a right happy lunatic."

"Anybody would be a fool not to marry a girl like Missus Wilkins, if he had a chance," urged Riley patiently. "There was a time, though, when even you, Jim, would've made a better match for her than Jack Wilkins, in the opinion of most people hereabouts. I'm sayin' that with all respect for Jack's wife, too."

Riley settled easily back and rolled a cigarette. He was rolling a second one before he spoke again.

"In his day Jack was something of a rounder," he said at length. "That was before some of you boys ever come to the valley or knew there was such a place on the map. Booze, faro—Jack, he went the whole route—and he went it, too, I'm right here to remark. His wife had domestic troubles that'd make any woman that ever hit Reno, Nevada, look like a blame crybaby beside her. That was before a certain fowl we named the 'peace dove' begun to perch on the family rooftree. A Plymouth

Rocker this bird was, speckled, long-legged, pale around the gills.

"Jack's early trainin' hadn't had enough bed slat in it for his own good, to my way of thinkin'. Old Jud Wilkins was as savvy a cow-man as ever lived, but raisin' kids wasn't his line. Puttin' the ditch strip into farm land took all the old man's time; and besides that, Jack didn't have any mammy from the time he was two years old.

"The boy learned young. I caught him more than once soakin' up *tequila* with the Mexes when he was only a kid. For years he made a regular hangout of a crooked roadhouse on the Tunas trail, drinkin' rotten whisky and buckin' a brace-box that'd busted a plumber in six deals. I reckon he wasn't over fourteen when he started this.

"The worst mistake the old man ever made was to send the boy off to college. Honest, we couldn't foller him for smoke back there in the East. But old Jud was aimin' to give the young devil what he considered a fair chance, so he kept sweetenin' the pot and worryin'.

"When the old man died, the kid come back sobered down something amazin' and said he was goin' to run the ranch. That boy, for all he was brought up right here on the Santos, didn't know no more about ranchin' than I do about quiltin'; but the place was his, and as long as he behaved himself we was satisfied.

"There was something sanctified and unnatural about that first month Jack run the ranch. Ben McGrath and me drunk every drop of whisky on the place so's he couldn't get at it. Then we all held our breath and waited.

"Well, one day Jack said he was goin' to El Paso to get some oil for his machinery. He sure got it, too. Lubricated wasn't no name for the condition he come back in. Albuquerque was the next station on the jag route, and then he got his gait. Inside of another month he was rip-snortin' over the country, leavin' a trail three states wide behind him.

"But the worst of it was the way he took to shootin' up the exchequer. Jack got to costin' us so much I never knew when I was goin' to have enough to pay off the Mexes.

"One day we near had a strike on our hands. All that kept the help from leadin' off the livestock was some little reputation Ben and me had got back in the cow-rustlin' days for handlin' six guns. Well, right in the middle of my explainin' that pay day was comin' around jest as soon as the young boss got back with the *dinero*, Jack lit on the scene drunk. He was towin' along a big, soft-lookin' souse he allowed was his 'fraternity brother.'

"We sized the pair of 'em up, Ben and me, and decided to act. So we watched our chance and coralled the fraternity brother. I'm not sure, but I think it was twelve hours we give him to get a wire that his relatives was sick and needin' him. I remember, all the time we was talkin' Ben was fondlin' an inch board with a barrel cactus nailed on the business end of it. That fraternity cuss had a right smart respect for the upholstery Nature'd endowed him with, for he got his telegram that same evening. Then I braced Jack.

"'Jack, boy,' I says, 'I was foreman of the Tres Santos before you was ever hatched. When your poor old dad cashed in I promised him forty times, if I promised him once, that I was goin' to stick by you and the ranch,' I says. 'When I done it,' I says, 'I didn't figure on runnin' the old place as no jag asylum with a blanket mortgage on it. You either make up what you consider to be your mind to cut this foolishness out and settle down,' I says, 'or you and your ranch can go plumb to thunder for all of me!' I says.

"The next morning, instead of flaggin' the Santa Fé and goin' to town, Jack got into some old breeches and rode ditch from sun-up to sun-down. The day after, he broke two sickles and a mower hagglin' up three borders; but it was a day's work for him. Most surprisin' of all was the way he appeared to get a hand on himself. Things perked up to beat the band.

"But one morning he was missin', and we guessed it was all off. The only thing we were even speculatin' about was what we were goin' to do to the fraternity brothers if he fetched any of 'em back with him.

"THE WORST MISTAKE THE OLD MAN EVER MADE WAS TO SEND THE BOY OFF TO COLLEGE."

"We were all layin' out in front of the house on Sunday evening, when all of a sudden Edwin Summerville Kent let out a whoop that nearly ripped his linings out. You see, Edwin only had one lung, and was settin' on the fence on account of the dew. Well, the next minute I was leanin' against the fence myself, makin' noises like windin' a dollar watch.

"Up the lane was comin' a rubber-tired carriage behind a shiny bay. Inside was Jack Wilkins, dressed in ice-cream clothes and settin' alongside of a girl.

"Edwin showed the advantages of early bringin' up by steppin' out big as life and hitchin' their horse for 'em. An' then Jack lifted the girl out like she was a settin' of eggs. The missus is pretty enough now, but she sure was a pippin those days. Slim and round—big black eyes—this raven hair they talk so much about—cheeks like peaches and cream—prettiest woman alive—that was her. 'These are the Tres Santos boys, Roxie,' Jack says. 'This is my wife, boys,' he says, offhand-like.

"I give a gasp for breath even yet sometimes when I think of that remark of Jack's. For the next five minutes us fellows were redder'n an acre of ripe cow beets. Even Edwin was knocked off his pins. Blamed if the girl didn't fetch a smile and get a little red herself.

"'That ain't no way to introduce anybody,' she says to Jack. 'I want to know their names,' she says. Her voice was like little silver spurs a-jinglin'. Jack, bein' sober, was stumped. He told her he'd been away on business so much he didn't know all of us himself.

"'Riley here hires 'em and fires 'em,' he says. 'He's got their names and pedigrees down cold.' Then he introduced me to her.

"'Sure, Mrs. Wilkins,' I says, when I got my breath again, 'but I'd rather not say anything about pedigrees except that none of the boys have been hung yet.' Then I begun presentin' 'em. 'This oldish-like gent hidin' his blushin' features behind the whiskers is Mister McGrath,' I says. . . . 'Him tryin' to get both his feet behind the other one is Mister McNary . . . This high and wide party,' I says, 'is Germany Schwartz. If Germany's got any specialty,

"I REMEMBER, ALL THE TIME WE WAS TALKIN' BEN WAS FONDLIN' AN INCH BOARD WITH A BARREL CACTUS NAILED ON THE BUSINESS END OF IT."

it's drivin' mules, for he's fluent and persuadeful in Dutch and Mexican as well as American,' I says. 'The gentleman you observe tryin' to edge around the corner of the house is Mister Anderson,' I says.

"Then I come to Edwin. 'The lad here with the pale, intellectual dome and the specs is Mister Edwin Summerville Kent, from Boston, wherever that is,' I says. 'If there's one thing Edwin is prouder of than any other it's the sunburn on his arms,' I says.

"Before she'd been with us a week, that girl just naturally turned the Santos upside down. Just her bein' with us went over the ranch like a bucket of whitewash. We moved the Mexes' 'dobes out back of the corrals so's she couldn't hear 'em cuss; but Lord, we didn't need to." I never seen a civilizeder lot than they got to be after she come. '*La señora chiquita*', they called her.

"Jack, he bought new furniture and had the porch built and hired a decent cook. We all took to shavin'. We even wore coats to the table till she asked us not to. Out on the job, when the belt flew off the baler, there was only the softest kind of cussin', because she was always ridin' around on a dinky little pony I gentled for her, watchin' us. Germany got so he couldn't drive mules for a cuss, he was that scared she'd understand what he said to 'em."

Riley paused to take another look out of the barn door, but the rain was pounding down as hard as ever and he returned and lighted another cigarette. There would be no more field work that day.

"Where does your Plymouth Rock, or Buff Cochin, or whatever it was you said perched on the rooftree, come in?" drawled Andrews.

Riley gave no indication of having heard the question. "I don't know as I ever rightly understood the ins and outs of the mess," he continued. "I didn't need to. I did learn one thing after a while, though, which is that when a man's spent ten or fifteen years cultivatin' the instincts of a coyote, not all the angels of kingdom come can drive it out of him in a minute. I know that Jack Wilkins had a relapse all right.

"One day I noticed the liquor signal in Jack's face. The same day he went off to El Paso without sayin' a word to his wife. Before that he'd as soon have left without his head. He come back four days later, boozed up considerable and sulky as a locoed greaser. The girl had kept to her room all the time he was away, and she come down with her eyes red and her mouth droopin'. The rest of us was eatin' supper. When she seen the shape he was in, something blazed up in her eyes and back she went upstairs again. I'll tell you the scrap that started that night like to never ended.

"The next time Jack rounded the curve to where the little brown jug was settin', he went on a regular, old-time tear. The girl moved clean across the house from him and quit speakin' to him.

"From then on the only time we saw 'em was at meals once in a while. I'll never forget one breakfast. The girl come in late, with her eyes all puffed out from cryin', as they generally was about that time. The boys all said 'Good Mornin',' but Jack never looked up. She smiled kind of pitiful and set down at her end of the table. When the Mexican girl handed her her coffee, I seen a tear splash in the cup.

"Well, we et away, pretendin' not to notice. If somebody'd poured water on me I'd have cracked like a red-hot stove, I was that mad. I felt like gettin' up and kickin' Jack off the place. Just about then it was, I guess, I happened to notice that Edwin Summerville Kent, the kid with the specs and the one lung, seemed to have something on his mind. Two or three times he started

to take a bite and stopped and looked at me. Then he lays down his fork.

"'Mister Riley,' he says, lookin' kind of scared, 'is it customary for hens to set at this time of year?'"

For the next two minutes a pin droppin' would have sounded like a cannon ball fallin' through a bass drum, it was that quiet. Edwin got so red the sweat broke out all over his face.

"'Mister Kent,' I says at last, 'I ain't gone in for any exhaustin' study of the subject, but it's been my observation that when most hens take it in their heads to set, they set, summer or winter, and hell and high waters notwithstandin'.'

"'I asked,' says Edwin, 'because there's a speckled hen behind the corn box in the hay barn been settin' on four onions ever since I come here.'

"'That hen ain't settin'; she's restin',' Anderson says, straight off the bat.

"'Restin' your eye!' says McNary. 'That hen was settin' on three spuds in the same place six months before Mister Kent ever come here. Germany allowed that the same hen had set on two cowcumbers, to his positive knowledge, for all of seven months before that.'

"'I throwed the same hen off a doorknob in the sheep corral many a day two year ago,' says Ben McGrath.

"'Well, it ain't any wonder she's wore all the feathers off her chest, is it!' Edwin says. Jack had to grin in spite of himself, and the Missus giggled. Ben winked at me.

"'The way to break hens of wantin' to set, Edwin, is to keep 'em soaked in water,' he says. 'Some authorities breaks 'em by pourin' and some by immersin',' he says. 'It depends on their religious convictions.'

"'Let her set,' I says. 'She ain't hurtin' nothin'. If everybody was as anxious to settle down and be domestic as that poultry is, they'd be better off,' I says.

"'Break her of it!' says Jack, gettin' sore.

"Next day I run on to the whole bunch of 'em in the hay barn, foolin' around the corn box. As near as I could see, the hen was tendin' to her own business, but her cluckin' showed she was gettin' riled some.

"'Dare you to pick her up,' says Edwin to old Mexican Charley.

"I put it into Mex for him. Charley crawled in behind the box and reached for her. That hen crowded him out so fast he nearly knocked the whole top of his head off on a loose board. Then she humps up her back and squats back on her onions.

"Ben got her from behind.

"'I bet she don't do no more settin' now,' he says. He took her straight to the waterin' trough and soused her under. 'Cut out your loafin' on this garden truck, birdie, and lay an egg for a change,' he

"WE ALL TOOK TO SHAVIN'. WE EVEN WORE COATS TO THE TABLE TILL SHE ASKED US NOT TO."

says, right severe-like. 'That'll break 'em every time,' he says, sousin' her for luck. She give one almighty squawk and made a bee line for the corn box.

"'That ain't goin' to work,' says Edwin.

"'Yes, but it is, though,' Ben says. 'That's habit. Wait til she gets wise to how wet she is.'

"'She does seem kind of subdued-like,' admits Edwin.

"'Oh, she wouldn't peck nobody now,' says McNary. Edwin sidled up and begun strokin' her on the back.

"'Better roll down your sleeves, Edwin,' I says; but I was too late. By the time Edwin had a half-Nelson on her, that hen had pecked off all the hide the sun hadn't already burned off, and was squawkin' for more. Edwin got mad. He let her soak in the trough till the bubbles quit comin'. It took her a full minute to come to, but when she did she give a peevish cluck and headed for her onions.

"For weeks that hen got her cold plunge bath regular every day. Every time one of the boys went to the barn there'd be some earnest cussin', followed by an almighty splash and a mud-colored streak for the barn door. It got so that hen was the only bright spot in the all-pervadin' gloom. Mealtimes the boys didn't talk of nothin' else. Tryin' to raise a smile from the Missus got to be a regular game with us.

"RIGHT ALONG BEHIND HER GALLOPED EDWIN SUMMERVILLE KENT, LITERALLY YELLIN' HIS HEAD OFF. THE HEN GAVE ONE FLYIN' LEAP FOR THE OPPOSITE FENCE."

"'Boys,' says McNary one day, 'I believe that fowl is gettin' suspicious of this bunch. She's as much on the set as ever, but she's gettin' all-fired hard to catch of late.'

"'I'm gettin' a handful of feathers every time now. She'll soon be naked,' says Edwin. 'She don't bite the way she used to, neither,' he says. Then he looks over at me. 'I tell you, there's no two ways about it. Either those onions has got to hatch, or this settin' business has got to be queered, or that hen's goin' to croak. Why,' he says, 'that hen used to scratch around and eat once in a while, but now'days the only time she's off those vegetables is when she's on her way to the trough or under water or on her way back to the nest. I'm thinkin' the water cure's no *bueno*,' he says.

"Just then the girl piped in. 'Why don't you take the onions away and give the poor thing some real eggs?' she says. It was the first raise we had got out of the Missus in quite a spell.

"'Oh, I tried that long ago,' says Anderson, before she'd hardly got the words out of her mouth. 'That was when she was incubatin' some Early Rose potatoes,' he says. 'I held that hen down on top of seven good eggs for four hours steady,' says Anderson, 'but there was nothin' doin'. She

won't set on no eggs but her own, and she won't lay none, so what are you to do? I guess she's a vegetarian,' he says.

"'By jinks, we ain't tried her out on egg-plant yet,' says Ben. The Missus stuffed a napkin over her mouth and run upstairs.

"'Ferget it!' says Jack, after he'd nigh choked himself on a glass of water.

"It was Edwin that started things off the next time. Jack was enjoyin' one of his morning-after grouches, and the girl looked like she was goin' to break down and have a boo-hoo. You see, we'd kept on purpose from even mentionin' the hen for three days. Well, we hadn't any more than set down to dinner when Edwin speaks up and says: 'Gentlemen,' he says, 'this time to-morrow that hen won't be settin'.'

"'Decided to cut her head off, have you, Edwin?' I says.

"'You know better than that,' says Edwin. 'I've been layin' awake nights involvin' some plans,' he says. Well, the boys laid down their forks and looked interested as the devil. 'All in the world you've got to do is to blindfold your hen and spin her around about seven times and then turn her loose,' says Edwin. 'How'll she ever find her onions then?' he says.

"'He can smell 'em, can't he?' says Germany, winkin' at me.

"'Smell nothin'!' says Edwin. 'That hen has such a cold in her head from bein' soaked in water she couldn't smell double distilled ammonia, asafetida, and Limburger cheese all mixed together and held right under her snoot.'

"'What's to hinder a blindfolded hen that can't smell from wanderin' in a ditch and drownin' herself?' says Ben.

"'Oh, there's other ways of curin' her,' says Edwin, 'if you object to that. What's the matter, for instance,' he says, 'with puttin' her in one of these squirrel cages that spin round and round? I guess about all the settin' she'd do in one of those would be on her head.' The girl near choked, but the boys never batted an eye.

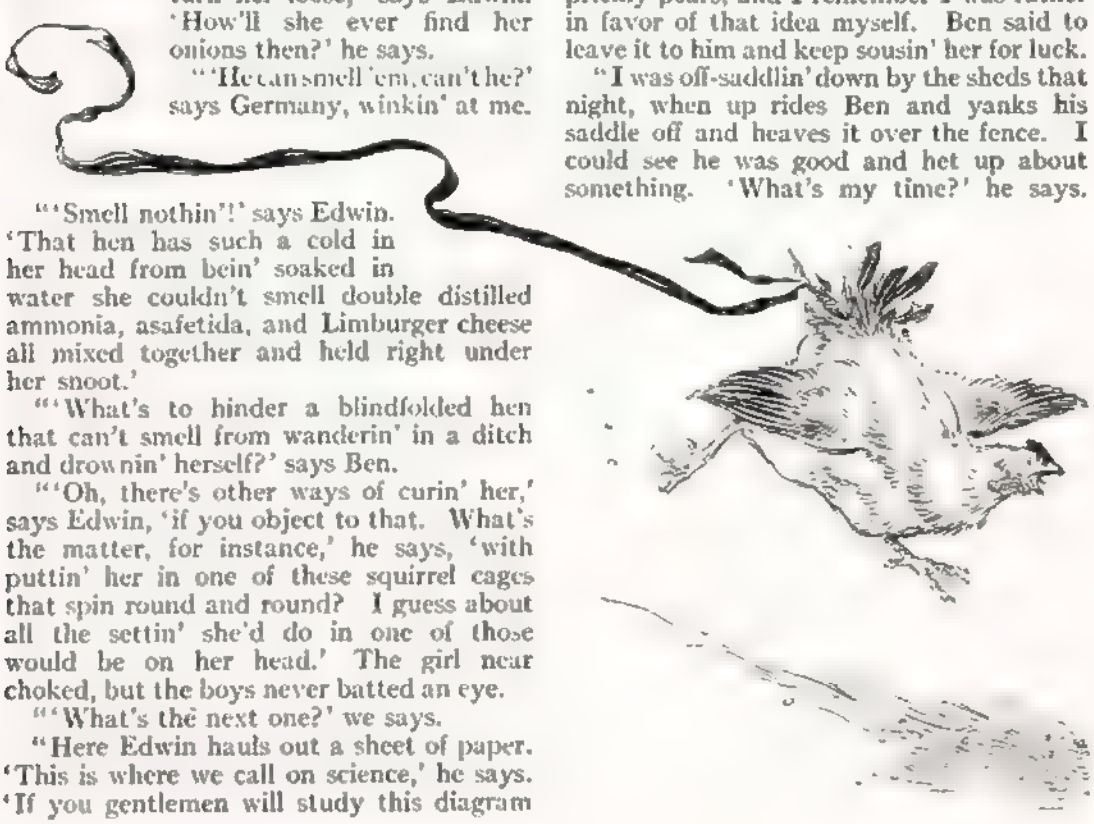
"'What's the next one?' we says.

"Here Edwin hauls out a sheet of paper. 'This is where we call on science,' he says. 'If you gentlemen will study this diagram I've drawed, you'll grasp the idear,' he says. 'The problem rests on whether or not onions is conductors of electricity,' says Edwin. 'Let X be your battery,' he says, pointin' it all out on his paper. 'P and Q are copper wires, each terminatin' in an onion. Call one onion A and the other B,' he says. 'Now, then,' he says, 'when H, which is hen, squats down just after her bath and resumes her settin' stunt, she gets in contact with A and B simultaneous and closes the circuit. That minute blue sparks will be flyin' and she'll get a shock that'll jolt the liver out of her.'

"I'll be hanged if Jack and his wife didn't bust out and laugh till they cried. You know how a person under any kind of strain does when they do break loose. It was all the worse because they tried so hard to keep from it. I swear I near died myself.

"I remember McNary had a plan for puttin' the hen's head in some kind of stanchion so she couldn't do nothin' but stand up. Germany's scheme was to put weights on her legs so she'd have to set without movin' till she was sick to death of it. Anderson was for changin' her onions for prickly pears, and I remember I was rather in favor of that idea myself. Ben said to leave it to him and keep sousin' her for luck.

"I was off-saddlin' down by the sheds that night, when up rides Ben and yanks his saddle off and heaves it over the fence. I could see he was good and het up about something. 'What's my time?' he says.



"'Why, what's broke loose now?' says I.

"'Oh, nothin',' he says, 'only the wild burro that owns this ranch tells me he's goin' to fire every man on the place if this settin' hen talk ain't dropped. I'm goin' to save him the trouble so far's I'm concerned,' says Ben.

"I told him I thought, myself, we was runnin' the subject into the ground.

"'Runnin' hell!' Ben says. 'That fool hen is a reasonin' being compared with them two. They ought to be both of 'em chucked in the trough,' he says.

"'Look here, Ben,' I says, 'it ain't her place to be cavin' in with him actin' the way he is. That poor little woman is a lot like this hen the boys is houndin' to death. All in the world she wants is to settle down and live like white folks and have a home and a family. All that drunken yahoot does is to throw her off the nest and abuse her.'

"'If she wasn't so feeble-minded she'd go back to her people; that's all I got to say,' says Ben, and he wasn't just whisperin' it, either. Lookin' up, I seen Jack standin' not twelve feet away by a pile of bales. He was redder than fire, but I guess neither of us give a damn for him. It wasn't Jack that made the two of us feel like crawlin' through the cracks in the fence. Standin' in the door of the sheep shed was the girl! She went there every day to feed a pet lamb she was weanin' from the ewe, and there she was with the bottle in her hand and her cheeks burnin'. There wasn't nothin' at all to say, and it was sure our move.

"Things was relieved of a sudden by an outlandish clatter which made us guilty parties jump like we'd been shot from behind. It was hard tellin' for a minute just what was happenin'. Then, through a cloud of dust, I managed to make out the settin' hen tearin' along, nine feet at a step, her clucks comin' easy a hundred and fifty to the minute. She was trailin' ten feet of red rag from her tail. Right along behind her galloped Edwin Summerville Kent, literally yellin' his head off. The hen gave one flyin' leap for the opposite fence. The rag caught on a nail and bang she went down, flat on her back. Edwin loosed her, and off she streaked it for the open fields.

"I'm never after forgettin' the way Edwin put his hand over his heart and bowed. "There's nothin' like havin' a college education,' he says, all out of breath. The girl went straight to the house and Jack in the opposite direction.

"It sure was a caution the way that hen carried on the next few days. Every hour or so you'd hear that peevish cackle bearin' down on you, and she'd go sailin' past with the rag standin' straight out behind. Every so often she'd get tripped up and spin around in circles for five minutes at a time; then off she'd go again. There ain't a Marathon runner livin' would have had a smell of a chance against that hen. Edwin didn't do a thing but boast from morning to night. Jack never opened his head about firin' him, either.

"Then the fool hen was missin' for a day.

"'You might have knowed, Edwin, with all that college education of yours, that the poor critter would get caught to something in the *bosque* and be et up by bobcats,' says Ben. The girl give a gasp. For about the first time Edwin didn't have nothin' to say. The next minute we heard a rapid-fire cluckin', and along past the window sails the hen under a full head of steam.

"Then the hen did sure enough turn up missin', red rag and all. It wasn't three days, either, till things got glum as ever. That hen had been the life of the ranch. The girl begun to look like she was due for a spell of sickness, and it was easy to see Jack was feelin' mighty uncomfortable.

"It must have been a month afterward—I know we were in the fourth cuttin' and busy as the devil—that the girl asked Germany to go over the Rio Grande and get Doc Collins for her. Jack was in town. When Doc come, I hung around the house till he come out, and asked him if it was anything serious. Doc grinned and said it wasn't nothin' to worry about and begun dickerin' for a few tons of hay. Just the same, the boys were all good and worried, and I, for one, made up my mind Jack was goin' to hear what I thought of him if I had to set on him while I was tellin' it to him.

Jack was sober for a change when he come home next day. He was lookin' good and miserable, too, I'm tellin' you. Bein' sober, I guess, give his conscience a chance to get in a little work. Anyhow, you could see he was anxious when the girl come down to dinner that noon, lookin' like a ghost except for two fever spots in her cheeks.

"She was that nervous she couldn't eat. Jack looked at her all the time, but she set there for three or four minutes without even liftin' her eyes. Then she got up and went out on the porch. I was facin' the window and couldn't help seein' her. She wasn't any more than out the door when she tottered and put her hand up to her head. I was just after runnin' out to keep her from fallin', when I seen her stop and stare out in the yard. Then of a sudden she begun to shriek and laugh—downright hysterics. It was somethin' awful the way she screeched out. Like lightnin' it come to me that her mind had give way on her. When she begun screamin' for Jack I was sure of it.

"Jack went out that door like he'd been jerked with a rope. I seen her turn quick as a flash and bite her lips and step back. She kind of shrunk away, like she was ashamed of herself, and all the blood in her body seemed to be in her face.

"'I forgot, Jack,' she says, and I could see she was tryin' to get a hold on herself. 'Look at 'em, Jack!' she says. Jack was right beside her and he stopped in his tracks and looked out into the yard. Then he let out a laugh you could have heard half a mile, and hollered 'Boys!' We all broke for the porch, and there they were with their arms round each other.

"I swear there was something holy in the look on that little girl's face. Jack called her all their old pet names and kissed her hands and hair and mouth and squeezed her up to him like he was never goin' to let go of her again. We growed fast to the floor. Then she put both hands round Jack's neck and hung to him like she was plumb tired out. I couldn't make out what she was sayin' to him, and I wasn't tryin' to, but I couldn't help prickin' up my ears when I heard Doc Collins's name. Jack was tumblin' all right, though, for he got pale as a sheet. All of a sudden he broke down.

"'Roxie, my poor little Rox!' he says. The next minute they were both of 'em cryin' like a couple of babies. The boys come to and begun edgin' into the house.

"Just at this embarrassin' minute, Edwin Summerville Kent let out one funny yelp. 'Lookit!' he yells. 'Lookit! Lookit!'

Then we got our wits back for a minute. There in the yard, square in front of us, was that settin' hen we'd been missin'. There wasn't any mistakin' her; she still had a good two feet of the red rag trailin' from her tail. She wasn't runnin' this time, though, and her cluckin' was slowed down to somethin' like normal. She sure was scratchin' the gravel, too, for I want to be hog-tied and hung by the heels, *hombres*, if that hen didn't have two fuzzy little chickens traipsin' alongside of her."

Riley slowly rolled another cigarette. Leisurely he walked to the barn door and flung it open. "Still rainin' a little, boys, but the sun's peekin' over the *bosque* and there's chores to do," he announced in businesslike tones. Then, as he lifted a heavy Mexican saddle from its peg, he chuckled to himself.

"I might have mentioned," he said, "that the next time Doc Collins come over the Rio to see the Missus, Jack was waitin' for him right here on the Tres Santos, anxiouser than anybody."

PACK YOUR TRUNK AND GO!

by E. Alexander Powell, F.R.G.S.

Author of "ALL ABOARD FOR BOMBAY!", "ON THE TRAIL OF HAROUN-AL-RASCHID," etc.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARY B. ASHMEAD AND UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

MY friends, the world lies wide before you. North, south, east, west, the strange lands beckon and call. Can't you hear them—the hansoms slurring through London mud, the roar of the boulevards, the chugging of the stern-wheel river boat, the shrill summons of the muezzin from his minaret, the tinkle of anklet, and the boom of temple bells? Have you no wish to pack your trunk and *go?*

Means and health permitting, it is good for every man to see some little of this globe on which we live and the strange folk who move about it. It is good to escape for a time from the house of bondage—be it office or shop or bank—and to go abroad with no more exacting master than personal inclination and with no more definite plan of travel than has the horse, escaped from pasture, upon the countryside.

Have you ever stopped to think that there are things more important than the amassing of money, that there is a larger education than is to be found in class rooms or between the covers of books; that the world which lies beyond our little horizons can provide entertainments as amusing and more worth while than motoring or golf or bridge; that to taste of real adventure or of true romance—which, after all, are the seasonings that relieve the monotony of life's daily pudding—you must look beyond the dollar-twenty novel and the orchestra chair? Each of us, when all is said and done, has but one life to live—so why not make the most of that life; but one earth to spend it upon—so why not see and enjoy that earth?

To those who would travel, and can't, I lift my hat in silent sympathy, with the hope that the years to come may bring them better fortune. But for those who are abundantly able to travel and won't—for those who, with education at their very doors, refuse to bestir themselves, frankly admitting that they prefer the comforts of their clubs, their card tables, and their cars to the annoyances of foreign travel—for these I have but scant regard. Somewhere between these extremes is the great middle class—fairly well-to-do folk, many of whom own a horse or a small motor car, most of whom keep one or more servants, and very few of whom hesitate about going to the theatre when the spirit moves them, or to the seashore or mountains for their summer's vacation. The real reason why these people

don't travel is that their lives have run so long in the same track that it is almost impossible to get them out of the rut they have made. But suggest this to them, and instantly you will be silenced under an avalanche of protestations.

"I don't go abroad because I can't afford it," says one, with a pathetic gesture, as he cranks up his two-thousand-dollar motor car. Says another, "I can't spare the time," or, "I wouldn't dare to leave my business"—but the next summer you go fishing with him in Maine or read that he has won the amateur golf championship of the Adirondacks. "No, siree!" exclaims a third, "you don't catch me going to foreign parts; I'm too fond of the comforts of home."

Wealth, I answer, is not imperative for travel. Last summer a Boston gentleman and his wife went to Europe on an experimental trip of eighty days, visiting more than thirty interesting cities in five great countries, at a total cost of $315 each or $3.94 apiece per day. This included every actual necessary expense, steamer passage both ways (they had a fine, promenade-deck, two-berth stateroom on one of the slower boats of a well-known line), railway fares, board, street cars, carriage hire, all tips, admission fees, lunches, fruit, laundry, guidebooks; practically everything, in fact, which could properly be included. "It was third-class railway travel and simple *pensions*, of course," the gentleman in question writes, "but I wish to be perfectly frank in saying that we lived, on the whole, just a trifle better and more comfortably, averaging the whole trip, than we do at home, and at home we do not practice self-denial to an extent which requires the official attention of the authorities."

Your time may be limited, but if you can spare six weeks and six hundred dollars you can go round the world. If it is business which hinders, you need not be out of touch with it for a single hour, by night or by day, by sea or by land. Does not the wireless flash and splutter from every masthead? Do not the slim cables slip out to sea beneath the waters of every port? May not one step into a closet and talk a thousand miles? And *you* do not go, you say, because you fear for your comforts? Why, man, you can play golf over an eighteen-hole course in Uganda; the Rumson Road is no whit pleasanter for motoring than the splendid

highway which leads from Cairo to the Pyramids, on the railways of Russian Central Asia you can have a drawing-room with electric lights and running water for the price of a Pullman section here at home; when you wish a servant in the hotels of India you do not have to ring—one is beside you when you clap your hands; there is a hostelry in Berlin where you dine in midwinter, overlooking a garden of red geraniums, and where it is as much as the liftmen's places are worth to keep a guest waiting even a single second for an elevator. Money, time, business, comforts—none of them is an insuperable obstacle in the path of him who really wants to go.

Nothing is farther from my intention than to imply that Americans do not travel. The fact which I am trying to drive home is that a very great many more people could and should travel than do. Though there are many millions of us who remain at home for reasons having to do with babies, business, bank books, or bread and butter, there are many, many thousands for whom there has come to be a call, an irresistible fascination in the very whistle of a train, in the rumble of wheels upon the track, in the thunder of the waves that go swirling aft along the rail, in the very sense of locomotion, of going somewhither, somehow. A decade ago it was the English globe-trotter's kit-bag and portmanteau that one saw on every steamship wharf and railway platform from Southampton around to Shanghai; to-day it is the suit case and steamer trunk of the traveling American. Though it may be that with many of us travel means but an escape from the commonplace, I like to think, rather, that it is a throwback to those Boone and Crockett ancestors of ours who plodded westward and ever westward that they might see with their own eyes what lay beyond the ranges.

Once get us out of our grooves, and we are the easiest of all peoples to induce to set our feet on the long trails which lead from Oshkosh and Snohomish and Pawtucket and Kalamazoo to Miramar, Barbizon, Bellagio, Granada—where you will. Put a picture, in colors, of Lake Lucerne, with the snow-capped Alps looming up in the distance, before the cashier of a bank in the Middle West. Tell him he can get there in ten days, for less than a hundred dollars, and the chances are that within a week he will begin to ask questions about rates and *pensions* and a dozen other things of which he had only the vaguest ideas a few days before. A week later he has bought a Baedeker, ordered a steamer trunk, and paid twenty-five dollars deposit on his ticket. It is in some such fashion as this that we, the most practical of all peoples, are fast blossoming into a nation of travelers.

I never appreciated, myself, how many of us have become infected with the contagion of travel until, one day last spring, I stood on the end of a Hoboken pier and waved *bon voyage* to some friends who were sailing for Europe on one of the fastest and most luxurious of the transatlantic liners. The gang plank was drawn in, the last cable had been thrown off, and slowly and silently the big boat slipped out into the channel. She was white with fluttering handkerchiefs; perhaps there were eight hundred cabin passengers aboard her.

"Powell," remarked a friend who stood beside me, "there's a million dollars of American money aboard that ship that's lost to this country for good and all. Figure it out for yourself: say eight hundred people in the first cabin with drafts or letters of credit averaging a thousand dollars apiece—and mighty little of it will they bring back—to say nothing of second-cabin passengers and the amount spent in passage-money. Why, man, it's appalling!"

Two piers south another "greyhound," with every berth occupied, was getting under way. Three others had already sailed that morning, and four more would depart before the day was done. In all, five thousand people were due to leave New York that day. And New York, though the largest, is by no means the only port from which passengers sail at regular intervals for Europe. But just stop and think what that means to American education and American culture—five thousand of our people sailing for Europe from one port in a single day!

The number of Americans who visited Europe last year reached the amazing total of three hundred thousand. Reckoning that they left abroad or with the steamship companies an average of $700 apiece—surely a very moderate estimate—it will be seen that this country parted with the enormous amount of $210,000,000. The business of entertaining the traveler—especially the American traveler—has become a leading industry in many countries. An

American, making his way through an impoverished section of Ireland, inquired of a native, "What do the people round here live on, Pat?" "Pigs in the winther, sorr," was the answer, "and tourists in the summer." Now that answer had in it the germ of much economic truth, for if "th' ould sod" is sustained by summer travelers, so, in far greater proportion, are Switzerland, Italy, and France. Do you appreciate, my friends, that *Switzerland's income from tourists is greater than that from all her exports put together?* Did you know that the toll which Italy collects from her visitors is equal to the value of all her exports from January to May? Can you hazard even a guess as to France's annual income from the traveler? As far back as 1907 it was $600-000,000, and it is estimated that in the year just passed it approximated *three quarters of a billion dollars.*

I don't like figures, and you probably don't either, but it seems worthy of note that last year our traveling countrywomen left eight millions of dollars with Parisian dressmakers (I beg your pardon, *modistes*), and a million and a half with rue de la Paix and rue St. Honoré milliners, not to mention another two million or so spent in the same gay city for trifling mementoes alone. For furs and jewelry Mr. and Mrs. American Tourist probably left forty million dollars in Europe last year. All of which indicates not only the American love of travel but the American extravagance.

Europeans are astonished, to put it mildly, at the senseless prodigality with which a certain class of traveling Americans spends money. This reckless spirit in matters financial has done more than anything else, indeed, to confirm foreigners in their belief that U. S. is derived from $, and does more than any one thing to make European travel unnecessarily expensive for Americans of moderate tastes and means.

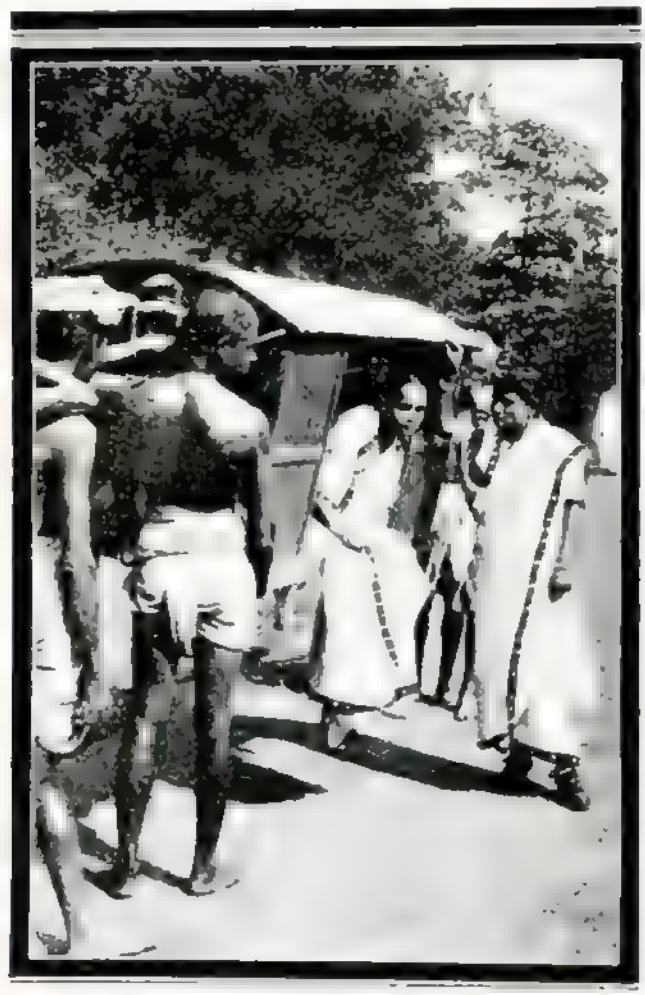
Not only is the excessive liberality of money-burdened Americans in wretched taste, but it has unquestionably lowered the standard of European commercial morality and exaggerated the veniality of foreign shop and inn keepers. But it was not until I saw a young scion of American aristocracy throwing his unused five-*lire* bills from the steamer at Genoa to the scrambling, fighting rabble on the quay below, that I fully understood what incalculable damage such exhibitions of vulgarity do to the self-respect of both traveling Americans and the people whom they visit. Only then did I appreciate the crying necessity for a proclamation which, by the orders of the Governor General, has been posted conspicuously in every train, tourist steamer, and hotel in the Sudan. It reads as follows:

Travelers, while in the Sudan, are particularly requested to refrain from gaining an easy reputation for generosity by giving money to children, beggars, and other persons who have not earned it. At present the population of the Sudan has not been demoralized by indiscrimin-

THE SPHINX AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE TEMPLE IN LUXOR

ate almsgiving, but it will not require much of this to make the demand "Bakshish!" as importunate and annoying to travelers as in Egypt itself, and to cause a considerable number of natives to forsake the paths of honest industry for the unwholesome existence of preying upon others. His Excellency the Governor-General trusts that all travelers will consider this as a personal request from himself.

I have switched rather abruptly, as I perfectly well realize, from the main track of my article; but I have no apologies to make, for I wish to emphasize the fact that these exhibitions of vulgarity and ostentation must not be taken as criteria of the expenditures which would have to be made by the sane and economically-minded American who wants to travel abroad. On the contrary, I am inclined to think the true reason for the rapidly rising tide of American travel Europeward is that our people are beginning to learn that it is cheaper to travel abroad than at home. In other words, you can get to Europe cheaper than you can get to equally distant points in our own country, and you can live considerably cheaper, if you are so minded, after you get there. Berth and meals included, it costs about $125 to get from New York to the Pacific Coast, and it takes considerable skirmishing to find, in San Francisco, Los Angeles, or Santa Barbara, the kind of hotels at which the average pleasure seeker wishes to stop, for less than three dollars a day. Against this, there are many steamship lines which will convey one from New York to any one of a dozen European ports, with first-class accommodation and meals, for from $60 to $75. And in Europe one can be exceedingly comfortable at hotels which, if not ultra-fashionable, certainly correspond to our three-dollar-a-day houses, for $1.50 to $2 a day.

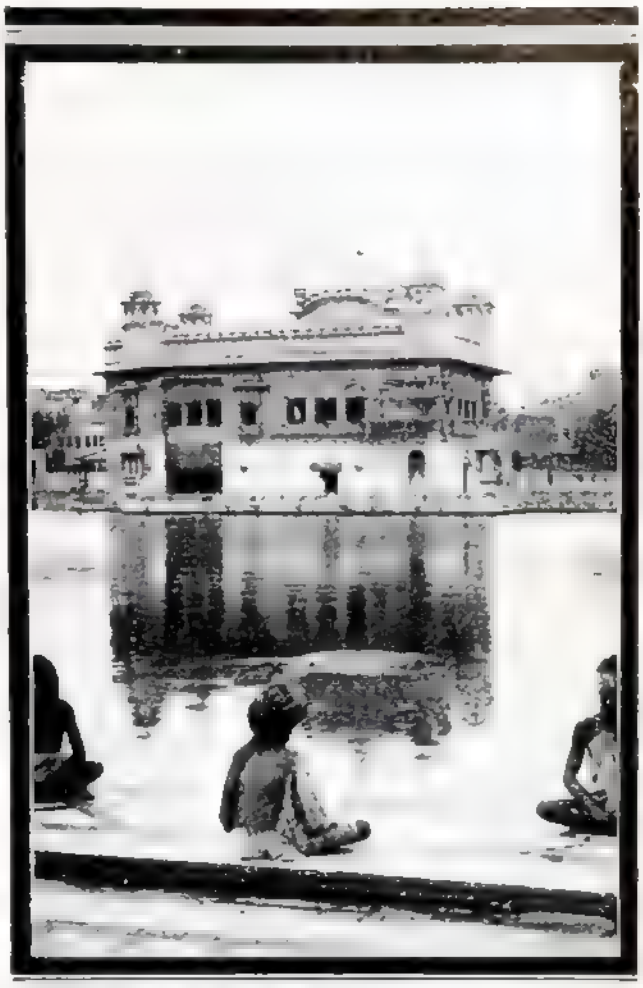


THE HEAD OF ASKEE AND

Here, then, is the condition which confronts the American railroad official and hotel-keeper: it costs *less*, considerably less, to get to, and live in, England or France or Germany or Switzerland or Italy than it does to visit California or Washington or Oregon. Therein you have the real explanation of the popularity of Europe. *It costs less.* It is not a case of the New York Central competing with the Pennsylvania, or the Santa Fé with the Union Pacific, but of the railroads of the United States competing with the transatlantic steamship lines for the patronage of hundreds of thousands who are going *somewhere*. Until those who are responsible for the direction of our railroads and the management of our hotels are willing to admit this unpleasant truth, and to treat

the American tourist as a valuable customer to whom concessions should be made, instead of as a victim who should be browbeaten and fleeced, just so long will those three hundred thousand Americans, and many more besides, continue to spend their two hundred-odd millions of good American dollars on the other side of the pond.

Even in the raw, new nations of the antipodes the comfort and pocketbook of the traveler are better cared for than in this highly civilized America of ours. In Australia and New Zealand travel is looked upon by the governments as a form of education and is treated as such. Everything connected with it—coast, lake and river steamers, railway lines, hotels, restaurants, natural wonders of every kind—are under the supervision of the Ministry of Travel. Throughout these far lands the government acts as conductor, tourist agent, chaperon, and protector to the lone traveler. Magnificently equipped official information bureaus are maintained by the government in the chief cities, while throughout the land an army of licensed and educated guides stands ready to show the man from home or from abroad something at first hand of the resources of the country.



——THE BOOM OF TEMPLE BELLS.

The dining-car services of the Australian and New Zealand railways, as well as the restaurants *en route*, are under government supervision, the name of the caterer and the prices which he is permitted to charge for food being printed and conspicuously displayed in each railway carriage and station. A meal of five courses may be had for fifty cents, and even the price of an extra glass of milk is regulated by law. If the caterer fails to keep his table up to the standard which the government requires, an official of the Ministry of Travel steps in and, by practical experiments, decides just what prices should be asked for a specified meal—allowing, of course, a fair profit to the caterer—and the readjustment is made. But at all times the comfort and pocketbook of the man who travels are considered first. The government's policy in feeding its travelers is much the same as that pursued by Fred Harvey, the caterer who made the old-time restaurants along the Santa Fé route famous. Harvey was once asked to what he attributed his remarkable success. "To cutting my pies into four portions instead of six," replied Harvey. "Overfeed a man and he is more likely to come again than if you give him barely enough."

Nor have the Australian and New Zealand governments confined their efforts to caring for the traveler's inner man. New roads have been cut, opening up places of interest, to which government-owned mot-

cars carry sightseers at rates no higher than the ordinary stagecoach fare; government launches have been placed on the mountain lakes and government guides in the forests along every trail; government baths have been erected at the hot springs, and at the government bureaus tourist maps may be had for the asking; definite and reliable information is supplied regarding routes, roads, and hotel charges, and trips are planned down to the last detail to meet

In no country in Europe is travel so expensive as in our own. The Belgian railway fares are the cheapest in the world. For $2.25, for example, one can obtain a ticket entitling him to travel wheresoever he pleases, night and day if he desires, over the kingdom's 2,530 miles of railway, for a period of five days. A similar ticket for a period of fifteen days costs $4.70, while for an expenditure of twenty-five cents a day it is possible to travel as much as one pleases for

THE SPLENDID HIGHWAY WHICH LEADS FROM CAIRO TO THE PYRAMIDS.

the requirements of all purses. Going even farther in their paternal care of the traveler, the governments are now building their own hotels, opening their own seaside resorts, and conducting week-end excursions at prices within the reach of all. Those who hold the reins of power in the great antipodean commonwealths feel that the state should extend to the traveler the same assistance and protection that it does to the student

a whole year. In Switzerland, owing to the increased cost of railway maintenance in a mountainous country, these season tickets, or *général abonnements*, as they are called, are slightly higher, $6.75 being charged for the privilege of traveling at will over the railways of the Confederation for a fortnight. In Germany, Austria, and Holland, by means of the *rundreise* tickets, the traveler can map out a circular tour to suit himself and procure transportation for the

entire journey at about two thirds of the regular fare.

The railway tariffs of Russia are figured not by miles but by zones which vary in length from twenty-five to seventy versts each, though for each zone irrespective of length, the charge is the same first-class twenty-five cents, second-class fifteen cents, and third-class ten cents. By this system the government hopes to encourage travel among the people, the tariff becoming cheaper the farther they go. The journey of 5,200 miles between Moscow and Vladivostok, for example, costs only $120, including sleeping-car, as compared with the $100 charged for transportation and sleeping-car over the 3,380 miles between New York and San Francisco. The Trans-Siberian system, it is well to remember, is without competition, has but a single line of rails, and is maintained, owing to the sparsely inhabited nature of the country, at enormous expense; while in the United States there are half a dozen great transcontinental systems, a keen competition which ought to lead to constant reduction of fares, although it has not yet done so.

The Russians thought out understandingly the art of comfortable railway traveling, quite as well as we do it not better. The carriages used on their express trains and their buffets being models of their kind. As the Russian railway gauge is wider than that of the other European systems (presumably from fear of German or Austrian aggression) and their carriages correspondingly larger, the first-class passenger on the longer journeys is able to obtain for himself a *rahuy* about the size of one of our Pullman state-rooms, furnished with a bed which is converted into a sofa by day, an armchair, an electric table-lamp, and hot and cold running water — sufficient comforts surely for the most exacting of travelers.

ON THE RAILWAYS OF RUSSIAN CENTRAL ASIA YOU CAN HAVE A DRAWING-ROOM WITH ELECTRIC LIGHTS AND RUNNING WATER

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PUT A PICTURE OF LAKE LUCERNE BEFORE THE CASHIER OF A BANK IN THE MIDDLE WEST

Any one who objects to being awakened at least four times every night had, however, much better stay away from Russia, as the railway police, for reasons best known to themselves, seize on the most ungodly hours for the examination of passports. At one in the morning, perhaps, the door of your compartment will be unlocked from the outside and, without so much as by-your-leave, a police official, the train conductor, the guard, the local station master, and two gendarmes, every one belted, booted, flat-capped, and with a revolver the size of a small cannon strapped outside his greatcoat, come filing in, startling you awake by flashing their dark lanterns in your eyes. Line for line, you are compared with the description on your passport; you are asked a number of impertinent and wholly irrelevant questions in guttural German or indifferent French; your tickets are examined with the same minute care that a cashier bestows on a questionable bank note; and with a last suspicious glance at you and your belongings, your nocturnal visitors file out as silently as they came in, and you are left to your interrupted sleep—until the next large station is reached, when the entire performance is repeated.

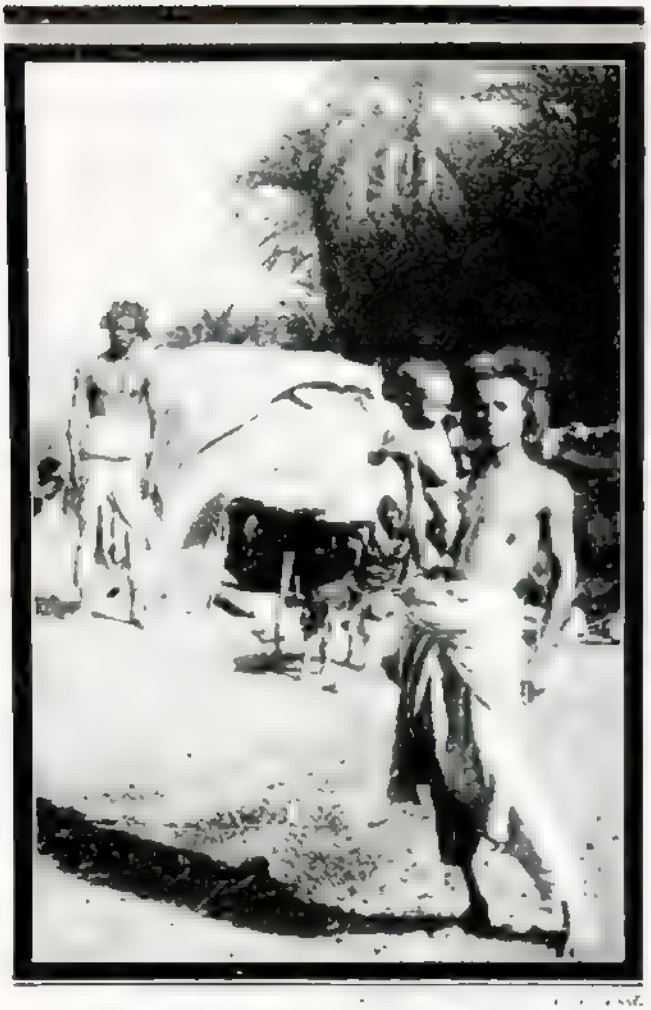
But if the Russians annoy you by night, they feed you well by day; in fact, I know of no country where you get such good food, and so much of it, for your money. Russia, as you perhaps know, is the home of the chafing-dish, and in every railway restaurant you will find a long and shining row of them—twenty, thirty, even forty, perhaps—set out on a spotless counter. It is not necessary to speak Russian to order a meal, for all that you have to do is to walk down the line, lifting the cover of each chafing-dish until you come to something which appeals to your sense of sight or smell. A motion to the white-capped waiter, and a plate of the chosen dish is set before you, together with the accompanying vegetables, a glass of salted and altogether delicious tea, and a small bottle of harsh Caucasian wine—all for fifty cents. Only once have I experienced any difficulty in ordering a Russian meal, and that was when I asked for some butter in a railway restaurant in Astrakhan. In four languages I asked for it, and each time the stolid Tartar waiter uncomprehendingly shook his head. Then I seized a piece of bread and with a knife went through the motions of spreading. Instantly Ivan nodded in understanding and disappeared. After ten minutes he returned, bearing in triumph a platter heaped with sliced bread, each slice spread thick with caviare. "Well," thought I consolingly, "caviare is doubtless as cheap in Astrakhan as butter is in America, and I might as well enjoy it." But when I saw the bill I changed my mind: they

charged me three dollars for it I begrudge that three dollars still.

Prosperity and the *Wanderlust* go hand in hand. The tide of travel rises with national well-being and ebbs again in lean times. The years since 1900 have witnessed more money-making throughout the world than any others in history. This same period has seen not only the development of tourist routes that had been merely pioneer paths, but a revolution in the speed of transoceanic steamships and of transcontinental trains. For always the cry is for speed, speed, and yet more speed. Many of us marked an epoch for ourselves when Jules Verne wrote "Around the World in Eighty Days." Perhaps it was not possible then to go round the world in eighty days; the book would have been less exciting if it had been. But in any event, it was nearly possible, and so eighty days has come to convey to us in more or less intelligible terms the size of the world. To-day, how many of you could say offhand to what those eighty days have been reduced? By making use of the fastest trains and boats they can be cut in two as easily as a butcher halves a piece of meat, while, by making close connections, with trains and steamships running reasonably within their own best time, *it is entirely possible to encircle the globe in thirty-eight days*, and that in comfortable trains and ships, with every luxurious accompaniment of modern travel; not by the desperate expedients of Phineas Fogg.

You are no true American unless you instantly ask how—and how much. There are several ocean greyhounds whose captains will undertake to land you at Cherbourg or Havre in less than six days and in ample time to make connections at Paris with the Nord Express, so that the evening of the eighth day should find you in the Gare de Koursk in Moscow, climbing into a *wagon lit* of the Trans-Siberian Express for your five-thousand-mile flight across Asia to the Japan Sea. With no unusual delays this portion of the journey should be accomplished in eleven days, which, after all, is at the rate of only twenty miles an hour. From Vladivostok a fast steamer will carry you across the narrow sea which separates Japan from the mainland of Asia, and a [illegible] train will whirl you across the island kingdom to Yokohama, where you should board a transpacific steamer before the close of the twenty-first day from Broadway. And the thirty-third day should find you disembarking at Vancouver. From Vancouver to New York the magic carpet will be laid down in sooth, and with a mile after every glare of your locomotive's opened fire-door, the distance between the oceans will be covered in five days

THERE'S A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF YOUTH ON THAT SHIP THAT'S LOST TO THIS COUNTRY FOR GOOD AND ALL



AT PRESENT THE POPULATION OF THE SUDAN HAS NOT BEEN DEMORALIZED

and you will have put a belt around the globe in the amazing space of eight-and-thirty days. Six hundred dollars will pay for all your tickets for this startling trip, first-class throughout, or, if you can content yourself with the less ornate comforts of second-class, that figure can be nearly cut in two. Add another hundred for meals and berths on the trains, tips, and incidentals, and you will have in dollars what it would cost you to shatter fiction with fact.

Let it be plain, I do not recommend racing round the world in six weeks. Yet it is interesting to know that it can be done: and in the case of a busy man who cannot possibly get away for more than a few weeks and insists on seeing many countries, even hurriedly, there is something to be said for the rush around the world. To the newspaper reader distant parts of the earth can be little more than names and the chief actors upon those stages little more than shadows—until he has seen them. But let him once see them, if only for a few hours, and the picture will rise before his vision every time he reads of them for the rest of his life. He fits the facts into the frame and paints them in the right colors.

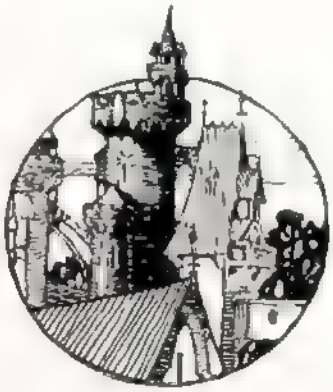
He has spent only a day or two in Berlin, perhaps, but when he reads of the spring review on the Tempelhof field he sees the coming and going of dazzling officials and equerries, the gleaming breast-plates and eagle-helmets and black horses of the *Garde du Corps*, even the stern, set face and erect figure of the War Lord himself. He may have stayed only a few hours in Naples; but when he reads of an eruption of Vesuvius he again sees the grim and smoking mountain rising above the cobalt bay, he has scant difficulty in picturing the trailing clouds of dust and cinders and the highways choked with terror-stricken fugitives, and he realizes, as he never did before, what such a catastrophe means to the prosperity of southern Italy. His steamer may have touched just for a morning at Tangier, but when he reads at the breakfast table of the fighting in Morocco, he sees again, as on a moving-picture screen, the white-walled, flat-roofed houses and the narrow, filth-strewn streets; the haughty, fierce-faced tribesmen and the young French officers of the *chasseurs d'Afrique* in their light blue tunics riding insolently among them.

But whether we journey in our own land or abroad, whether we go to Maine or Manchuria, for a week-end or for a year, whether we travel steerage or in a *suite de luxe*, let us travel—or wish to travel. He to whom the pages of the atlas bring neither memories nor ambitions is like Sir Fopling Flutter, to whom every place outside of Hyde Park was the desert, or Sydney Smith, who held that

a life lived out of London was a life misspent. Every day the world grows smaller. Turbine engines, oil-burning locomotives, aëroplanes, electric block-signals, the wireless — they are playing a marvelous part in linking up and lighting up the dark corners of the earth. The fact that one *can* go round the world in six weeks does not mean so much thirty-eight days, as it means that civilization has progressed, and that, thanks to the new inventions and the hundredfold increased efficiency they have given to us, we can now reach Diré Dawa or Antananarivo or Negri Sembilan as quickly, and much more easily, than the New Yorker of sixty years ago could reach San Francisco or Vienna or Puget Sound.

Why, the whole wide world, my friends, is being opened up for your benefit and pleasure. Until Roosevelt went a-shooting, most of you were probably quite unaware that Uganda could be reached by rail, and that, seated comfortably on the cowcatcher of the locomotive, you could see all the animals of the menagerie and the ark in their native haunts beside the track. Did you know, I wonder, that a tourist agency advertises hotel-coupons for a hostelry at Nairobi, and that excursion boats run regularly to Ujiji, where, within the memory of most of us, Stanley, emerging from the jungle into a clearing with rude native huts, lifted his helmet at sight of a gaunt, fever-stricken man and said, "Doctor Livingstone, I believe?" Timbuctoo has been a familiar name to you all your life, though your ideas may have been very vague as to where it was; but you might be glad to know that you can go there now, if you please, two thousand miles up the Senegal and down the Niger, by boat and train, and under the protection of the French flag all the way.

From Cape Town the great Cape-to-Cairo trunk line has been pushed twenty-five hundred miles northward, and only the other day crossed the Congo border to a point where it will eventually link up with the Uganda system and so on to the railways of the Sudan, so that in a few years more the traveler who tires of sitting on the terrace at Shepheard's can get into a train in Cairo and a fortnight later find himself sitting on the verandas of the Mount Nelson in Cape Town. The traveler who would go from Argentine to Chile need no longer brave the rigors of a carriage journey over the Andes or a voyage around the Horn, for the railway has just been opened between Valparaiso and Buenos Aires and you can go from tidewater to tidewater in steam-heated and electric-lighted trains. In Russian Central Asia you can see Bokhara and Samarkand and Tashkent from your car window, and in Arabia the Holy Railway has been pushed southward and ever southward until its engines are whistling under the walls of Mecca itself. The distant lands are calling calling, calling, and he who would become a good, able, broad-minded, and healthy citizen should pack his trunk and GO.



The NE'ER-DO-WELL

by

REX · BEACH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY AND ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS

All the young fellow is good for is to spend money.' This is the opinion of Kirk Anthony held by the public and his own father at the opening of the story. The son of a multi-millionaire railway man, young Anthony had elected upon his graduation from Yale to remain there as football coach rather than to accept the career his father offered him.

After a great football victory he starts out with his team companions for an all night celebration in New York restaurants. Through the intervention of a stranger—one Jefferson Locke—the company is involved in a fracas which ends in the presence of a plain-clothes man disguised as a waiter who had been following Locke. Before dawn Locke has persuaded Anthony—almost friend to help him put through as a practical joke a plan for sending Kirk off penniless on a steamer for Panama, the point of the joke being to make Anthony work and the point of the plot apparently being Locke's pursuit and imprisonment by Locke. As a result the next day Anthony wakes up very sick and bewildered on a ship where he finds himself known as Jefferson Locke. In the course of a day or two Kirk meets the Cortlandts, who are in the diplomatic service in Panama, and a friendship grows up between him and Mrs. Cortlandt, a woman of charm and intellectual power some years Kirk's senior. When they land at Colon, Kirk appeals to Weeks, the American consul who cables Kirk's father, and takes care of him for a week. But the elder Anthony's message when it comes, pronounces Kirk an impostor, and Weeks furnishes the wherewithal to get him out. That evening in a public park Kirk comes upon a young Jamaican negro, Allan Allan, who is also penniless, and the two start out together in search of food. On the way they are involved in the excited commotion of a fire, and Kirk, impatient at the incompetence of the firemen, takes a hand. In an attempt to resist interference he turns a hose on an official who, it happens, is the commandant of police. Thereupon, both Kirk and Allan are arrested, thrown into jail and brutally treated. The English consul secures Allan's release, but Weeks refuses to get Kirk out eventually. Allan reaches the Cortlandts, at Panama, and they hasten to Colon to rescue Kirk, and carry him home as their guest. Shortly after, he gets an unsigned letter, evidently from his father, volunteering that the police authorities are looking for him and refusing all aid unless Kirk can "make a man of himself." Kirk at once tells Mrs. Cortlandt the whole situation, and, with the promise of her influence decides to go to work on the Canal. In the course of a trip through the Culebra Cut he learns from his guide that Mrs. Cortlandt is a person of great political and diplomatic power in Panama, and that her husband is a mere figurehead. A few days later she takes Kirk on a picnic to an outlying island, where they are deserted by their boat and left with no means of getting home. To make matters worse at a moment of tension Kirk impulsively takes Mrs. Cortlandt in his arms and kisses her. He is instantly remorseful, and pleads for her pardon as he takes her to the native house where she is to spend the night.

CHAPTER XII—Continued

BUT as they trudged along together through the dark, Kirk's chagrin returned in full force. Mrs. Cortlandt maintained a distressing silence, and he could not see her face. Presently he began to plead brokenly for forgiveness, stumbling in the effort not to offend her further, and feeling that he was making matters worse with every word he uttered. For a long time she made no reply, but at last she said:

"Do you think I ought ever to see you again after this?"

"I suppose not," said Kirk miserably.

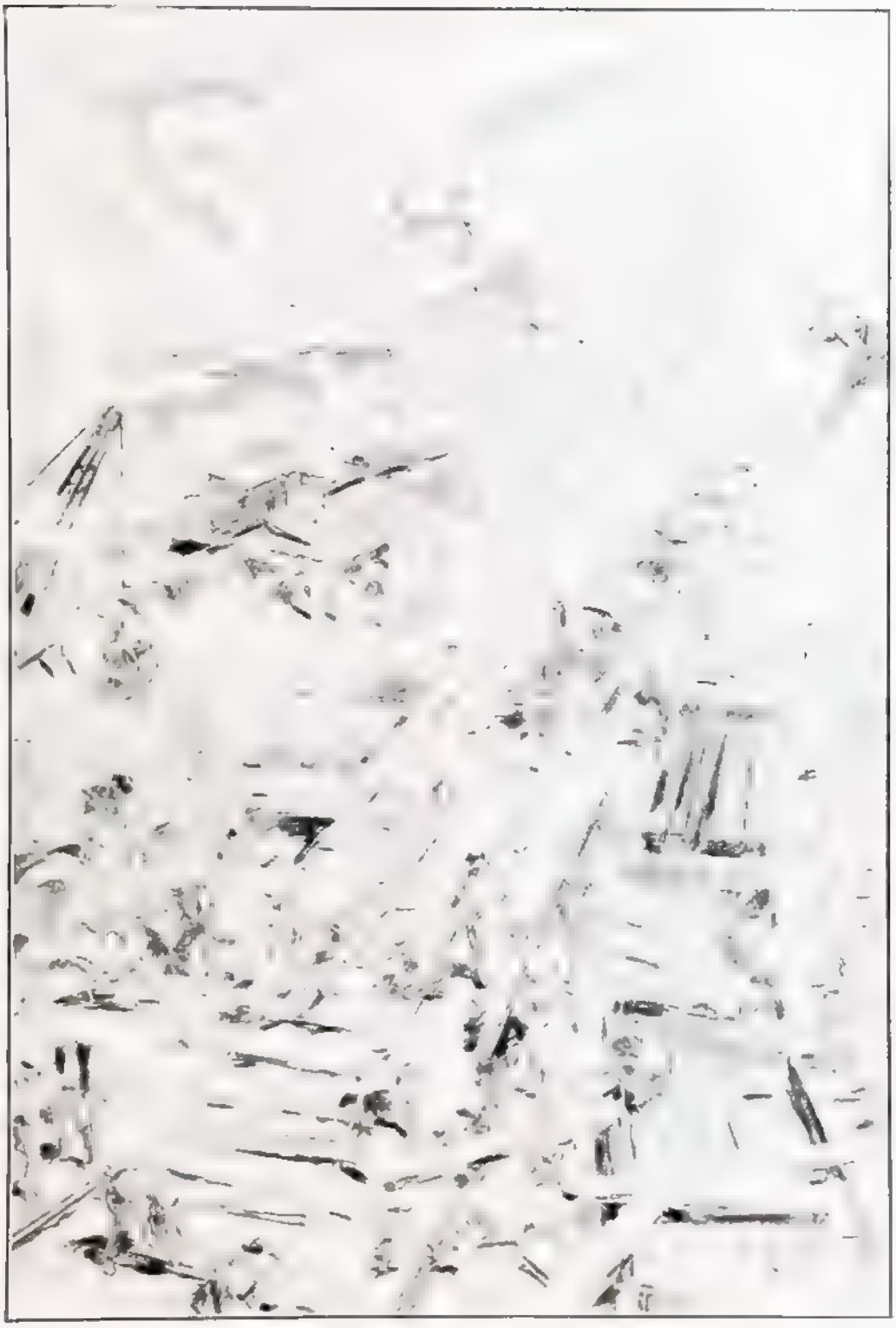
"I won't believe," she went on, "that you took me for the kind of woman who—"

"No, no!" he cried in an anguish of self-reproach. "I was a fool——"

"Perhaps I was partly to blame," she said; "but I didn't think—I ought to have known that no man can really be trusted. I thought our friendship was so beautiful—and now you've spoiled it."

"Don't say that!" Kirk begged. "You'll surely forgive me sometime."

But instead of answering him directly, she proceeded in the same strain, probing his wounded self-respect to the quick,



THE HUMAN ANTS WERE WORKING AT THEIR HILLS. THE WHEELS WERE TURNING, THE JAWS OF THE IRON HOGS WERE CLANKING

making his offense seem blacker every moment.

Although he assured her over and over that he had simply followed the irresponsible, unaccountable impulse of a moment—that he had regarded her only as the best of friends and respected her more than he could say, she showed him no mercy. The melancholy, regretful tone she adopted was ten times worse than anger, and by the time they reached the inn where they had dined, he was sunk in the depths of self-abasement.

If he had been less preoccupied with his own remorse, he might have reflected that Edith's attitude, especially as she did not expressly withhold the prospect of ultimate pardon, established a closer bond between them than ever before. But there was no room in his mind for such a thought.

In reply to his knock an old woman came to the door and sleepily admitted them. Edith stood for a moment on the threshold, then said good-night and, quietly entering, closed the door behind her.

Kirk experienced a sudden desire to escape. To remain where he was simply prolonged his humiliation. Instinctively, he felt that if he could only get away where he could view the matter in an everyday light it would cease to trouble him. But evidently he could not desert Edith. He sat down upon the door-step and gave himself up to bitter thoughts.

She was such a wonderful woman, he told himself, she had been such a true friend to him, that he had been worse than criminal to lose her respect. And Cortlandt had been so decent to him! It was significant that this gave him the most discomfort of all. He had betrayed a man's friendship, and the thought was unbearable. No punishment could be too severe for that.

He was still sitting there cramped and stiff, when the first faint flush of dawn stole over the hill crest behind him. Then he rose to wander toward the water front. As the harbor assumed definite form, he beheld a launch stealing in toward the village, and ten minutes later greeted Stephen Cortlandt as that gentleman stepped out of the tender.

"Where's Edith?" eagerly demanded her husband.

"She's asleep. I found a place for her—"

"Not at the *Sanitarium!*"

"No, no. One of these houses. Lord! I'm glad to see you! We'd begun to feel like real castaways. I've been up all night."

"What happened?" It was plain that Mr. Cortlandt was deeply agitated.

"Our boatmen evidently got drunk and pulled out. I tried to get a sailboat, but there weren't any, and it was too rough to try crossing with a skiff."

It took them but a moment to reach the house, and soon the three were back at the water front.

"What a miserable night!" Mrs. Cortlandt complained, stifling a yawn. "I thought you'd never come, Stephen!"

"I didn't get back to the Tivoli until midnight, and then I had trouble in finding a boat to bring me over."

"I suppose they were alarmed at the hotel?"

"I said nothing about it," he returned quietly, at which his wife's face flushed. Seizing the first occasion, he exclaimed in a low voice: "God! How unfortunate—at this time. Were you mad?"

She looked at him, and her eyes burned, but she said nothing.

CHAPTER XIII

CHIQUITA

THE day following their return from Taboga Kirk borrowed a shotgun and went hunting. The events of that night on the island seemed like a dream. Could it be that he had really blundered irretrievably? Was it possible that he had offended his best friend past forgiveness? Now that he had caught up on his sleep, he wanted to get away somewhere and collect his thoughts. For the present, at least, he wished to avoid an interview with Mrs. Cortlandt.

A mile or two beyond the railroad track, to the north and east, began what appeared to be an unbroken wilderness, and thither he turned his steps. Low, rolling hills lay before him, densely overgrown, and leading upward to a mountain range which paralleled the coast until the distant haze swallowed it up. These mountains, he reflected with a thrill of interest, led on to South America, the land of the Incas, hidden in mystery as the forests close at hand were veiled in faint purple.

The very thought was romantic. Balboa had strained his eyes along these self-same

placid shores; Pizarro, the swineherd, had followed them in search of Dabaiba, that fabled temple of gold, leaving behind him a trail of blood. It was only yonder, five miles away, that Pedrarias, with the murder of a million victims on his soul, had founded the ancient city which later fell to Morgan's buccaneers. Even now, a league back from the ocean, the land seemed as wild as then. Anthony suspected that there were houses —perhaps villages—hidden from his view; but vast stretches of enchanted jungle intervened, which he determined to explore, letting his feet stray whither they would. If game, of which he had heard great stories, fell to his hand, so much the better.

Heeding a warning not to bear arms through the streets of Panama without a permit from the *alcalde*, he struck off across the fields in a bee-line for the woods. It was a vast relief to be out in the open air with a gun upon his arm once more, and he felt his blood coursing vigorously. The burden upon his spirits insensibly began to lighten. After all, he had done nothing for which he needed to be ashamed the rest of his life. Edith, of course, was right in being deeply offended. That was to be expected. Yet his conduct, regrettable as it was, had been only natural under the circumstances. Now that the first tumult of feeling had subsided, he found that his conscience did not accuse him very severely.

And somehow, he was unable to believe that the breach with Edith would prove irreparable. She was a sensible woman of the world—not a mere schoolgirl. Perhaps when the immediate shock of the occurrence had passed, she would consent to take a different view of it, and they might return to their old friendly footing. If not —he would be his own man soon, anyhow. Their lives would part, and the incident would be forgotten. He was sorry that in his momentary madness he had behaved improperly toward a woman to whom he owed so much; yet it was not as if he had shown meanness or ingratitude.

Across the meadows deep in grass he went, skirting little ponds and marshy spots, growing more cheerful with every step. In one place he had the good luck to raise a flock of waterbirds, which he took for purple gallinules and spur-wing plover, although they were unlike any he had ever seen. In some scattered groves beyond he bagged a pigeon and missed a quail, which unexpectedly whirred out of [illegible]. Then he continued past herds of [illegible] cattle to another patch of woodland, where he came upon something that looked like a path. Through rankly growing banana patches, yam fields, and groves of mango trees he followed it, penetrating ever deeper into the rolling country, until at last he reached the real forest. He had come several miles, and realized that he could not retrace his steps; for the trail had branched many times, he had crossed other pathways, and made many detours. He rejoiced in the thought that he had successfully lost himself.

At midday he paused in an open glade against a hillside to eat his lunch. Back of him, the rising ground was heavily timbered; beneath him, a confusion of thickets and groves and cleared fields led out to a green plain as clean as any golf links, upon which were scattered dwellings.

Evidently those were the savannas of which he had heard so much, and those foreign-looking bungalows were the country homes of the rich Panamanians. Beyond, the bay stretched in unruffled calm, like a sheet of quicksilver, its bosom dotted with rocky islets, while hidden in the haze to the southward, as he knew, were the historic Pearl Islands, where the early Spaniards had enriched themselves.

Gazing at this view in lazy enjoyment, Kirk found himself thinking how good it was to be young and free, and to be set down in such a splendidly romantic country. Above all, it was good to be heart-whole and unfettered by any woman's spell—men in love were unhappy persons, harassed by a thousand worries and indecisions, utterly lacking in poise. It was a lamentable condition of hysteria, with which he decided to have nothing to do. He did not care for women anyhow. One could scarcely have any dealings with them without becoming involved in some affair that unduly harrowed one's feelings. How much better it was to know the clean spirit of adventure and the joy of living, undisturbed by feverish emotions!

As he reclined there, busied with these thoughts, two vivid little paroquets alighted near him, to quarrel noisily, then make up and kiss each other like any pair of lovers. It was disgusting. A toucan peered at him with a look of exaggerated curiosity, due to its huge, grotesquely proportioned

WHAT DO YOU WANT, HERE? CRIED THE NEGRESS MENACINGLY. SHE HAD THRUST HER CHARGE BEHIND HER AND NOW PIERCED HIM WITH HER EYES

beak. Now and then came the harsh notes of parrots as they fluttered high above the tree tops. Meanwhile the young man's ears became attuned to the jungle noises, his eye observant of the many kinds of life about him.

The wood was crowded with plant life utterly strange to him. On the hill above towered a giant ceiba tree, its trunk as smooth as if polished by hand and bare of branches except at the very top, where, instead of tapering, it ended abruptly in a tuft of foliage. Here and there stood tremendous cotton trees, their limbs so burdened with air-plants as to form a series of aërial gardens, their twigs bearing pods filled with down. Beside them palm trees raised their heads, heavy with clusters of nuts resembling dates in size and form but fit only for wild pigs. Clumps of bamboo were scattered about, their shoots springing from a common center like the streams from a fountain, and sweeping through graceful curves to a spray of shimmering green. He had never seen such varieties of growth. There were thick trees with bulbous swellings; tall trees with buttressed roots that ran high up the trunks; slender trees propped up head high above the earth on tripod-like roots or clusters of legs; trees with bark that shone like a mirror; trees guarded with an impregnable armor of six-inch bony spikes—Kirk did not know the names of half of them, nor did he care to learn.

Vines and creepers abounded, from the tiny honeysuckle that reared itself with feeble filaments, to the giant liana creeping through the forest like a python, throttling full-grown trees in its embrace. On every side was the never-ceasing battle for light and the struggle of the weak against the strong. The air was heavy with the breath of triumphant blooms and the odor of defeated, decaying life. A thousand voiceless tragedies were being enacted; the wood was peopled by distorted shapes that spoke of forgotten encounters; rich, riotous, parasitic growths flourished upon starved limbs or rotting trunks. It was weird and beautiful and pitiless. Unlike the peaceful order of our northern forests, here was a savage riot, an unending treacherous warfare without light or room or mercy.

Tiring of the scene at last, Kirk continued his wanderings, bearing gradually toward the right, that he might eventually emerge upon the savannas below, where he knew there was a good paved road leading to the city. But the trails were devious and seemed to lead nowhere, so at last he struck out through the jungle itself. Having no machete with which to clear a way, his progress was slow, but he took his time, keeping a wary outlook for game, twisting back and forth to avoid the densest thickets, until he finally came out upon the margin of a stream. Through the verdure beyond it he saw the open, sunlit meadows, and he followed the bank in the hope of finding a foot log or a bridge upon which to cross. He had gone perhaps a hundred yards when he stumbled out into a cleared space, where he paused with an exclamation of surprise.

The brook had been dammed and widened into a deep, limpid pool to which the clean, white sand of the bottom lent a golden hue. At the lower end it overflowed in a waterfall, whose purling music filled the glade. Overhead the great trees were arched together and interlaced, their lower branches set with flowering orchids, like hothouse plants upon a window ledge. The dense foliage allowed only a random beam of sunlight to pass through and pierce the pool, like a brilliant, quivering javelin. Long vines depended from the limbs above, falling sheer and straight as plumb-lines; a giant liana the size of a man's body twined up and up until lost in the tangle overhead.

Although set just within the border of the untouched forest, it was evident that this spot had been carefully cut away and artfully cultivated. It could be seen that no human artist had designed the wondrous stage effect; but man's hand had aided Nature by a few deft touches here and there and a careful pruning of her lavish riches. To step suddenly out of an uncut wilderness into such a scene as this was bewildering and made the American gasp with delight. The place had an air of strictest privacy. A springboard mirrored in the depths below invited one to plunge, a pair of iron gymnasium rings was swung by chains to a massive limb, a flight of stone steps led up the bank and into a hut artistically thatched and walled with palm leaves to harmonize with its setting. Kirk thanked his fortune that he had not blundered in while the place was in use, for it had almost the sacred air of a lady's boudoir.

Instead of promptly withdrawing, he allowed his admiration full play, and stood staring for a long time. What a delightful nook in which to dream away the days! It was dim and cool and still, although outside its walls of green the afternoon sun was beating down fiercely. A stranger might pass and never guess its presence. It had been cunningly shaped by fairies, that was evident. Doubtless it was peopled by them also, and his mistake had been in coming upon it so suddenly. If he had approached with caution, he would surely have surprised them at their play, for yonder was the music of their dances—that chuckling, singing waterfall could serve no other purpose. Perhaps a fairy was hidden under it now. Kirk was half tempted to conceal himself and wait for it to reappear, though he knew that extraordinary cunning is required to deceive wood sprites, once they have been alarmed. But undoubtedly they were somewhere close by, probably watching him from behind the leaves, and if they were not such timid creatures he might try to search them out.

As it was, he took a lingering, farewell look and turned to retrace his steps—whereupon the queen fairy laughed at him softly. He paused abruptly, then turned around, with care, so as not to frighten her. But, of course, she was invisible. Then she spoke again, with the sweetest foreign accent imaginable.

"You had better cross upon the waterfall, sir. There is no bridge above." After an instant, during which he strained his eyes to find her, she laughed again.

"Here I am, in the tree, across the pond."

"Oh!" Looking at him over the fork of a tree trunk, perhaps twice the height of his head above the ground, Anthony beheld a ravishing face and two very bright eyes. Without removing his gaze, he leaned his gun carefully against a bush—firearms have an abominable effect upon hamadryads—and said:

"I knew you were here all the time."

"Indeed!" The eyes opened in astonishment. "You did not see me at all."

"Of course; but I knew you were somewhere close by, just the same. How did you get up there?"

"I climbed up."

"Why didn't you hide under the waterfall?"

"I did not hide, señor. I am trying to reach my orchid."

A little hand appeared beside the face, and a finger pointed to one of the big air-plants above. Kirk beheld a marvelous, white, dove-shaped flower, nodding upon a slender stalk.

"I climbed up on the big vine; it is just like a ladder."

"Then you can't be the queen!"

Two very large, very dark eyes looked at him questioningly.

"Queens don't pick flowers," he explained. "They hide in 'em."

"The queen?"

"Some of them live in trees, and some preside over lakes and fountains. Which kind are you?"

"Oh! I am neither. I live in my father's house." She tossed her head in the direction of the savannas behind her. "Do you wish to cross the stream?"

"If you please."

"Wait." The face disappeared. There was a sound from behind the twisted tree trunk, a twig fell, then a piece of bark, and the next instant the girl herself stepped into view.

"I was afraid you'd gone for good," acknowledged the young man gravely. He took up his gun and stepped out upon the crest of the dam.

"You must look where you go," she admonished, "or you will fall—splash!" She laughed delightedly at the thought, and he saw that her eyes had a way of wrinkling almost shut in the merriest fashion. He balanced upon the slippery surface of the waterway with the stream up to his ankles.

"Will you promise not to whisk yourself away if I look down?" he asked.

"Yes."

But even with this assurance he found it difficult to remove his eyes from her during the brief instants necessary for a safe passage; and when at last he stood beside her, he felt an irresistible desire to seize her, gently, so that she could not escape.

"Well?" she said at length, and he found he had been standing stock-still staring at her for several seconds.

"Excuse me! I really took you for a wood nymph. I'm not sure yet—you see, the place is so well suited. It—it was a natural mistake."

She dropped her eyes shyly and turned away at his look.

"It is only our swimming-pool. There have been no fairies here since I was a very

little girl. But once upon a time there were many—oh, a great many." It is impossible to describe the odd, sweet sound her tongue gave to the English words. It was not a dialect, hardly an accent, just a delicious, hesitating mannerism born of unfamiliarity.

"Did you ever see them?"

"N-no. I arrived always a little too late. But there are such things."

He nodded. "Everybody knows that, since 'Peter Pan.'"

Another shy glance told her that he was still regarding her with his look of wondering admiration. She pointed to a path, saying: "This way will bring you to the road, sir, if you wish."

"But—I don't wish—not yet." He sought wildly for an excuse to stay, and exclaimed, "Oh, the orchid! I must get it for you."

"That will be very nice of you, sir. For two years I have awaited its blooming. If you had not arrived, I would have got it anyhow."

"Girls shouldn't climb trees," he said severely. "It tears their dresses."

"Oh, one cannot tear a dress like this." She glanced down at her skirt. Allowing his eyes to leave her face for a moment, Kirk saw that she was clad, oddly enough, in a suit of blue denim, which was buttoned snugly clear to her neck. It struck him as most inappropriate, yet it was extremely well made and he could not complain of the effect.

He broke his gun and removed the shells, then, leaving it beside the bath house, went to the tree where he had first seen her. With one hand resting upon the trunk, he turned, to say:

"Promise you won't disappear while I'm up there, nor change into a squirrel, or a bird, or anything like that."

"What a fonny man you are!"

"Do you promise?"

"Yes, yes."

"Do you live around here?"

"Of course."

"Why do you want this orchid?"

"To put it in the house."

Instead of beginning his climb, the young man lounged idly against the tree.

"Funny how I found you, wasn't it?" he remarked. "I mean it's funny I should have stumbled right on you this way—there's only one of you and one of me and—er—this country is so big! I might have gone some other way and then perhaps we'd never have met." He contemplated this contingency for an instant. "And if you hadn't spoken I'd never have seen you either."

"But I had to speak. You could not cross above."

"Awfully nice of you. Some people would have let me go away."

"But the orchid, señor. Do you fear to climb so high?" she inquired, with the faintest gleam of amusement at his obvious effort to prolong the conversation.

"Oh, no!"

He cast about for something further to talk about, but, failing to find it, began slowly to clamber upward, supporting himself upon the natural steps afforded by the twining vine and the protuberances of the trunk itself.

When he had reached the first fork, he turned and seated himself comfortably, peering downward through the leaves for a sight of her. "Not gone yet!" he exclaimed. "That's good."

"Are you out of breath that you stop so soon?"

He nodded. "I need to rest a minute. Say, my name is Anthony—Kirk Anthony." Then, after a pause, "I'm an American."

"So am I—at least I am almost. My mother was an American."

"You don't say!" The young man's face lighted up with interest, and he started eagerly down the tree trunk, but she checked him promptly.

"The orchid!"

"Oh, yes!" He reseated himself. "Well, well, I suppose your mother taught you to speak English?"

"I also attended school in Baltimore."

Anthony dangled his legs from his perch and brushed aside a troublesome prickly pod that depended in such a position as to tickle his neck. "I'm from Yale. Ever been to New Haven? What are you laughing at?"

"At you. Do you know what it is which you are fighting from your neck?"

"This?" Kirk succeeded in locating the nettle that had annoyed him.

"Yes. It is cow-eetch. Wait! By and by you will scratch like everything." The young lady laughed with the most mischievous, elf-like enjoyment of this prospect.

"All right; just for that, I will wait."

Now that the first surprise of meeting was over, Kirk began a really attentive scrutiny

of this delightful young person. So far he had been conscious of little except her eyes, which had exercised a most remarkable effect upon him from the first. He had never cared for black eyes—they were too hard and sparkling, as a rule; but these—well, he had never seen anything quite like them. They were large and soft and velvety, like—like black pansies! That was precisely what they were—saucy, wide-awake black pansies, the most beautiful flower in all creation; and while they were shadowed by the intangible melancholy of the tropics, they were also capable of twinkling in the most roguish manner imaginable, as at the present moment. Her black hair was soft and fine, entirely free from the harsh luster so common to that color, and it grew down upon her temples in a way that completed the perfect oval of her face. His first glimpse had told him she was ravishingly pretty, but it had failed to show how dainty and small she was. He saw now that she was considerably below the usual height, but so perfectly proportioned that one utterly lost perspective. Even her thick, coarse dress could not conceal the exquisite mold in which she was cast. But her chief charm lay in a certain winsome vivacity, a willful waywardness, an ever-changing expression which showed her keenly alive. Even now, pure mischief looked out of her eyes as she asked:

"Have you rested enough to attack the orchid?"

"Yes." He roused himself from his trance, and with a strangely leaping heart proceeded carefully to detach the big air-plant from its resting place. The wonderful flower nodding to his touch was no more perfect than this dryad whom he had surprised.

"Don't break it," she cautioned as he came gingerly down the tree. "It is what we call Espiritu Santo, the 'Holy Spirit' flower. See, it is like a white bird."

"First one I've seen," he said, noting how the purity of the bloom enhanced the olive of her cheek. Then he began another fruitless search for a topic of conversation, fearing that if he allowed the slightest pause she would send him away. But all his thoughts were of her, it seemed; his tongue would frame nothing but eager questions—all about herself. At last, in desperation, he volunteered to get another orchid; but the suggestion met with no approval. There were no more, she told him, of that kind.

"Maybe we can find one," he said hopefully.

"Thank you. I know them all." She was looking at him now as if wondering why he did not make a start, but wild horses could not have dragged him away. Instead of picking up his gun, he inquired:

"May I rest a moment? I'm awfully tired."

"Certainly. You may stay so long as you wish. When you are rested the little path will bring you out."

"But you mustn't go!" he exclaimed in a panic as she turned away. "Oh, I say, please! You wouldn't do a thing like that."

"I cannot speak to you this way, sir." The young lady blushed prettily.

"Why not, I'd like to know?"

"Oh!" She raised her hand and shook her head to express the absolute impossibility of such a thing. "Already I have been terrible. What will Stephanie say?"

"You've been nothing of the sort, and who is Stephanie?"

"She is a big black woman—very fierce. It is because of Stephanie that the fairies have gone away from here."

"If we wait a minute, maybe they'll come out."

"No. I have waited many times, and I never saw them."

"Somehow I feel sure we'll see 'em this time," he urged. Then, as she shook her head doubtfully: "Good heavens! Don't you *want* to see 'em? I'm so tired that I must sit down."

The corners of her eyes wrinkled as she said, "You are not very strong, señor. Have you been ill?"

"Yes—no. Not exactly." He led her to a bamboo bench beside the palm hut. "I've been hunting. Now won't you please tell me how you chanced to be here? I thought these country places were unoccupied at this season."

"So they are. But, you see, I am doing a penance."

"Penance! You?"

"Oh, yes. And it is nothing to laugh about either," she chided, as he smiled incredulously. "I am a bad girl; I am disobedient. Otherwise I would not allow you to speak to me alone like this. You are the first gentleman I have ever been so long in the company with, Señor Antonio."

"Really?"

"Now I will have to do more penance." She sighed sadly, but her eyes were dancing.

"I don't understand this penance affair. What do you do?"

She lifted a fold of her coarse denim dress. "For six months I must wear these garments—no pretty ones. I must not go out in public also, and I have been sent here away from the city for a time to cure my rebellious spirit."

"Those dresses must be hot."

"Oh, very uncomfortable! But, you see, I was bad."

"Not very bad?"

"Indeed! I disobeyed my father, my oncle, everybody." For the first time her eyes grew bright with anger. "But I did not wish to be married."

"Now I see. They wanted you to marry some fellow you don't like."

"I do like him——"

"You did exactly right to refuse. By all means stand pat and don't——"

"'Stand pat'! I have not heard that word since I was in Baltimore."

"It's awful to marry somebody you don't like," he declared, with such earnest conviction that she inquired quickly:

"Ah, then are you married?"

"No! But everybody says it's positively criminal to marry without love."

"The gentleman is very handsome."

He shuddered. "Beware of handsome men. If you have any idea of marriage, select a large, plain-featured man with blue eyes and light hair."

"I do not know such a person."

"Not yet, of course; that is, not well enough to marry him."

"It is not nice to speak of such things," said the young lady primly. "And it is not nice also to speak with strange gentlemen who come out of the forest when one is doing penance. But I am a half-American, you know. Perhaps that is what makes me so bad."

"Will you catch it for talking to me?"

"Oh, yes. It is not allowed. It is most improper."

"Then I suppose I'd better leave." Anthony settled himself more comfortably upon the bench. "And yet there is nothing really wrong about it, is there? Why, it's done every day in my country. Besides, who's going to know?"

"The *padre*. I tell him everything."

"You girls down here have a pretty tough time of it—you are guarded pretty closely, aren't you?"

She gave him a puzzled look.

"I mean you don't have any liberty. You don't go out alone, or let fellows take you to lunch, or to the matinées, or anything like that?"

Evidently the mere mention of such things was shocking. "Oh, señor," she cried incredulously, "such terrible actions cannot be permitted even in your country. It is awful to think of!"

"Nonsense! It's done every day.'

"Here it would not do at all. One's people know best about such things. One must be careful at all times. But you Americans are so wicked!"

"How does a fellow ever get acquainted with a girl down here? How does he get a chance to propose?"

But this frank questioning on so sacred a topic was a little more than the young lady was prepared to meet, and for the moment confusion held her tongue-tied.

"One's people attend to that, of course," she managed to say, at length, then changed the subject quickly.

"Do you live in Panama?" she asked.

"Yes. I work on the railroad, or will, in a few days."

"You are so young for such authority. It must be very difficult to manage railroads."

"Well—I won't have to run the whole works—at first. I'm beginning gradually, you know—one train at a time."

"That will be easier, of course. What did you say is your whole name?"

"Kirk Anthony."

"Keerk! It has a fonny sound, has it not?"

"I never noticed it. And yours?"

"Do you speak Spanish?" She regarded him curiously.

"Not a word."

"My name is Chiquita."

He repeated it after her. "It's pretty. What is your last name?"

"That is it. If I told you my first name you could not use it; it would not be proper."

"It ought to be something like Ariel. That means 'spirit of the air and water,' I believe. Ariel Chiquita. No, they don't go together. What are you laughing at?"

"To see you scratch your neck."

Anthony became conscious of a growing sensation where the strange pod had dangled against his skin, and realized that he had been rubbing the spot for some time.

"You did not know it was the cow-nettle, eh?"

"You enjoy seeing me suffer," he said patiently.

"You do not soffer," she retorted, mimicking his tone. "You only eetch! You wish me to sympathize."

"See here, Miss Chiquita, may I call on you?"

"Oh!" She lifted her brows in amazement. "Such ideas! Of a certainly not."

"Why?"

"You do not understand. Our young men do not do those things."

"Then I'll do whatever is customary—really I will, but—I'm awfully anxious to see you again—and——"

"I do not know you— My father——"

"I'll look up Mr. Chiquita and be introduced."

At this the young lady began to rock back and forth in an abandon of merriment. The idea, it seemed, was too utterly ridiculous for words. Her silvery laughter filled the glade.

"No, no," she said finally. "It is impossible. Besides, I am doing penance. I can see no one. In the city I cannot even sit upon the balcony." She fetched a palpably counterfeit sigh, which ended in a titter.

Never had Kirk beheld such a quaintly mischievous, such a madly tantalizing creature.

"Say! You're not really going to marry that fellow!" he exclaimed, with considerable fervor.

She shrugged her shoulders wearily. "I suppose so. One cannot forever say no, and there are many reasons——"

"Oh, that's the limit! You'll go nutty, married to a chap you don't care for."

"But I am naughty, now."

"Not 'naughty'—nutty. You'll be perfectly miserable. There ought to be a law against it. Let me call and talk it over, at least. I know all about marriage—I've been around so many married people. Promise?"

"I cannot let you 'call,' as you say. Besides, for two weeks yet I must remain here alone with Stephanie." She regarded him mournfully. "Every day I must do my penance, and think of my sins, and—perhaps look for orchids."

He saw the light that flickered in the depths of her velvet eyes, and his heart pounded violently at the unspoken invitation.

"To-morrow?" he inquired breathlessly. "Do you intend to hunt orchids to-morrow?"

Instead of answering, she started to her feet with a little cry, and he did likewise. Back of them had sounded an exclamation—it was more like the snort of a wild animal than a spoken word—and there, ten feet away, stood a tall, copper-colored negress, her eyes blazing, her nostrils dilated, a look of utmost fury upon her face. She was fully as tall as Kirk, gaunt, hook-nosed, and ferocious. About her head was bound a gaudy, Barbadian headdress that increased the wildness of her appearance.

"Stephanie!" exclaimed the girl. "You frightened me."

The negress strode to her, speaking rapidly in Spanish, then turned sharply upon Kirk.

"What do you want here?" she cried menacingly. She had thrust her charge behind her and now pierced him with her eyes.

"Miss Chiquita——" he began, at which that young lady broke into another peal of silvery laughter and chattered to her servant. But her words, instead of placating the black woman, only added to her fury. She pointed with quivering hand to the path along the stream bank and cried:

"Go! Go quick, you man!" Then to her charge, "You bad, *bad!* Go to the house."

"Miss Chiquita hasn't done anything to make you huffy. I came out of the woods yonder and she was good enough to direct me to the road."

But Stephanie was not to be appeased. She stamped her flat foot and repeated her command in so savage a tone that Kirk perceived the uselessness of trying to explain. He looked appealingly at the girl, but she merely nodded her head and motioned him to be gone.

"Very well," he said [illegible]. Thank you for your assistance, Miss Chiquita." He bowed to the little figure [illegible] his best manner and turned [illegible] This way out! No crowding, please.

"Adiós, Señor Antonio," came the [illegible] mischievous voice [illegible] the path he carried with him the memory of a perfect oval face smiling at him past the tragic figure of the Bajan woman. He went blindly, scarcely aware of the sun-mottled trail his feet were following, for his wits were aflutter and his heart was leaping

in some strange intoxication that grew with every instant.

It threatened to suffuse him, choke him, rob him of his senses; he wanted to cry out. Her name was Chiquita! He repeated it over and over in time to his steps. Was there ever such a beautiful name? Was there ever such a ravishing little wood sprite? And her sweet, hesitating accent that rang in his ears! How could human tongue make such caressing music of the harshest language on the globe? She had called him "Señor Antonio," and invited him to come again, to-morrow. Would he come? He doubted his ability to wait so long. Knowing that she agreed to the tryst, no power on earth could deter him.

What a day it had been! He had started out in the morning, vaguely hoping to divert his mind with some of those trite little happenings that for lack of a better term we call adventures, in this humdrum world. And then, with the miraculous, unbelievable luck of youth, he had stumbled plump into the middle of the most wondrous adventure it was possible to conceive. And yet this wasn't adventure, after all—it was something bigger, finer, more precious. With a suddenness that was blinding, he realized that he was in love! Yes, that was it, beyond the shadow of a doubt. This mischief-ridden, foreign-born little creature was the one and only woman in the world for whom the Fates had made him.

That evening he sat for a long time alone on the gallery of his hotel, his spirit uplifted with the joy of it, a thousand whispering voices in his ears. And when at last he fell asleep, it was to dream of an olive, oval face with eyes like black pansies.

CHAPTER XIV

THE PATH THAT LED NOWHERE

When "Señor Antonio" awoke the next morning, he lay for an instant striving to recall what it was that had haunted his sleeping hours, what great event awaited him. Then, as it rushed through his mind, he leaped out of bed and dashed headlong into the bath room. This was to-morrow! It had been ages in coming—he recalled how even his slumbers had dragged—but it was here at last, and he would see Miss Chiquita.

He sang as he stepped under his shower, and whistled blithely as he dressed himself. What a glorious country this Panama was anyhow! How good it was to be young and to be in love! He never had been so happy. A man must surely be in love to sing before breakfast. But the afternoon was still a long way off, and he must be content to dream until the hour came.

He was too early for the Cortlandts, so he breakfasted alone. When he strolled out upon the veranda for his smoke, he found Allan waiting for him, as usual. The Jamaican had not missed a morning so far, and it was only by a show of downright firmness that Kirk had been able to get rid of him at any time during the day. The black boy seemed bent upon devoting every waking hour to his hero, and now finding himself regarded with friendly eyes, he expanded joyously.

"Got you some games yesterday?" he inquired.

"Yes. And I'm going again to-day."

"Plenty games over yonder is, but it is very fatiguing to get them. To-day I go along for showing you the way."

"Not a bit like it. I'm going alone."

"Oh no, boss!"

"Oh yes, boss! I accidentally shot the last man I hunted with—killed him." Kirk stared tragically at his companion, but Allan was not to be so easily deterred.

"I shall pahss behind you, boss."

"I'd love to have you, of course—but I'm too careless."

"Praise God, you must not go h'alone in that case, or something will befall you! I shall h'imitate the birds and call them out before you to fire at."

"Fire *at!* I don't fire at things—I hit 'em."

"Yes sar. In that case we shall procure plenty of games."

"See here! I'm going alone, understand? I have an engagement with a naiad."

"'Ow much a month will you be getting for such h'engagements?"

"Naiads don't pay in money, they give you smiles and kind words."

"Better you continue then as train collector. There is great h'opportunity for stealing."

"My job won't be ready for a few days, and meanwhile I have become a huntsman. I intend to go out every afternoon."

"H'afternoons is no good for wild h'animals; they are sleeping. Walk they

in the h'early morning, for the most part, very quietly."

"That's true of some wood creatures, but the kind I hunt dance along the edges of pools in the afternoon. Say, did you ever feel like dancing?"

"No sar."

"Come around on the back porch and I'll teach you a buck-step. I feel too good to sit still."

But Allan refused this proffer firmly. Such frivolous conduct was beneath his dignity. "I 'ave h'important things to disclose," he said mysteriously.

"Indeed."

"Yes sar. Lahst night I dreamed."

"You've got nothing on me; so did I."

"I was walking on the h'edge of the h'ocean, when I h'encountered a whale—a 'uge dead whale. It was very vivid."

"Well, what has a vivid, dead whale to do with me?"

"This!" Allan brought forth a sheet of paper, which he unfolded carefully. "There is the number—the 'fish number,' sar." He pointed at it triumphantly.

"Why, this is a Chinese lottery advertisement."

"I got it for the very purpose. It would pay us to h'invest some money on the 'fish number.'"

"Nonsense! I don't believe in dreams. You say yourself they are false. Besides, I've got no money."

Allan folded the paper disconsolately and thrust it into his pocket. "It is fartunate h'indeed," said he, "that you will be working soon, Master H'Aunt'ony. And those P. R. R. was very fartunate also for getting you to h'accept a position, very fartunate h'indeed."

"Do you think I will raise the standard of efficiency?"

"Most of those railroad persons are vile people. They threw me h'off the train with such violence that my joints is very stiff and h'inflamed. I should h'enjoy being boss over them for a while."

"Why don't you ask for a job?"

"I have decided to do so, and I am asking you now for an h'engagement as brakesman."

"I can't hire you. Go to the office."

"Probably there are h'already brakesmen on your train," Allan predicted gloomily.

"I have no doubt."

"In that case I shall ride with you as private person."

"Ride back and forth every day?"

"Those are my h'expectations, sar."

"That costs money."

"You will be collector," remarked the negro calmly. "I should like to see those train people h'expel me in that case."

"Well! I can see trouble ahead for one of us," laughed Anthony. "They don't allow 'deadheads.'"

But Allan replied with unshaken confidence, "Then you should secure for me a pahss."

Kirk found it extremely difficult to escape from his persistent shadow that afternoon, and he succeeded only after a display of armed resistance. It was the hottest part of the day when he set out, gun on arm; yet he did not think of the discomfort. After skirting the city, he swung into the fine macadam road that had brought him home the night before, and much sooner than he expected he arrived at the little path that led into the forest. He knew that he was trespassing again, and the knowledge added to his delight. As quickly as possible he lost himself in the grateful shade and followed the stream bank with beating heart. He determined to make his love known without delay and establish himself as a regular suitor.

As upon the previous day, he broke into the glade before he suspected its presence, to find the same golden light-beams flickering in the shadowed depths, and to hear the little waterfall chuckling at his surprise. There was the tree from which she had called to him, yonder the bench where they had sat together.

Of course he was too early—he wanted to be, in order not to miss an instant of her company—so he seated himself and dreamed about her. The minutes dragged, the jungle drowsed. An hour passed. A thousand fresh, earthy odors breathed around him, and he began to see all sorts of flowers hidden away in unsuspected places. From the sunlit meadows outside came a sound of grazing herds; the deep woods faintly echoed the harsh calls of tropic birds, but at the pool itself a sleepy silence brooded.

Once a chattering squirrel came bravely rustling through the branches to the very edge of the enchanted bower, but he only sat and stared a moment in seeming ad-

miration, then retreated quietly. A yellow-beaked toucan, in a flash of red and black and gold, settled upon a mirrored limb; but it, too, stilled its raucous tongue and flitted away on noiseless pinions as if the naiads were asleep.

In the moist earth beside the bench Anthony saw the print of a dainty boot, no longer than his palm, and he promptly fell into a rhapsody. What tiny hands and feet she had, to be sure, and such a sweetly melancholy face! Yet she was anything but grave and gloomy. Why, the sunlight dancing on that waterfall was no more mischievous and merry than she. The slight suggestion of sadness she conveyed was but the shadow of the tropic mystery, or the afterglow of the tragedy that had played so large a part in this country's history. The fact that she was half American perhaps accounted for her daring, yet, whatever the other strain, it could not be ignoble. Mrs. Cortlandt's figure of the silver threads in a rotting altar-cloth recurred to him with peculiar force.

But why didn't she come? A sudden apprehension overtook him, which grew and grew as the afternoon wore away.

It was a very miserable young man who wandered out through the fragrant path, as the first evening shadows settled, and bent his dejected steps toward the city. Evidently something had occurred to prevent her keeping the tryst; but he determined to return on the morrow, and then, if she did not come, to follow the path that led to the house, where he would risk everything for a word with her. He wondered if she had stayed away purposely to test him, and the thought gave him a thrill. If so, she would soon learn that he was in earnest; she would find him waiting there every afternoon and—after all, why confine himself to the afternoons, when she was just as likely to appear in the morning? He resolved to go hunting earlier hereafter, and give the whole day to it. Meanwhile, he would make cautious inquiries.

It was considerably after dark when he reached the hotel, and his friends had dined; but he encountered Mr. Cortlandt later. If Edith's husband suspected anything of what had occurred two nights before, his countenance gave no sign of it. For some reason or other, Kirk had not been troubled in the slightest by the thought that Cortlandt might be told. He could not imagine Edith's making him the confidant of her outraged feelings. Besides, would such a strangely impassive person resent any little indiscretion in which his wife might choose to indulge? Kirk did not know—the man was a puzzle to him. Cortlandt's voice was thoroughly noncommital as he inquired: "Where have you been keeping yourself?"

"I've been hunting, to kill time."

"Any luck?"

"No, none at all. I started too late, I guess."

"By the way," continued the other, "your friend Allan has been besieging Edith, imploring her to use her 'h'influence' to get him a position. He has set his heart upon going to work with you."

"He is becoming a positive nuisance. I can't get rid of him."

"I never saw such hero-worship."

"Oh, all niggers are hysterical."

"Let me give you a bit of advice, Anthony. Remember there are no 'niggers' and 'whites' in this country—they are about equal. The President of the Republic is a black man, and a very good one, too."

"That reminds me. I hear he is to be succeeded by the father of my friend, Alfarez."

Cortlandt hesitated. "General Alfarez is a candidate. He is a very strong man, but it isn't settled by any means. The successful candidate will need the support of our Government."

"I suppose the Alfarez family is one of the first settlers—Mayflower stock?"

"Oh, worse than that. The name runs back to Balboa's time. General Alfarez is very rich, and very proud of his ancestry. That is one thing that makes him so strong with the people."

"What are some of the other leading families?" Kirk artfully inquired.

"There are a number. The Moras, the Garavels—I couldn't name them all. They are very fine people, too."

"Do you know the Chiquitas?"

Cortlandt's face relaxed in an involuntary smile. "There is no such family. Who has been teaching you Spanish?"

"Really, isn't there?"

"'Chiquita' means 'very small,' 'little one,' 'little girl,' or something like that. It's not a family name; it's a term of endearment, usually."

The Next Instalment of **"The Ne'er-Do-Well"** will appear in the April Number.

The PASSING OF THE IDLE RICH

by Frederick Townsend Martin

Editor's Note *Mr. Martin has long been a thoughtful observer of conditions outside of, as well as within, the class of which he specially writes. The prime value of his material in these articles lies in his revelation of what is going on in the homes and in the clubs and in the minds of the rich. He tells us that friends of his are reading socialistic books and magazines, sending their children to the public schools, discussing the great movements in social, industrial, and political life. The rapid growth of American industry and American idleness side by side, the one in large measure a direct result of the other, is presented from a point of view that will help to interpret the very rich to all of us.*

CHAPTER III CONTINUED

I REMEMBER very well the first great march of the suddenly rich upon the social capitals of the nation—of those who had gathered from the mines of California, from the forges of Pittsburg, from the forests of Michigan, from the metaled mountains of Montana, wealth beyond the dreams of Midas. They had capitalized the products of their own labor, and brought with them the tangible evidences of wealth in the shape of stocks and bonds.

Very distinctly it comes back to me with what a shock the fact struck the sons and daughters of what was pleased to call itself the aristocracy of America that here marched an army better provisioned, better armed with wealth, than any other army that had ever assaulted the citadels of society.

The effect of these migrations from the fields of labor to the cities of capital I shall sketch more fully in another chapter. I would now, instead, touch upon the conditions that they left behind them, the conditions that made possible their own retirement from actual labor to the ease and comfort of luxurious leisure.

It is not too much to say that they left behind them a people reduced to industrial slavery. Gone forever was the free America our fathers knew. Faded into history was the ideal of Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln. From the year 1800 onward the progress of the United States has been the fearful march of manufacturing industry. In that year, the products of industry and of agriculture were about equal. Ten years

later, the products of industry were two to one against the wealth gathered from the fields.

Side by side with this conquest of America went the growth of tenant farming, as against the old free-tenure farming that had marched steadily into the farthest untilled corners of the land so long as land was free. To-day there is no free land within the borders of the nation, save for a few small tracts hardly worth mentioning. Here, as in the industries, capital did not hesitate to claim and capture all that it dared. Law after law was passed to prevent the centralization of the power of exploiters over great tracts of the West. Law after law was broken, evaded, or laughed at. Once the spirit of exploitation on a large scale was abroad in the land, nothing could stand against it.

In the days of individual effort, exploitation of labor was not possible, for men shied off from the chains of the exploiter, took to the boundless free fields of the West, and declared that they would dwell in freedom or they would die.

But in the census of 1900, it is shown clearly that *the average employee in this country produces every year $1,280 of wealth*, after full allowance for the cost of the material he works with and all possible running expenses that are paid by his employer. *Out of this amount of wealth, he gets $437. The remainder, $843, goes into the hands of other men—the capitalist, or the exploiter of labor.*

That money, nearly two thirds of the wealth produced by the men who labor with their hands and heads, goes to pay interest and dividends on the securities that represent the increment gathered by those who sold out, in other days, or who capitalized their plants and settled down to draw their sustenance from the labor of other men. Hence the idle rich.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL

Turn back to the industrial history of the second half of the nineteenth century, and you can trace this development in the very statistics of industry. For the idle rich are but the outcome of our industrial evolution; and the same mighty forces that gave us a Golden Age of American prosperity gave us also the Idle Rich and the Slaves of Industry.

By the end of that period, the handwriting on the wall was plainly visible. For instance, in 1840 there were in this country 1,240 cotton manufacturing plants, with a combined gross output of $46,000,000 worth of goods. Each plant made $37,000 worth of goods. Twenty years later, the number of plants was 1,091, and the output was $115,000,000. Each plant made $105,000 worth of goods.

THE SEEDS OF REVOLUTION

Our fathers saw these figures; but it is not on record that any man, at that time, saw their true meaning. It was simply, to their minds, the working out of the factory system to its completion. It meant economy. It was part of the same system that had reduced the cost of making a yard of broadcloth from fifty cents in 1823 to fifteen cents in 1840.

They could not, naturally, see in it, as we can, the seeds of a revolution that was to make over again the America of that day, to drag the boasted freedom of America in the mire of poverty, to prostitute our political system, to tear and wreck and sweep away the sacred barriers of society.

I have compiled a table from the census reports, dealing with textile industries alone, because that branch of manufacturing was the oldest and one of the greatest, as it is to-day, and because it illustrates perhaps better than any other the progress of principles, rather than the influence of special causes, particularly through this twenty-year period of which I am writing.

TEXTILE INDUSTRIES OF U. S.

Year	No. of Plants	Average Capital	Product Average	Average No. of Employees
1860	3027	$50,000	$70,500	65
1870	4700	62,500	108,600	87
1880	4018	103,000	144,000	90

In these few figures, all the industrial history of that great period may be found epitomized. The number of plants, instead of increasing as the volume of demand for products increased, was contracted. The leadership of the trade, and therefore the making of prices, was taken by the houses of larger capital. The average capital employed in the trade doubled in the twenty years. The output also doubled, for the average factory. The number of employees, on the other hand, increased

but half. Better machinery, more efficient control over the workers, more drastic industrial discipline, fiercer industrial competition for individual work, did their destiny-appointed task.

Here one begins to see on this broad canvas, but faint in outline, the tracing of the picture of America to-day. The chains began to tighten. Men who had grown to comfortable wealth in the long period of small factories, scattered industries, and free-and-easy industrial democracy, began to gather together into industrial groups. Little industries were rolled together into big industries. The capital of the factory expanded, doubling, on an average, in the decade. At the same time, by more intense methods of carrying on the trades, the number of employees needed to produce a given value of products was cut down.

Let me turn, for a moment, to introduce a slight record of that industry which has done more, perhaps, than any other to bring about the creation of the class of which I write—the idle rich. I have not dwelt upon it in the beginnings of American industry, for it was scarcely existent. I refer to the iron and steel industry.

In 1860 there were in this country only 402 plants manufacturing wrought, forged, and rolled iron. They used an average of $58,000 of capital apiece, produced products worth $91,000 each, and employed an average of 55 men. In 1880—twenty years later—there were 1,005 iron and steel plants—including blast furnaces and rolling mills—with an average capital of $230,000, average products of $296,000, and an average roll of 141 men. Here the evolution of an industry from the small scattered plants to the concentrated, efficient, and powerful "combine" is unmistakable. In this twenty-year period the value of products trebled, while the average number of workers more than doubled. The wealth-producing capacity of each worker increased from $1,438 to $2,015.

If the tendency toward monopoly was striking in the twenty years from 1860 to 1880, what may one say of the twenty years that followed? In the iron and steel trade, the 1,005 plants of 1880, with an average production of $296,000 each, became 668, with an average production of $1,203,500 in 1900. The average number of employees per plant rose from 141 to 333. In the cotton mills, the average number of employees in each mill rose during the same period from 185 to 287.

Here is the birthplace of the idle rich. Hundreds of men who had owned small manufacturing plants sold them out at good profits in the first ten years of this era and retired to live on the proceeds. The firm gave way to the corporation. Industries that had been for generations family affairs were suddenly capitalized in the form of stocks and bonds, and the owners retired from the active business, hiring skilled men to carry on the work. They themselves sat down in ease and luxury, to live upon interest and dividends on the securities that represented the plants.

I do not mean to say that, even now, by any means all of the dividends and interest are gathered by the idle rich. Such a condition as that can exist but once in the history of a nation. It came about in Rome—and it led to the Fall. It came about in France—and it led to the Terror. Here, in America, it has gone far, to be sure, and the tendency is onward: but it has not yet reached a point where one may say, "To-morrow the harvest is ripe."

CHAPTER IV

WHO ARE THE SLAVES?

For thirty years, since 1880, we have been piling up wealth in the hands of men who do not work. In almost every year there has been pouring from our mills a steady grist of idlers. It has gone so far that to-day in every city of the Union the class of the idle rich has reached proportions that to the thoughtful student of events are alarming.

I do not desire to criticise wealth; for I am not a Socialist and I entertain no Utopian dreams concerning the equal distribution of wealth among the people, or the public control of all sources of wealth. I agree thoroughly with Mr. Carnegie, and with much older economists, in the opinion that any arbitrary distribution of wealth, or any arbitrary assignment of the sources of wealth, would be but temporary, and would be followed by another period of adjustment which would end with the reappropriation of wealth and the reassignment of the sources of wealth into the hands best qualified by nature to hold them. I take it to be proven by the experience of the

world that individual exploitation of the sources of wealth remains as the established basis of the industrial, commercial, and social development of the world.

Yet, I confess, the terrific sweep of industrialism across this land throughout the past half century appalls me as I study it from records written and unwritten. I cannot go down through the crowded tenement sections of our great cities without having it borne in upon me that we as a nation pay a fearful price in human blood and tears for our industrial triumphs. I cannot see the poverty, even the degradation, of the wives and children of the wage-working class in many cities, and even in many rural districts, without being visited by the devastating thought that surely, if the principle of the thing be necessary and right, there must be fearful errors somewhere in the application of the principle.

For the grim fact stands out beyond denial that the men who are the workers of the nation, and the women and the children dependent upon them, are not to-day given the opportunities that are their proper birthright in free America; and that, struggle as they will, save as they may, lift their voices in protest as they dare, they cannot obtain from our industrial hierarchy much more than a mere living wage. And, on the other hand, it is equally true that the wage of capital is high, that the class of the idle rich has grown out of all proportion, and that it has taken upon itself a power and an arrogance unsurpassed in the industrial history of the world.

OUR WORKMEN AND THEIR WAGES

Somewhere, there is something wrong. I speak as a rich man. I speak as a representative of the class of which I write, and to which in particular I address myself. We can no longer blind ourselves with idle phrases nor drug our consciences with the outworn boast that the workingman of America is to-day the highest paid artisan in the world. We know those lying figures well. Many a time I myself, in personal argument, have shown that the American workman receives from one and a half to three times as much as his English cousin at the same trade; but we know now that this means nothing. We are learning, instead of envying the American workingman his lot, to pity more deeply that English cousin. We are learning, too, that what we give our workers in wages we take back from them in the higher cost of necessities, in food, in clothing, in medicine, in insurance, in a hundred devious ways all with one tendency—to keep the living margin down.

OUR UNENCUMBERED SLAVES

Many centuries ago two great Greek philosophers, Aristotle and Plato, predicted that the time would come when the tools of wealth production—machinery—would have reached such an advanced stage of development that it would become unnecessary to enslave anybody for the sake of allowing any one class to devote itself to the pursuit of culture. These great philosophers believed in slavery during that period of the world's development in which they lived, on the ground that only by the exploitation of forced labor could any class be left free to develop the higher attributes of mankind. Yet both looked forward to the time when, in the progress of humanity toward the ideal, the perfection of methods would permit the emancipation of all mankind.

Aristotle and Plato were no visionaries. Their dreams, so far as the methods are concerned, are to-day realities. But alas, how different the result! Instead of emancipation, we have welded about the necks of the people the chains of industrial slavery. It is true that the form of slavery, the direct exploitation of the bodies of men, has been wiped out in every civilized nation. But is it not equally true that we have merely stepped out of a process of direct exploitation of a few enchained slaves into a process far more expansive and embracing far more people, namely, the indirect exploitation of wage-workers for the benefit of capital?

The fruit of the genius of the inventors of the world is plucked, not by the hands of the workers, but by the hands of the comparatively small and personally insignificant class who, by virtue of the genius of their fathers, or by virtue of mere chance, administer the tremendous power of capital.

The evolution of the ages, then, has brought about this strangely ironical condition. Humanity is face to face with a God-given opportunity to acquire and apply

knowledge. The wealth-producing machinery of the world has the capacity to give to all men the opportunity of enjoying leisure. Knowledge and culture are the proper birthright of humanity to-day. Even in the face of obstacles, knowledge and culture spread among the people. Only one great obstacle remains to block the fulfillment of the prophecy of the great philosophers. That obstacle is the idle rich. It is the leisure class that to-day destroys the spirit of our dream.

It cannot be for long. We in America are moving fast toward social revolution. Conflicts between Labor and Capital are assuming the proportions of civil war. The once powerful middle class, which is the safety of every nation, is to-day weak, and is every day declining. Soon, politically, it will be a memory, and the battlefield will be cleared for conflict.

CHAPTER V

THE AWAKENING OF SOCIETY

I WAS dining recently in one of the city hotels. Music and laughter flooded the place as sunshine floods the fields. Outwardly, the scene had all the appearance of perfect ease and happiness. Looking around, I lighted by chance upon a table where a group of elderly people, all well known to me, were dining. They were people who live well, and who take a large part in the social world as well as in the world of business. I watched them as they talked. I noted an air of gravity, of seriousness, and I wondered what it was all about. A little later, as their table assumed the normal aspect, I went over and exchanged greetings with them. Incidentally, I asked them what had made them so very serious throughout the evening.

One of them, an old friend of mine, told me. They had been discussing a statement that had appeared as a news item during the afternoon. It was part of a speech made in the Senate at Washington. It was an attack upon the concentration of wealth in the hands of the few—really a veiled denunciation of the principle upon which society is founded. These men and women, all part and parcel of the social world, had spent most of their evening discussing that item of news.

A very few years ago such an episode as this would have been dismissed, with hardly a single thought, by almost any group of men and women who belonged to society. Somebody might have introduced the subject; somebody else would have called the senator a demagogue, or an agitator, or a Socialist—and the conversation would have drifted on to the latest sporting news or talk of somebody's ball a month or so away. But now, the older men and women of society know better. They have learned, in fact, to distinguish real news from mere sensation.

I do not say that it is general, this tendency to take seriously the social, industrial, and economic questions of the day. In my own case, I do know that until a very few years ago none of these problems bothered me much. I know that very rarely did I hear the question raised as to the permanence of the conditions under which we lived within our social barriers. Nobody, in my world, considered the problem of industry his own; and every one drifted onward through the years secure in the conviction that in the end everything was going to be all right.

To-day, how different it is! To-day we are studying the sources of our wealth, finding out for ourselves the real price paid by humanity to give us the privileges of the social life which we and our fathers have enjoyed. Excited by curiosity, we go down to inspect the mines our fathers left to us. We watch the men at work, mere pitiful animals, risking their lives in terrible endeavor for a meager wage, that we, the heirs of time and of eternity, may take our leisure in the palaces of wealth. In the mills of Pittsburg we watch the workers in iron and steel, toiling in the white-hot blast of the furnaces that we, who never have toiled, may draw our dividends and spend them on the luxuries we love.

THE WEALTHY CRAVE THE PEOPLE'S PRAISE

But a very few years ago we should have looked upon these workers with eyes of pity, perhaps, and we might have talked more or less glibly of the hardships of labor. Yet it would not have been *our* problem. To-day we recognize the relationship between the labor that produces our wealth and the wealth which we enjoy.

Many are the causes that have led to this great change in the attitude of the

wealthy classes toward the world at large. First and foremost, in my judgment, is the change in the attitude of the working classes themselves toward the rich. *For, more assiduously than anything else in this world, we, the wealthy, seek the praise and admiration of the crowd.*

And the attitude of the people at large toward the rich has been changed indeed. I remember, even in my own lifetime, a period when the people of this country looked up with admiration and respect to their wealthy classes. It was in the end of that long period of which I have spoken in which the wealth of the nation was well distributed.

To-day how great the change—how wonderful the transformation! At first a few weak voices told what a few eyes saw. In unheard-of journals of the labor movement, in certain revelations of high-finance corruption of politics, dreadful tales were told—stories long since forgotten. In Henry Demarest Lloyd's "Wealth vs. Commonwealth" we have a strong voice describing what keen eyes clearly discerned. Soon several profound historical studies were published which aroused the more thoughtful. Then, with drum and trumpet and black banners flying, came the army of the muck-rakers. And their revelations made the nation heartsick.

THE MUCK-RAKERS' ONSLAUGHT

Never in the history of the world has there been anything analogous to the sharp campaign of the American muck-rakers. The progressive forces of French society raged at the Monarchy and the Church before the French Revolution. But their propaganda took thirty years to gain power and fifty years to accomplish its purpose. The work of destruction here seemed to be done in a night. The "Pillars of Society" tumbled. From official statements of the President of the United States down to the output of ten-dollar-a-week hack-writers, our publications teemed with the products of the popular trade of exposure. Great commercial and industrial institutions were analyzed. National and municipal governments were dissected. Universities and churches did not escape the busy seeker for sin.

It is but five years since the white light of the noonday sun beat down upon the hitherto deeply buried roots of America's industrial and social life, and eighty-five millions learned *how* the social fruitage of our age draws its sustenance. Just what, in this connection, has been the effect of these five years upon American opinion?

When the nineteenth century closed, America worshiped great wealth. It sanctified its possessors. It deified the hundred-millionaire. In five years' time America has learned to hate great wealth. Plutocracy is disgorging; but public opinion is relentless.

WRITHING UNDER PUBLIC SCORN

To us who, through the heyday of our popularity, simply sat in the sunshine and throve and grew fat in happiness, it came as a terrible shock—this change of the popular attitude. At first we laughed at it; then we preached little sermons about it, half jesting, half serious; then we began to talk about it among ourselves; and we held indignation meetings every time we met our friends, and called down the wrath of Heaven on these sharp-eyed and glib-tongued investigators. Finally—and here lies the heart of the matter—we began to read these outpourings of the popular sentiment very seriously indeed. They came, at last, from sources that we dared not disregard. Instead of mere muck-raking expeditions they assumed the proportions of crusades. Instead of the frantic mouthings of mere sensation-mongers there confronted us, in the columns of the press and in the more sedate and orderly pages of the magazines, the speeches of a President, or sane, sober editorials written by men who knew both sides, and who commanded our respect as well as the respect and admiration of the crowd. We recognized—those of us who thought and saw and felt—that, instead of being a passing phase, this change of popular sentiment was the beginning of a revolution.

I hesitate to say how deep this arrow struck. Perhaps I can illustrate it best by telling a story that came to my ears this past winter. A lady of the old school was sending her daughter, a young girl, to one of the preparatory schools here in the East. She went herself to look at the college and to talk with some of the professors. In conversation with the principal, she said:

"I want Estelle, right from the beginning

of her course, to get a full understanding of where wealth comes from. I want her year by year to learn of the debt and the responsibility that she, personally, owes to the people that work. Are these things taught in your courses?"

The principal was astounded. She protested that such education was entirely out of line with the principles and precepts of that college. Very delicately and tactfully she intimated that one of the foundations of a social education was the constant instillation into the students' minds of the idea that the aristocracy is superior to the masses. To teach Estelle that she and her class are really dependent upon the grimy men who labor with their hands would be to turn upside down the curriculum of that college.

The upshot of it was that Estelle to-day is enrolled as a student in a high school in New York City. Her mother believes that the salvation of the wealthy classes in this country depends upon the coming generation's understanding the true relationship between Capital and Labor.

OUR BEST-HATED CLASS

This is, perhaps, an extreme case, for only a very few years ago that matron herself was absolutely immersed in the whirlpools of the most frivolous society which has a real right to use the term in talking about itself. Always, she was a woman of a most active mind, of broad sympathies, of excellent benevolent character; but her mind found its full exercise in the pursuit of social fads, her sympathies found outlet in sporadic raids upon the strongholds of misery and poverty, and her benevolence satisfied itself with much hidden largess to various and sundry charities. She did not really understand any of the problems of the day.

The first awakening of this one woman came about through chance. Bored to death at a summer resort, half sick, and therefore restricted in her activities, she picked up a book that a friend who had stopped on the piazza to extend her sympathies happened to leave. She began, half absently, to turn the pages, from back to front, as one will. A heading caught her eye. Here it is:

OUR BARBARIANS FROM ABOVE

She did not understand it; and her habit of mind led her to investigate. She had lost the page, but she searched until she found it. Then she read the paragraph:

If our civilization is destroyed, as Macaulay predicted, it will not be by his barbarians from below. Our barbarians come from above. Our great money-makers have sprung in one generation into seats of power kings do not know. The forces and the wealth are new, and have been the opportunity of new men. Without restraints of culture, experience, the pride, or even the inherited caution of class or rank, these men, intoxicated, think they are the wave instead of the float. To them, science is but a never-ending repertoire of investments stored up by nature for the syndicates, government but a fountain of franchises, the nations but customers in squads, and the million the unit of a new arithmetic of wealth written for them.

She read on and on. She finished the book, and turned back to its beginning. She had read enough to realize her profound ignorance. That night, at dinner, she astounded her husband by asking:

"Who is Henry Demarest Lloyd?"

"He is a Socialist writer," was the answer, "who amuses himself attacking our class."

"I wish," she said, "you would get me all his books."

From that time on, her mind found new occupations, new interests, new ideas. A world that she did not know existed came swiftly over her horizon. She did not rush madly into extremes—she has not to this day—but her life has changed considerably. We, who knew her so little time ago as one of the typical, clever, brilliant, and flashy purveyors of cheer and social joy, find her to-day no less charming in the matter of mere entertainment; but we expect, when we meet her, to find in her mind many other and more serious things. She never appears in print, she is not a suffragist, she has dropped her little fads. She is not that strange abnormality of her sex that neglects the old pursuits of women to follow the strange gods of men; but she is, in every sense, a student of the true conditions that surround her. The mists of golden tradition have cleared from her eyes.

To-day, she has plenty of company in her own set. She did not convert them. She detests the rôle of propagandist. They simply came of their own accord to read and learn. And when the educated classes really become interested, I think they study things more deeply than any other class. Even the most violent and anarchistic of the publications that pretend to portray the facts of the class relation-

ships have thousands of readers among the very wealthy.

I remember a case in point. Mr. Upton Sinclair was invited to lunch, one day, by a mutual acquaintance, with a young man of the most exclusive set in New York. They met in a private dining-room at the Lawyers' Club. In the course of the lunch, Mr. Sinclair referred to an article he had published in *Wilshire's Magazine*, a Socialist sheet of the noisy class.

"Yes," said the other, "I read it."

"You read it!" exclaimed Mr. Sinclair, in complete surprise.

"Oh, yes—I always read it," said the other, in a matter-of-fact way.

There are many like him. Five years ago, you probably could have counted on the fingers of two hands the men in the wealthy classes who read the literature that comes from "below." To-day it is a very common occurrence to hear in the best clubs of New York wealthy men discussing, with intense earnestness and real economic sense, articles of which they never would have heard five years ago.

"I used to think," said a clubman to me last winter, "that we were well beloved; but I guess our class is the best hated class in the land. I am only beginning to find out why."

Yet I have failed of my aim if I have given the impression that society is to-day wholly roused. This is, alas, not true. To-day, perchance, the vast majority of the men of wealth in this and other cities will call me a visionary and an alarmist. I wish it were true. Would that I could bring myself to believe that the things I see about me are but the passing phases of a natural adjustment. I have tried, for many years, to persuade myself that all is well. I have failed.

CHAPTER VI

FOR THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER

I HAVE shown how the seed of our social system, which has reached its fine flower in the idle rich, was planted in the too fertile soil of American industry. I have dwelt, briefly, upon the simple fact that we of the older orders have come to find out something about that planting, and the manner of the growth.

I turn with something like dismay to the methods of culture of this growth. For it is watered with the bloody sweat of labor and the salt tears of bitter poverty and suffering; and it is fertilized with the dead bodies of men and women outworn in the grim battle of life. Tended and watched it is by a foul horde of underlings, hired judges in the law, panders in politics, time-servers in the pulpit, lickspittles in college chancelleries, Judases in the press, blackmailers in business, and miserable, fawning parasites clinging like filthy leeches upon the administrative bodies of the nation.

THE BETRAYAL OF THE NATION

To my mind, as I have studied this question, there has come a sad conviction: This nation is betrayed. The planting of the seed was quite possible without any betrayal of the people. Even its growth for two decades was possible without deliberate betrayal. But can any thinking man dare to say that the growth of this system as it has developed since 1890, could have been possible without criminal negligence on the part of those public servants sworn to guard the true and lawful interests of the people of this nation?

For it was perfectly evident, years ago, that the industrial evolution of this country was a process of exploitation. It was the knowledge of this fact that lay behind the Sherman Law of 1890; and behind the Interstate Commerce Act, which sought to restrain, to a limited extent at least, the boundless license to plunder which had been taken unto themselves by the railroads. No man of broad and open mind can read the facts with regard to the Homestead strike, the Pullman strike, the war in the Cœur d'Alene, or the coal strike of very recent years, without coming to the conclusion that, no matter who was in the wrong in the immediate circumstances leading to those national catastrophes, the real underlying cause was a revolt on the part of a subjugated people against the hardships of industrial slavery.

What is it, then, that makes possible the continuance of this process of exploitation in the face of the ever-growing public knowledge of its existence?

The answer is our public shame. For the simple reason is that the one power in the world which could stop it—the will of the

American people—has been turned from its purpose, defeated in its honest efforts, and betrayed in its administration, through the power of mobilized wealth restraining the hands of our political parties. To-day, in America, the people elect their statesmen; but the exercise of the people's power through these statesmen is curbed, directed, and controlled by groups of moneyed interests.

America, then, is a plutocracy.

Always, politically, the power of a plutocracy depends upon the maintenance of the *status quo*. It has come into being through the operation of certain industrial or commercial conditions. It lives by virtue of the continuance of those conditions, and by virtue of their freedom from attack by the one power strong enough to destroy them, namely, the people.

To maintain this *status quo* has been the gigantic task successfully carried out by the financial interests of the United States. It is not my intention—indeed, it is not within my power—to go into any complete details of the methods and machinery used for this end. But let me say that it has not all been accomplished, by any means, through direct political corruption, though much of it has been accomplished in that way. Deeper than this has been the indirect subornation of public opinion through a subsidized press, subsidized pulpits, and subsidized public speakers. We have heard a great deal of demagogues and wicked socialistic leaders of the mob. We do not hear much of that other phenomenon, the oily sycophant who talks to the people with words of cheer and paragraphs of exhortation, having in his mind always the one single idea how best he may serve the moneyed interests that stand behind him.

THE SOLID WEST

It is strange to me, and it has always been strange to other men who have studied these things, that the interests of a plutocracy can be so long maintained, for a plutocracy, of its very nature, is the weakest possible form of government. It lives either by force or by fraud. It lived in Rome before the days of Marius by force alone; and the lower orders of Rome were slaves. It lived in Paris, before the Terror, by a combination of force and fraud; and the lower orders of France became fiendish brutes. It lives in America by fraud alone; and what may we say of the people of this nation who permit it to live?

But the people are stirring. Not yet in definite organization — but stirring. The line of political cleavage along which the mighty rift must be made has not yet been clearly marked out. Perhaps one may find the first faint tracing of it in the rise of the insurgents in the last session of Congress. From what I have learned of the sentiment in the powerful Middle West, which more than any other part of the Union represents an average of the people of the United States, I am more than half convinced that this is true. If it be so, many things may happen within the next few years, and there may be very good reason indeed for the widespread uneasiness in the plutocracy.

CHAPTER VII

THE TRIBUNE OF THE PEOPLE

SOMETIMES an honest man of my class, reading the news of the day, awakes to a sudden realization of the grim political truth. During the time of the public discussion over the late tariff readjustment, I remember such an incident. We were three men, sitting together in the smoking-room of an uptown club. One of us had brought in a copy of a sane and honest afternoon paper, containing a quiet, dignified, careful, but powerful analysis of the actual results brought about under the tariff reform measure. We had been struck by the article. We called it to the attention of the third member of the group.

He read it through, while my friend and I talked about trivial things. After quite a long period of silence, he handed the paper back to the giver.

"What do you think of it?" he was asked.

His cigar had gone out. He lit it before he replied. Then he said, gravely:

"America needs a Marius, a Pitt, and a Peel. Before long, it must get one or all of them, or it will surely breed a Danton and a Robespierre."

It may have been mere epigram; but the two of us who heard it were startled. For the man who said it was a leader of the world of fashion, powerful in the world of business, and descended from four generations of the purest-blooded aristocracy this country owns.

Think, then, of the meaning of this senti-

ment, from such a man, at such a time. Marius, a plebeian, led the slaves of Rome to the seats of political power, broke down the age-old barriers of an aristocratic plutocracy, and wrote into the history of the world one of its earliest chapters on the revolt of a subjugated nation held in chains for the benefit of a few. Pitt, Lord Chatham, the "Great Commoner," hurled from office by the combined power of a king, a plutocratic class, and a subservient political machine, was forced back into office by the will of the people, unorganized, in the face of all the banded powers against him, and in spite of a condition of political corruption that made his return seem a miracle. Peel gave the people of England free corn against the banded powers of commercial greed.

And to-day, in America, an aristocrat and a member of the plutocratic class, sitting in a great city club of fashion, reading an editorial from a paper that is published and edited to meet the demands of that very class, gives it as his opinion that in this country we must raise a Marius, a Pitt, and a Peel! And the alternative—the days of the Terror, the bloody hands, the brutish mob, the wild-eyed, frantic leaders of the host that stormed the Bastille, set up the guillotine—so runs the mind of an aristocrat and a plutocrat, reading the *Evening Post* in a rich man's club on upper Fifth Avenue!

FACE THE TRUTH!

I believe that he was right. Without referring specifically to the tariff reform—for this is no political document that I am writing—I believe that the catalogue of enactments by our legislative machine in the past twenty years reveals beyond the shadow of a doubt that the will of the people is subservient to the will of the plutocracy. How can we further blind ourselves to the truth? When such a fact is known as gospel to the people, from Maine to California, published in every section of the press, from the guttersnipe class to the scholarly review, how may the best educated class in the United States go on upon its careless way ignoring the fact?

The result is perfectly obvious, in the light of history. The plutocracy, stripped of the artificial screens behind which it grew to power, stands exposed to-day in the full glare of the searchlight of public knowledge. Under such circumstances, even in slave-holding nations, there has never lacked a tribune of the people. So sprang the Gracchi from the dust to lead the first great battle in Rome. So, even in the dawn of popular liberty, came a Tyler and a Cade; before their hour had struck it is true, yet, even so, with power to call to their backs armies of men willing to die and conquerable only by accident or guile. So in the fullness of time came other greater men, a Marius, a Pitt, a Peel, who led the people against the citadels of plutocracy.

AMERICA—A LESSON TO THE NATIONS

To-day, we of the class that rules, that draws unearned profits from the toil of other men, know full well that the time is almost here when there must be a true accounting. The fortunes that have been made are made and that is all of it. The fortunes that are in the making through misuse of political power, through extortionate exploitation of the people and the people's heritage, through industrial oppression and industrial denial of the rights of man—these must be checked. To-morrow, in this land, the door of opportunity must be again unsealed.

We cannot go back and create more free land to take the place of the millions upon millions of acres thrown away by a lavish, stupid, careless, traitorous government. We cannot fill again the plundered mines of Michigan, or Montana, or Pennsylvania. We cannot clothe the hills of Maine and Michigan again with pine, or the broad bottoms of Ohio with walnut. We cannot turn back the hands of the clock, nor recreate the economic factors that have been exhausted to make the wealth and the social world to-day enjoyed by the exploiters and their descendants.

It is not so that evolution works. That rare civilization of the Aztecs which Cortez crushed can never be restored. Only echoes from the tombs of the Lucumos, after the lapse of twenty centuries, attest the fact that once, in Etruria, there existed a civilization distinctive, splendid, brilliant. Only the ashes in the urn of history remain of Pharaoh's Egypt, of Athens, Babylon, Persia.

So, too, the golden opportunity of yesterday is gone, never to return within our borders. The lesson of America, however, is burned deep into the records of time. In Canada, such a man as Laurier reads it

clearly. In the greater of the Latin republics in South America, they strive to prevent the very condition we find to-day in free America. In this matter of the real substance of rulership, the United States is to-day an example to the nations.

WANTED—A LEADER!

Yet, for all our lost opportunities, much remains that can be done and will be done. It is not my purpose here to sketch the process of salvation that is yet possible. Only, at this point in my writings, I would warn the people of my class, those of them who do not yet think about these things or understand them, that the moment has arrived when the people demand a Marius—a tribune who shall lead them onward into freedom, a man who shall stand before the world untrammeled by the golden chains of wealth, undefiled by the pollution of time-serving politics, filled with the inspiration of the people's will, courageous to battle to the very bitter end for the rights that the people demand.

Only the morally and intellectually deaf cannot hear the sound of the call of the people. It sweeps from the plains of Kansas in the breath of the rustling corn; it swells from the hills of Montana in the thud of the drill and the rising and falling of picks in the mines; it whirs from the looms of the South and the North, where child-slaves earn the bread of labor; it moans from the lofts of New York, in the voice of the slaves of the sweat-shop; it shrieks from the forges of Pittsburg, the charnels of Packingtown, the terrible mines of the mountains of coal.

It is a call for a leader to Freedom—the freedom we bought with our blood and signed away in ignorance. I care not where you turn, the voices of the people crying for their rights rise stronger, fuller, more threatening year by year. Day by day they organize. A meeting of farmers at St. Louis files a formal protest against the profits of the middleman, and forms a committee to investigate and report, and puts together a League of Reform. A machine-made politician in New York, in Massachusetts, in Pennsylvania, is crushed by the votes of the people he fondly had dreamed he owned. A firmly entrenched public officer is branded a liar and a thief, no matter what committee may whitewash him. A great manufacturing city of the Middle West chooses a Socialist mayor. A public document published to clear the skirts of a ruling party of the charge of being in part responsible for rising prices is laughed out of court by the people themselves.

A daring and preposterous attempt on the part of organized railroad owners to advance rates to the general public while holding them down for the "big interests" is met by a storm of organized protest. Chambers of commerce, industrial clubs, manufacturers' guilds, consumers' leagues spring up all over the country, expostulating, pleading, threatening, hurling legal thunderbolts. A President yields to the clamor, and an attorney general launches the thunder of Washington against a move that, ten years ago, would have met only the scattered, sporadic, half-hearted, hopeless invective of the private citizen. The railroads yield, and begin the revision of rates "at the top," by making agreements with the big organized shippers, the trusts.

THE FIGHT BEGINS

The time is ripe; the fight begins. The *status quo* is to be changed. In the political arena all is confusion. Already, from the lips of the old, trained leaders who, through long periods, have served the interests of the Plutocracy while wearing the livery of the People, come hesitating phrases of fear and confusion. One announces that he will retire after his present term. Another goes down to defeat, fighting to the last for his master. A third, branded a corruptionist, sees ruin stalking him amid the shadows of the coming day. Another, reading the papers, dubs them traitors, and madly curses them before the eyes and in the ears of all the people.

And presently some man, some strong man of the people, will hear the clear, unmistakable call of Destiny to its chosen. Can he help but heed? History supplies the answer. Go read it, you who rest secure within your flimsy barriers of self-interest, self-confidence, and gold.

The Concluding Instalment of **"The Passing of the Idle Rich"** will appear in the April Number.

THE FAIR

BY ZONA GALE

Author of "THE LOVES OF PELLEAS AND ETARRE," "FRIENDSHIP VILLAGE LOVE STORIES," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. J. MOWAT

IF Hetty had stood on the rim of the world, looking it over and choosing her part, she would have wanted exactly the part which the morning held for her. The fluttering of the flag from the Fine Arts Building tower, and the moving, moving of the crowd made a swift flowing of life within her as the bay mare trotted down the fairground at eleven o'clock in the morning on "County Day."

"Oh, Egby," Hetty said happily, "I bet you they'll all run us—don't you?"

"Leave 'em," said Egby philosophically. Then he looked at her, there on the seat beside him—a look of magnificent possession, the look which can linger as it likes and need not turn away. "Golly-olly," he said, "they don't none of 'em need to remind me I'm married to you."

Even yet, a whole month after the event, the words had a kind of unreserve which made hearing them an adventure. Adventure it was, too, for Hetty to say "my husband." Never yet, before older women, had she called Egby that. Now she looked down at his brown hand on the lines and at his sleeve, and suddenly she laughed up at him.

"Egby," she said, "what's by your collar?"

He brushed at his collar vaguely, not understanding.

"You've forgot my first mending," she chided him.

"I ain't," he defended, slipping his hand inside his coat collar, where, on the shoulder seam of the soft checked shirt, was the plain blue patch that Hetty had stitched in there yesterday. "I should say I ain't."

The road curved.

"Look at the Midway," Hetty cried ecstatically. "My, what a lot o' tent at-

tractions. Oh, Egby, won't we have fun there?"

"Sure," said Egby, "we'll be meetin' everybody."

"'Specially Lulu Miner," Hetty said.

"Lulu Miner," Egby repeated. "That's so. Lulu Miner. Well, how do I know you ain't here lookin' for Lenny West?"

"Oh, Egby," said Hetty. "Gracious! I couldn't bear him to speak to me, now."

"Well, see't you don't," said Egby masterfully.

Her eye swept the scene, her young blood beating time to the life of the place.

"Ain't it funny," she said, "all the folks an' the doin's an' the fun of fair-time an' everything—an' yet the biggest part is just bein' *us*?"

She always startled Egby somewhat when she thought things through. Boy-like, and some man-like, he, so to say, merely felt his reflections. Above all, he never said them. To tell his "notions" gave him the same undressed feeling which the naming of certain facts gave to Hetty.

"What we goin' to do first?" he demanded, merely. "I know," he went on. "Look at the stuff an' then go an' set in the grand stand. *An'*," he added, "I ain't got to wonder this year whether Lenny West is goin' to set the other side of you."

"Lenny's got a automobile this year," remarked Hetty. "He'll be here in that."

"That's so, he has," said Egby gloomily. "Well, now, if you'd 'a' married him— "

"Eg-*by*," said Hetty. "Don't—why, don't!"

"Well, I won't—dum him," Egby said.

"Buy me some peanuts—buy *me* some peanuts before we go up in the grand stand," Hetty commanded; but instantly her face fell. "No—I guess not peanuts," she added. "They're kind o' common, ain't they?"

"*Common?*" Egby repeated. "How's that?"

"Well, Lulu Miner use' to say they's common," Hetty recalled.

"For cats' sake," said Egby, "let's leave up on Lulu Miner."

Driving down the grounds from the gate, they passed lumber-wagons, on whose seats or in chairs in the boxes were women and girls, dressed in their best—here a red waist, there an "all silk," there a fabric negligible under the innocent ostentation of starch and fresh ribbon. Last year it was so that Hetty had come, in her uncle's wagon; and she had been longing for a white dress and new gloves. Of last year she remembered especially Lulu Miner's white dress, white with blue ribbons, and her silver chatelaine and her big hat. Also Egby had taken Lulu for ice-cream—Hetty remembered Lulu's way of lifting her face so that it seemed to be her mouth that she lifted. Lenny West had taken Hetty—she remembered her angry satisfaction that Lenny was so good-looking, but she was hearing every word that Egby said. And now—and now! Here she was, and Egby belonged to her, and they had come in a buggy, and she was dressed like this, and it was County Day, and everybody would be here to see.

As Egby helped her to alight before the Fine Arts Building, Hetty heard the whisper of two or three standing by the door—"The bride—there's the bride." And whereas on their brief wedding journey there had been for her in the suspicion a particular, delicious agony, tinged with delight, now, back here in her home town and for the first time since their return, about to meet their old friends, the delight was chief, but touched, too, with a certain delicious and perfectly bearable agony.

Yes, there was no mistaking, even to the eye of a stranger: Hetty was the bride eternal. Perhaps no one could have told quite how the fact was plain, but there is no way to tell of countless sweet certainties. Hetty was in white, new white, her ruffled skirt blossoming into pink at waist and throat; and her hat was white, new white, crisping into chiffon to veil rosebuds; and her long silk gloves were white, new white. But all these one left for the look of her eyes, which had that exquisite and peculiar liquidness of certain young life and young happiness, and the look of her cheeks, which were in a kind of rhythm of blushes, blooming and going, but always coming back. And there was the witness of Egby, big and brown and conscious and in black, new black. One knew the bride-and-groom truth as simply as one recognizes roses. And for Hetty the self-consciousness of the moment was the heart of the delight. She swam into the hot Fine Arts Building as if she were entering upon some luring future.

The long nave of the building was lined with exhibits: There were the stoves, hideous grotesques, like clowns put to

uses; the sewing-machines, lined up in reticent domesticity; the rooms furnished "complete," till one felt that one ought not to be looking; the school displays, shy with wistful promise or impudent with aspiration; the china painting, here a real dream caught on a cup, there a plaque of roses, magnified, made as definite as wounds under a microscope; the "oils," the "art squares"—vague reachings-out for beauty, reachings-out which ended in embroidering eggs and ice-cream. And to Hetty and Egby it was all as beautiful as it really was wonderful, and potent with life and with death; as wonderful as were the fine, sincere, feathery cakes, the flaky-crusted pies, so perfect that they might have been hung on the walls in the place of these walls' more ambitious guests.

"Would you look where the fruit ain't," observed Egby. "Six plates of grapes for the whole lay-out—say, but this year's been fierce for the country. Not an apple—not an apple. Biggest apple here is a turnip. Say, ain't that a swell showin'? Blamed but I guess we'll go west—we got to round up some climate somewheres. Not a tomato—say, let's go an' give a look at the stock. They don't need no climate."

Hetty listened, not looking in the stalls, her eyes on the crowd. There was one and another and another whom she knew: the mayor and his wife, both elderly and unimpressed—oh, would Egby and she ever be like that, not paying any attention to each other?—and there was Lillie Chalmers in a new cloth dress—she was pretty, but she had lately been divorced, and some said it was because "she couldn't cook a decent meal of victuals and she kept house so slipshod nobody could 'a' stood it." There she was, with "that Mis' Raymer," as stylish as she—"But awful loud-lookin'," Hetty thought, and in an excess of young wifely dignity pretended not to see either of them.

Behind them a piano broke out abruptly, as if it had kept still as long as it could, and must instantly discharge all its incoherent, pent-up might. The crowd in the building took up the melody and hummed it as they

HETTY HEARD THE WHISPER OF TWO OR THREE STANDING BY THE DOOR—"THE BRIDE—THERE'S THE BRIDE."

listened, and a chorus of fresh, girlish voices upbore it above the rest—

Oh, the moon shines b-r-r-r-right and p-r-r-retty,
R-r-r-red Wing.
La la la la la——a, la la la la la——a

they exaggerated it, and ended in a cry:

"Forevermore—here they are! Here's Hetty an' Egby. We been lookin' everywheres for you— Hello, Bride. Well, for*ever*more!"

Even in that first moment of their welcome, with Hetty one impression dominated: For here was Lulu Miner, but not the Lulu Miner of last year, whose costume Hetty herself had now half-unconsciously copied; but a Lulu Miner in a corn-colored coat and skirt with wide lace set in the seams, and a great hat of lace wreathed with huge gold beads; and with her was a stranger, "my friend, Miss Mears," in a long gray cloth cape with white lining, who, to the "Real pleased, I'm sure" of Hetty's acknowledgment, returned an airy "Delighted indeed," which to Hetty was somehow as disconcerting as a snub. But for the little bride there flooded underneath the moment the instant, warm, cherishing consciousness that Egby was hers, no matter what Lulu wore.

But as she looked at Lulu, the better to revel in her own possession, Hetty saw something. Egby was married, but that made no difference in the way Lulu was looking at him. She stood before him with that old way of upturning her face so that it was her mouth that was upturned, and her eyes were on his, in his, in the same merry, challenging, even possessive way. Something caught at Hetty's heart and would not let it beat. Lulu was looking at Egby as if she understood him, as if she were glad, after his absence, to sink back in his look. Moreover, it was so that Egby was looking at her—"but it's her fault, it's *her* fault," Hetty thought, "it's her that's doing it. Of course he's looking—but then he's just laughing and letting her look."

When, after the moment's gay chatter, the badinage, the "runnin'," they all moved away together and stopped outside the building, "my friend, Miss Mears," and the others walked beside Hetty, and Lulu fell in beside Egby.

"Let's go back down the Midway," said Lulu. "Everybody come on. I could die hearin' the barkers. Couldn't you?"

They all followed—there was about Lulu a leadership that always left any rival baffled and defenseless.

"My," said Hetty, with a laugh to show how at ease she was, "I been wondering when we'd find you girls. We said. . . ."

"Oh, gracious, we've been everywhere," said Lulu—and there was about her that which, when she chose to speak, left the sentences of anybody else unfinished. Her sentences, her eyes, her presence were as insistent as her hat. "We been dying for a man to take us around. Seen Lenny? Say, his automobile is like parlor furniture——"

All that she said was said to Egby. In the crowd the two were walking a little before Hetty and the others, Lulu always looking up. How nice they looked, walking together, Hetty thought uneasily. She herself was small of bone and girlishly slight. Lulu was large and strong and a blonde—she looked beautiful in her corn-color, beside Egby. And how glad they were to see each other—they seemed so used to each other. . . .

The Midway, symbol of that slow transition from the days when the County Fair was a thing of stock and produce and races to a time when it shall be indeed a festival of the harvest, with drama and folk-dancing and historic pageantry—the Midway was trying its best to release its scheduled glamour: On the canvas façades, painted figures of dancing girls; everywhere great colored letterings, music boxes, calls of the door-men with a penchant for Latin derivatives, all the contortion of gayety and lure. But, save to the very young, it was only as good-will conspired to mask sophistication that folk accepted it all. They liked the Midway not for itself, but because it was nakedly there to be liked, and the time was one of professional merry-making. They did not enter into the moment; rather, they lent themselves to it—that dreary distinction between pleasure-seeking and ancient, sunburnt mirth.

Well down the tawdry avenue a tent with raised sides, and hung with pink mosquito netting, bore over its door the device:

EATING PAVILION

It was Lulu who said, "Oh, let's get us some dinner now, while we can pick first." And at the demurring of the others about leaving out Lenny West—"Who? Oh,

THE WOMAN PUT EGBY'S CHANGE IN LULU MINER'S HAND. AND LULU DROPPED IT IN HIS PURSE A COIN AT A TIME, THE OTHERS LAUGHING AT THE WOMAN'S MISTAKE.

Lenny'll be fed. We don't need to wait for Lenny—*now*."

They sat at one of the long tables, and were waited on by anxious, tired members of some Ladies' Missionary Society in the town. In the intervals when she turned her attention from the talk of Lulu Miner, Hetty noted the evident head of the dining committee making solicitous excursionings to bring fresh, hot dishes to her own husband, who sat alone. Hetty watched the woman and smiled with the others. "Ain't wives the silliest, don't you think?" said Miss Mears, and Hetty admitted it. But chiefly Hetty's thought was on Lulu Miner, who, as a matter of course, had taken a place at Egby's other side.

"No sir," Lulu was saying lightly, "no good askin' Egby to pay for our dinner. Egby's got a family to support now."

"Come off," said Egby; "this dinner is on us, all right. Ain't it, Hetty?"

Lulu pouted up at him, lifted her brows, shook her head, ignored Hetty.

"I expect you're *that* domestic, Egby," she said.

In reality, Egby took a delicate, sheepish delight in this impeachment. He wanted to hear more. It was to him a kind of honest and loyal enjoyment to have Lulu call him domestic, and to know that it was true. He prolonged the moment.

"Oh, I donno," he said.

"*Ain't* you?" said Lulu airily. "I expect I'll see you helpin' dishes often. *If* I'm asked over."

"Hetty an' I are goin' to hev the crowd over all the time when we get house keepin'," said Egby magnificently. "Ain't we, Hetty?"

"Sure," said Hetty bravely. But suddenly she could see Lulu Miner at their house, *their* house, looking at Egby across their supper-table, laughing, flirting, *understanding* him. . . . and she herself obliged to pretend to notice nothing. As she was having to pretend now.

Presently, "*Isn't it?*" said Egby earnestly, to something which Hetty had not heard Lulu say. What had she said, Hetty wondered, and wasn't what *what?* . . . "Do you still not take any coffee, Egby?" Lulu said, once. "I think they said they'd got some cocoa—I'll ask." She did ask, and the cocoa came. Hetty watched to see if Egby would drink it. It was their first dinner together at a fair, and it was Lulu who was looking out for him! Hetty looked across at the head of the dining-room committee, who was just bringing her

husband a heaped-up plate of steaming apple-pudding. And Hetty had for the woman a sudden fellow-feeling. It was nice for her to be looking after her husband like that.

"Where's your paper napkin, Egby?" Hetty asked desperately, in a need somehow to show that he was hers to take care of.

"Oh, kickin' under my feet somewheres," Egby said easily. "Napkins for fair-time is too stylish for me."

"Me either," said Lulu Miner.

Hetty looked miserably down at Egby's sleeve. The sleeve and his brown hand seemed like somebody else's. And then abruptly something sent through her a sudden little glow and thrill. Oh, Lulu Miner could look up at Egby if she liked; but on Egby's right shoulder, in front, near the collar, was the plain blue patch that Hetty had stitched in there yesterday and that Lulu didn't know anything about. In that crowd of their old friends, with Lulu Miner's challenging and Miss Mears's posing, somehow that little wifely service which her hands had done for Egby became a symbol of their bond, and Lulu's artfulness seemed petty and impotent. Why, he was hers—Hetty's. It was her place to do things for him always. She could afford to let Lulu have him a minute or two.

"*Will* you look at that woman?" murmured Miss Mears, as the head of the committee followed apple-pudding with ice-cream for her husband's nourishment.

"Well, *I* think it's real sweet for her to be doin' like that!" Hetty flung back unexpectedly.

But when the Eating Pavilion Treasurer took from Egby the money for the dinner, the others protesting, and pretending exertions to pay, the woman put Egby's change in Lulu Miner's hand. And Lulu dropped it in his purse a coin at a time, the others laughing at the woman's mistake.

"No wonder she believed Lulu was his wife," thought little Hetty wretchedly, and all the unhappiness of the hour was back upon her.

As they stepped out on the Midway again, Lulu took her place at Egby's side with: "I bet, Egby, when you get to housekeepin,' you'll forget all about us. I bet none of us will ever see you, then."

"Aw, come," said Egby, nettled. "We're only married. We ain't dead."

Hetty fell back a step or two behind the others. "*Only married.*" So that was the way he thought of it. So Lulu didn't feel that Egby's being married made a difference, and Egby didn't feel it either. Was that the way it was in the world, with men and women?

On this her misery of the last hour found climax. Hetty looked up and down the Midway. If only she could get away from the others before she stopped being able to pretend. Lulu and the rest were now frankly looking for Lenny West. The people were pouring into the Eating Pavilion. The avenue was nearly blocked. Obeying an impulse which she hardly felt, Hetty stepped farther back, let the crowd flow in and close in between her and the others, stepped sidewise behind the first ticket-box of an "attraction" tent, and reached up blindly for a ticket. In that tent, if she could get in there, the others wouldn't find her. She couldn't bear it, just then, any more.

When the tired, elderly man on the box had given her a ticket and she had got within the tent-wings, she was confronted by a tiny boy in khaki rompers, who threw his arms above his head with—

"I'm de ticket-taker!"

The man looked over his shoulder and smiled. "All right," he said to Hetty, his eyes still on the child.

No one was in the tent, which proved to hold the largest horse in the world, "Nannie, the queen of the feminine *sect.*" A woman, short-skirted, sallow, with that air of the casual common to all whose business is eternal repetition, launched on her sing-song description of the big horse.

"She is eleven feet, six inches long—the tent is twenty-two feet—measure her with your own eyes. She weighs 3,030 pounds. She is twenty-four hands high. She is six years old, broke to tandem, double, *and* saddle. She was foaled in Lloyd County," she went on and on, her eyes taking frank, up-and-down account of Hetty's dress. Hetty, staring at the horse, hardly heard what the woman said. . . .

Hetty was trying to understand. While Egby and she had been engaged, there had been little things that hurt, of course, of which she never spoke—like Egby's dancing with Lulu Miner more than twice in an evening, and his sitting beside that girl from the city on the way to the picnic, and

so on. But it had not occurred to Hetty that when they were married these things would not end, magically. Why, they two would be *married!* Was being married like this for everybody in the world?

Suddenly the ticket-box man put his head around the canvas. "Darn you," he said frankly to the woman, "keep the kid in there with you, can't you? He's under the whole Midway's feet."

"Come 'ere, Titus," said the woman, casually. And then she called to the man: "Lou, ain't it time for your medicine?"

"Gosh, yes," the man answered. "I'd forgot it again."

Hetty looked at the woman. That must have hurt, Hetty thought vaguely—to have had him speak to her—that way. And yet, in spite of the ugliness of the incident, something lay warm in the thought of it, and it was that undisturbed question of the wife about the medicine. Egby had never spoken "hard" before folks. Well, and of course she just couldn't bear it if he ever did—before folks. But her thought lingered on the wife's question about the medicine, and a light wave of understanding swept her.

"That was real kind o' nice," she thought, and somehow remembered the patch on Egby's shoulder. Then with that the hurt surged back again.

"Lulu Miner got right into his eyes with that look of hers," she remembered, too, "and Egby *let her in.*"

Oh, she could have stood anything else! But when they were married, how could any one act to either of them as if they were not married?

"Why," said some one softly, "why, Hetty. Little Hetty." Beside her, bending over her, holding out his hand, was Lenny West.

"Hello, Lenny," she said mechanically.

"Gloriation," Lenny said, "but it seems good and grand to see you back! What you doin' in here? I saw you from the machine—goin' into some tent alone. I couldn't tell which one—I've paid my way into this-is-the-third, my George, to catch you. "Where's—?" he hesitated. "Come out o' this!" he bade her. "Come on back where the machine is."

In an instant Hetty's spirits rose. Very well, here was Lenny, glad to see her—and Egby probably hadn't missed her yet.

"GLORIATION," LENNY SAID, "BUT IT SEEMS GOOD AND GRAND TO SEE YOU BACK!"

"I got separated from my whole crowd," she said. "We'll hunt 'em up. Yes, let's go see your new automobile. I want to."

Out through the throng, with elaborate care, Lenny West guided her. How good-looking he was, she thought again. And he took such splendid care of her, setting his big shoulders between her and the crowd.

He bent his head to her. "We'll watch out for the rest," he said. "Who's with 'em? Your husband——"

"Yes," said Hetty, "an' the girls. The crowd. Lulu an' Mis' Mears an' all of 'em."

"Oh," said Lenny only, and fell momentarily silent.

They were making their way against the stream going toward the Eating Pavilion, and their progress was slow. Lenny, guiding her to the trodden turf beside the road, made no attempt to hasten that progress. It was noon now, and the grounds were filled. The last "forenoon busses" had rattled in and discharged their loads. In the air hung, like autumn haze, the dust of the long drought, and the hot hush of September noon lay strangely above the babel. The Pavilion, the booths where lunches were served, the grand stand, where lunches were eaten, became focal; but the beat of the band, the drone of the merry-go-round, the cries of the showmen persisted. The stamp of the horses, the questioning lowing and bleating from the sheds, the chatter of the performing monkeys on their way to be fed, the cry of the balloon man, the high crow of a cock, shouts of children, the murmur and laugh of the crowd besieged and confused the ear, as the moving, moving of the people and the rout of color mingled to the eye, dissolving impressions as lightly as moments are dissolved.

But for Hetty, looking, all this set no spur to the spirits. She was goading herself to a satisfaction in this chance of events, but it was a frightened satisfaction. Lenny was taking such excellent, gentle, utmost tender care of her. If only he wouldn't bend his head that way when he spoke to her. . . .

"Our old crowd ain't the same with you gone," Lenny said.

Well, we're back now," Hetty reminded him almost shortly.

It ain't the same, though," Lenny said. "The crowd's all breakin' up. I don't s'pose," he added, "you'll ever let me come to see you—now?"

"Sure we will," Hetty said, and stumbled on a hummock and drew away from him and his gentle, awkward "Oop" of rescue. "We're goin' to have the crowd over all the time when we get housekeepin'," she repeated Egby's words to Lulu.

"I didn't say crowd. I said 'me,'" Lenny suggested.

"Sure we'll let you," Hetty repeated lightly. "We'll want you."

Lenny looked out over the sunny field. His face was of the type that in repose takes on pensiveness, idealizing the simple good looks, definitely belying the good-natured commonplace which lies behind.

"Darn everything," he observed.

With a kind of girlish bravado of revenge on Egby and Lulu, Hetty caught him up. "Don't you want to come to our house?"

Lenny turned to her, stooping ever so slightly and briefly to win her look. "You know I do," he said.

Hetty's face crimsoned, her eyes flew afield. There was no mistaking. This was Lenny's old "half makin' fun," half tender look of last year at the fair, of all the time before she had been married. How could he do that now—how *could* he. . . .

She kept silently beside him, trying to understand. What would other women do? Would they answer him, give him back his look—let Lenny in their eyes as—oh, as Egby had let in Lulu Miner? *Was* this the way it was with men and women in the world?

"There ain't nobody like you, Hetty," Lenny said soberly. "I tell you what, when you go away it just about empties out the town for me."

Still she said nothing. But suddenly she felt a kind of homesickness, as definite as when in her little girlhood she had been wont to want her mother; and there came a great sense of unprotection, as if some barrier were gone, and a lonesomeness, as if things that belonged to her had been taken away. Why, she was married—they were married. . . . How could things be like this?

"There," said Lenny, "the machine's over there. You stay right here an' I'll bring it round. Oh, Hetty, this is like comin' to life again!"

Still she said nothing, nor did she look up as he went. She stood still where he left

"WHY, HETTY—DEAR," HE CRIED. "I BEEN LOOKIN' MYSELF CRAZY." SHE PUT HER HAND THROUGH HIS ARM.

her, before the big, shallow Rest Tent, her eyes seeking the throng, the moment resolving itself into one wish, winged and crying: that she could get where Egby was.

The crowd was moving . . . moving. . . . Watching it, a sudden sick distaste swept her. What were they all like, anyway? Had she ever known people as *people?* They had always been going by and going by around her, but had she ever really known much about them? Oh, and *were* they like *this?*

Looking for Egby, she was conscious of those who passed her on the Midway: the monkey-trainer, in short red skirt and huge, white satin slippers and a flopping cloak; three of the women from the Eating Pavilion, recruiting ice-cream from a stall; a family of five, sharing one pop corn bag; two middle-aged men in the special black of best clothes, meeting with a shout, blocking the Midway with their handshake; boys, distributing orange handbills; a woman stopping to tie her husband's necktie and he jerking impatiently free of her hands; an old man in a linen coat and goggles, with a little pail of something which he was taking home; a carpenter from the village carrying his little boy, his brown hand outspread on the child's plaid skirt; grocerymen and merchants from the village, where the stores were closed on "County Day"; Grandma Birch, wearing her huge button picture of Grandpa Birch, who had not spoken to her for five years before he died. (Hetty knew how, on his deathbed, he had in his delirium called her old secret names, but he had died without speaking sanely to her). . . . "Look at this great, big, large, enormous fish *and alive*"—was bawled above the noise. There went the mayor and his wife, elderly, unimpressed: How fine for them to have had all those years together, went unexpectedly through Hetty's head.

Near Hetty, within the shelter of the Rest Tent, a woman was quieting a child, and her husband, warm and panting, had just joined them.

"Tired settin'?" he asked.

"No, I ain't," the woman said shortly. "I'm sick of everything *but* settin'. Bennie's comin' down with somethin' awful—I never see him so ugly."

"Give 'm to me," her husband invited.

"I won't do any such a thing. You always jounce him out of his senses," said the wife.

"Well, come on somewheres. We'll have Bennie home with ma to-morrow," he suggested.

"I'm glad you had sense enough to think of that," his wife said, and rose to follow him.

"Your hat's on a little mite crooked," Hetty heard him say as they passed her.

"It ain't either," said the woman—and then they both laughed, as if at some old household joke of her impatience in like case.

Tom-toms sounded from the Winnebago Indian pen; a little Angora goat, escaped, ran bleating down an aisle swiftly formed for him; the odor of hot meal pancakes

came from the ring-and-cane booth where pancakes were prizes; snatches of talk reached Hetty from two women, sitting in the Rest Tent behind her.

"My feet hurt so I declare I bet they *know* they hurt," said one, "an' yet the minute I get home Jerry'll expect a warm meal."

"Oh, Dode, too," said the other. "Men is men, Mis' Bird. I expect Dode'll want to kill a chicken. That's what he always thinks of when I'm nearest to dead. . . ."

"Jerry manages different," said Mis' Bird. "Just as we're startin' off somewheres he's got somethin' to be mended—hole in his pocket, like enough. . . ."

"——great, big, enormous fish *and alive*," the strident voice went on. . . . "Nannie! Nannie! Queen of the feminine *sect!*" came faint and far.

Suddenly and at first inexplicably a little warm spot glowed in Hetty's consciousness, like a place to sink her thought. 'Somethin' to be mended—" That was making a little spot of remembrance warm. A swift, indeterminate surge of fellowship for the two women swept her; and for that other woman, gone off with Bennie; and for the keeper of Nannie and the husband who forgot his medicine. . . . As abruptly as if a glory from widely-opened doors smote across the fairground, Hetty looked *in* on the life of the crowd: Families: husbands "wantin' warm meals"; wives with tired feet and crooked hats; men saying "darn you" and wives telling on about big horses, jealously serving their husbands' dinners, wearing their button pictures, laughing, companioning, finding "somethin' to be mended"—why, they were all in this together and they all knew what one another knew, and all the Lulu Miners and the Lenny Wests and their eyes and their voices were as far outside *really*, as was last year's fair. And it was true for them all, true for everybody who would have it so, who hung on and hung on to these things, no matter what. . . .

She turned and looked at the two women in the tent.

"Here's an extra box to set on," one of them said to her, hospitably.

"No, thank you," Hetty said. "I—my husband'll be lookin' for me."

Dode's wife nodded. "So'll mine," she said, "an' he don't like to be kep' waitin' much, either."

Hetty smoothed at her pink belt and looked at the women shyly. "Us wives have to toe the mark, don't we?" she said—and looked like a rose.

When she turned, Egby spied her, ran to her. He was alone, and his eyes had been everywhere, seeking her.

"Why, Hetty—dear," he cried, "how did you get lost? I been lookin' myself crazy."

She put her hand through his arm. Lillie Chalmers and "that Mis' Raymer" passing at the moment, Hetty waited in an excess of sudden compassion that they had somehow not "hung on," and she bowed to them in a kind of wistful graciousness.

"Egby," she said, "I'll tell you afterward. An' I saw Lenny West."

"*Him?*" Egby said, stopping short.

"Ugh, yes, Egby—him, an' listen to me—listen. After bein' here an' seein'—everybody—are you just as glad as you can be you married me? No—you needn't to tell me that!" she cried. "I want to tell you. I'm glad. I'm so glad I'm married to you that I want to yell it out loud. Egby—it's a great thing—isn't it—isn't it? Egby! Will you do somethin'?"

He looked down at her. He was bewildered by her tenderness that somehow beat upon him. For a moment they stood still in the dusty open, about them the people moving . . . moving on the fairground and the wide beyond and away to the rim of the world.

"Egby," Hetty said, "you turn back your coat a minute so's I can see that patch I put on your shoulder. That way—so. Now there they come, all of 'em, in Lenny's automobile. Don't let's go in that. You get me some peanuts—and come on up in the grand stand *quick!*"

UNDER THE PROPHET IN UTAH

The National Menace of A Political Priestcraft

By Frank J. Cannon

FORMERLY UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM UTAH

In Collaboration with HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

DRAWINGS BY M. LEONE BRACKER

—Mr. Cannon is telling here the story of a broken covenant—of the violation of the pledges given by the Mormon leaders to the nation. He has already recounted his successful mission to President Cleveland to plead for clemency to his people. He has revealed the secrets of the conclave in which the Mormon Prophets abandoned polygamy by order of "the will of God." He has recited the second solemn pledge given by the Mormon leaders the pledge of non-interference in politics. These two promises were preconditions of obtaining statehood for Utah, and it is their treasonable violation that ex-Senator Cannon is to expose in the chapters that follow. This instalment tells the story of a tragic return to polygamy, and enters upon the formation of that partnership with the predatory "Interests" in Washington by which the treacheries of the Mormon hierarchy are now protected.

CHAPTER VII—THE FIRST BETRAYALS

BEFORE I reached Utah, my friends Ben Rich and James Devine met me, on the train. The news of President Woodruff's "revelation" had percolated through the whole community. The Gentiles were alarmed for themselves. My friends were anxious for me. All the old enmities that had so long divided Utah were arranging themselves for a new conflict. And Rich and Devine had come to urge me to remember a promise given to my supporters that I would hold to my candidacy no matter who should appear in the field against me.

Of my father's stand in the crisis Rich could give me only one indication: after a conference in the offices of the Presidency, Rich had said to President Woodruff: "Then I suppose I may as well close up Frank's rooms at the Templeton"—the hotel in which my friends had opened political headquarters for me—and my father accompanying him to an anteroom, had hinted significantly: "I think you should not close Frank's rooms just yet. He may need them."

Rich brought me word, too, that the Church authorities were expecting to see me; and as soon as I arrived in Salt Lake City, I hastened to the little plastered house in which the Presidency had its offices.

President Woodruff, my father, and Joseph F. Smith were there, in the large room of their official apartments. We withdrew, for private conference, into the small retiring room in which I had consulted with "Brother Joseph Mack" when he was on the underground—in 1888—and had consulted with President Woodruff about his "manifesto," in 1890.

President Woodruff sat at the head of a

bare walnut table in a chair so large that it rather dwarfed him; and he sank down in it, to an attitude of nervous reluctance to speak, occupied with his hands. Smith took his place at the opposite end of the board, with dropped eyes, his chair tilted back, silent, but (as I soon saw) unusually alert and attentive. My father assumed his inevitable composure—firmly and almost unmovingly seated—and looked at me squarely with a not unkind premonition of a smile.

President Woodruff continued silent. Ordinarily, anything that came from the Lord was quite convincing to him and needed no argument (in his mind) to make it convincing to others. I could not suppose that the look of determination on my face troubled him. It was more likely that something unusual in the mental attitudes of his councillors was the cause of his hesitation; and with this suspicion to arouse me I became increasingly aware of two rival watchfulnesses upon me.

"Well?" I said. "What was it you wanted of me?"

Smith looked up at the President. And Smith had always, hitherto, seemed so unseeing of consequences, and therefore unappreciative of means, that his betrayal of interest was indicative of purpose. I thought I could detect, in the communication which his manner made, the plan of my father's ecclesiastical rivals to remove him from the scene of his supreme influence over the President, and the plan of ambitious Church politicians to remove me from their path by the invocation of God's word appointing father to the Senate.

"Frank," the President announced, "it is the will of the Lord that your father should go to the Senate from Utah."

As he hesitated, I said: "Well, President Woodruff?"

He added, with less decision: "And we want you to tell us how to bring it about."

It was evident that getting the revelation was easy to his spiritualized mind, but that fulfilling it was difficult to his unworldliness.

"President Woodruff," I replied, "you have received the revelation on the wrong point. You do not need a voice from heaven to convince any one that my father is worthy to go to the Senate, but you will need a revelation to tell how he is to get there."

He seemed to raise himself to the inspiration of divine authority. "The only difficulty that we have encountered," he said, "is the fact that the legislators are pledged to you. Will you not release them from their promises and tell them to vote for your father?"

"No," I said. "And my father would not permit me to do it, even if I could. He knows that I gave my word of honor to my supporters to stand as a candidate, no matter who might enter against me. He knows that he and I have given our pledges at Washington that political dictation in Utah by the heads of the Mormon Church shall cease. Of all men in Utah *we* cannot be amenable to such dictation. If you can get my supporters away from me—very well. I shall have no personal regrets. But you cannot get me away from my supporters."

This inclusion of my father in my refusal evidently disconcerted President Woodruff; and, as evidently, it had its significance to Joseph F. Smith.

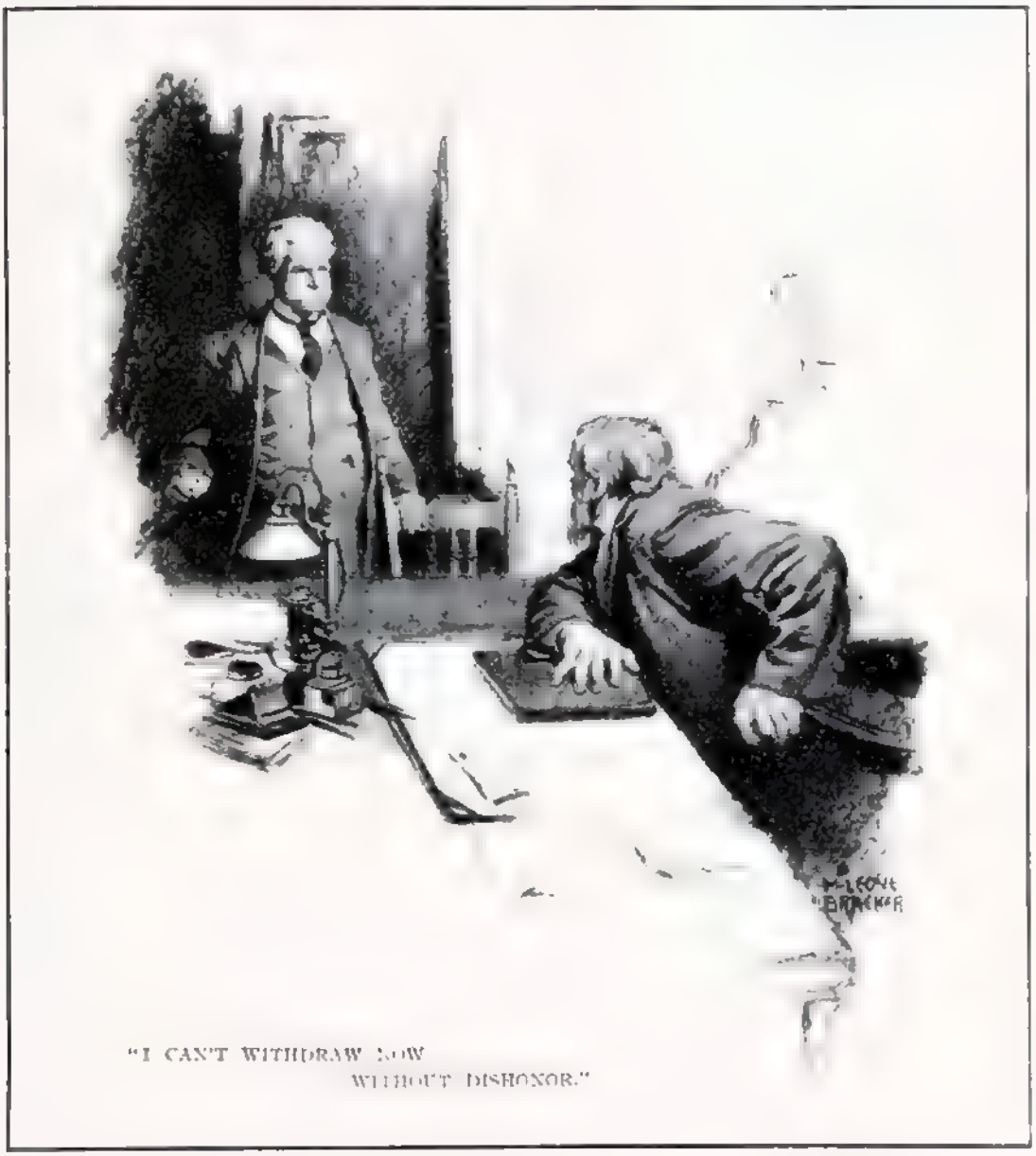
I went on: "Before I was elected to the House of Representatives, I asked my father if he intended to be a candidate for the Senate. I knew that some prominent Gentiles, desiring to curry favor at Church headquarters, had solicited his candidacy. I had been told that General Clarkson and others had assured him by letter that his election would be accepted at Washington, and elsewhere. I discussed the matter with him fully. He agreed with me that his election would be a violation of the understanding with the country; and he declared that he did not care to become again the storm-center of strife to his people, nor did he feel that he could honorably break our covenant to the country. With this clear understanding between us, I made my pledges to men who, in supporting me, cast aside equally advantageous relations which they might have established with another. I can't withdraw now without dishonor."

My father said: "Don't let us have any misunderstanding. As President Woodruff stated the matter to me, I understood that it would be pleasing to the Lord *if* the people desired my election to the Senate and it wouldn't antagonize the country."

"Yes, yes," the President put in. "That's what I mean."

Smith said, rather sourly: "The people are always willing to do what the Lord desires—if no one gives them bad counsel."

Both he and my father emphasized the fact that the business interests of the East were making strong representations to the Presidency in support of my father's election; and I suspected (what I afterward found to be the case) that both Joseph F. Smith and Apostle John Henry Smith were, by this time, in close communication with Republican politicians. There was a calm assumption, everywhere, that the Church had power to decide the election, if it could be induced to act; and this assumption was a deplorable evidence, to me, of the willingness of some of our former allies to drag us swiftly to the shame of a broken covenant, if only *they* could profit in purse or politics by our dishonor. I would not be an agent in any such betrayal, but I had to refuse without offending my father's trust in the divine inspiration of President Woodruff's decision and without aiding the Smiths in their conspiracy.



"I CAN'T WITHDRAW NOW WITHOUT DISHONOR."

Either at this conference or at one of the later ones, two or three apostles came

into the room; and among them was Apostle Brigham Young, son of the Prophet Brigham who had led the Mormons to the Salt Lake Valley. When he understood my refusal to abandon my candidacy, he said angrily: "This is a serious filial disrespect. I know *my* father never would have brooked such treatment from me." And I retorted: "I don't know who invited *you* into this conference, but I deny your right to instruct me in my filial duty. If my father doesn't understand that the senatorship has lost its value for me—that it's a cross now—then my whole lifetime of devotion to him has been in vain."

My father rose and put his arm around my shoulders. "This boy," he said, "is acting honorably. I want him to know—and you to know—that I respect the position he has taken. If he is elected, he shall have my blessing."

That was the only understanding I had with him—but it was enough. I could know that I was not to lose his trust and affection by holding to our obligations of honor; and—an assurance almost as precious—I could know that he would not consciously permit legislators to be crushed by the vengeance of the Church if they refused to yield to its pressure.

A few days after my arrival in Utah, and while this controversy was at its height, my father's birthday was celebrated (January 11, 1896), with all the patriarchal pomp of a Mormon family gathering, in his big country house outside Salt Lake City. All his descendants and collateral relatives were there, as well as the members of the Presidency and many friends. After dinner, the usual exercises of the occasion were held in the large reception hall of the house, with President Woodruff and my father and two or three other Church leaders seated in semi-state at one end of the hall, and the others of the company deferentially withdrawn to face them. Toward the end of the program President Woodruff rose from his easy-chair, and made a sort of informal address of congratulation; and in the course of it, with his hand on my father's shoulder, he said benignly:

"Abraham was the friend of God. He had only one son, on whom all his hopes were set. But the voice of the Lord commanded him to sacrifice Isaac upon an altar; and Abraham trusted the Lord and laid his son upon the altar, in obedience to God's commands. Now here is another servant of the Most High and a friend of God. I refer to President Cannon, whose birthday we are celebrating. He has twenty-one sons; and if it shall be the will of the Lord that he must sacrifice one of them, he ought to be as willing as Abraham was, for he will have twenty left. And the son should be as willing as Isaac. We can all safely trust in the Lord. *He* will require no sacrifice at our hands without purpose."

I remarked to a relative beside me that the altar was evidently ready for me, but that I feared I should have to "get out and rustle my own ram in the thicket." I received no reply. I heard no word of comment from any one upon the President's speech. It was accepted devoutly, with no feeling that he had abused the privileges of a guest. Every one understood (as I did) that President Woodruff was the gentlest of men; that he had often professed and always shown a kindly affection for me; but that, the will of the Lord being now known, he thought I should be *proud* to be sacrificed to it!

Among the legislators pledged to me were Mormon bishops and other ecclesiasts who had promised their constituents to vote for me and who now stood between a betrayal of their people and a rebellion against the power of the hierarchy. I released one of them from his pledge because of his pathetic fear that he would be eternally damned if he did not obey "the will of the Lord." The others went to the Presidency to admit that if they betrayed their people they would have to confess what pressure had been put upon them to force them to the betrayal. I went to notify my father (as I had notified the representatives of every other candidate), that we were going to call a caucus of the Republican majority of the legislature, and later I was advised that President Woodruff and his councillors had appointed a committee to investigate and report to them how many members could be counted upon to support my father's candidacy. The committee (composed of my uncle Angus, my brother Abraham, and Apostle John Henry Smith) brought back word that, even among the men who had professed a willingness to vote for my father, there was great reluctance and apprehension, and that in all probability his election could not be carried. With President

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Woodruff's consent, my father then announced that he was not a candidate. I was nominated by acclamation.

When I called upon my father at the President's offices after the election, he said to me before his colleagues: "I wish to congratulate you on having acted honorably and fearlessly. You have my blessing." He turned to the President. "You see, President Woodruff," he added, "it was not the will of the Lord, after all, since the people did not desire my election!"

I have dwelt so largely upon the religious aspects of this affair because they are as true of the Prophet in politics to-day as they were then. At the time, the personal complication of the situation most distressed me—the fact that I was opposing my father in order to fulfill the word of honor that we had given on behalf of the Mormon leaders. But there was another view of the matter; and it is the one that is most important to the purposes of this narrative.

In the course of the various discussions and conferences upon the senatorship, I learned that the inspiration of the whole attempted betrayal had come from certain Republican politicians and lobbyists (like Colonel Isaac Trumbo) who claimed to represent a political combination of business interests in Washington. Joseph F. Smith admitted as much to me in more than one conversation. (I had offended these interests by opposing a monetary and a tariff bill during my service as delegate in Congress—a matter which I have still to recount.) They had chosen my father and Colonel Trumbo as Utah's two senators. I made it my particular business to see that Trumbo's name was not even mentioned in the caucus. The man selected as the other senator was Arthur Brown,* a prominent Gentile lawyer who was known as a "jack-Mormon" (meaning a Gentile adherent to Church power), although I then believed, and do now, that Judge Charles C. Goodwin was the Gentile most entitled to the place.

I was, however, content with the victory we had won by resisting the influence of the business interests that had been willing to sell our honor for their profit, and I set out for Washington with a determination to continue the resistance. I was in a good position to continue it. The election of two Republican senators from Utah had given the Republicans a scant majority of the members of the Upper House, and the bills that I had fought in the Lower House were now before the Senate.

In the previous December (1895) these bills had been introduced in the House of

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Representatives immediately upon its convening, by the committee on rules, before Speaker Reed had even appointed the general committees. One was a bill to authorize the issuance of interest-bearing securities of the United States at such times and in such sums as the Executive might determine. The other was a general tariff bill that proposed increases upon the then existing Wilson-Gorman bill. The first would put into the hands of the President a power that was not enjoyed by any ruler in Christendom; the second would add to the unfair and discriminatory tariff rates then in force, by making ad valorem increases in them. Many new members of Congress had been elected on the two issues thus created: the arbitrary increase of the bonded indebtedness by President Cleveland to maintain a gold reserve; and the unjust benefits afforded those industries that were least in need of aid, by duties increased in exact proportion to the strength of the industrial combination that was to be protected.

The presentation of the two bills by the Committee on Rules—with a "coacher" to each proposing to prevent amendment and limit discussion—had raised a revolt in the House. A caucus of the insurgent Republican members was held at the Ebbitt Hotel, and I was elected temporary chairman. We appointed a committee to demand from Speaker Reed a division of the questions and time for opposition to be heard. We had seventy-five insurgents when our committee waited on Reed; and most of us were new men, elected to oppose such measures as these bills advocated. He received us with sarcasm, put us off with a promise to consider our demands, and then set his lieutenants at work among us. Under the threat of the Speaker's displeasure if we continued to "insurge" and the promise of his favor if we "got into line," forty-one (I think) of our seventy-five deserted us. We were gloriously beaten in the House on both measures.

Some of the older Republican members of the House came to ask me how I had been "misled"; and they received with the raised eyebrow and the silent shrug my explanation that I had been merely following my convictions and living up to the promises I had made my constituents. I had supposed that I was upholding an orthodox Republican doctrine in helping to defend the country from exploitation by the financial interests, in the matter of the bond issue, and from the greed of the business interests, in the attempt to increase horizontally the tariff rates.

I do not need, in this day of tariff reform agitation, to argue the injustice of the latter measure. But the bond issue—looking back upon it now—seems the more cruelly absurd of the two. Here we were, in times of peace, with ample funds in the national treasury, proposing to permit the unlimited issuance of interest-bearing government bonds in order to procure gold, for the national treasury, out of the hoards of the banks, so that these same banks might be able to obtain the gold again from the treasury in return for paper money. The extent to which this sort of absurdity might be carried would depend solely upon the desire of the confederation of finance to have interest-bearing government bonds on which they might issue national bank notes, since the Executive was apparently willing to yield interminably to their greed, in the belief that he was protecting the public credit by encouraging the financiers to attack that credit with their raids on the government gold reserve. The whole difficulty had arisen, of course, out of the agitation upon the money question. The banks were drawing upon the government gold reserve; and the government was issuing bonds to recover the gold again from the banks.

I had been, for some years, interested in the problem of our monetary system and had studied and discussed it among our Eastern bankers and abroad. The very fact that I was from a "silver state" had put me on my guard, lest a local influence should lead me into economic error. I had grown into the belief that our system was wrong. It seemed to me that some remedy was imperative. I saw in bimetallism a part of the remedy, and I supported bimetallism not as a partisan of free coinage but as an advocate of monetary reform.

The arrival of Utah's two representatives in the Senate (January 27, 1896) gave the bimetallists a majority, and when the bond-issue bill came before us we made it into a bill to permit the free coinage of silver (February 1). A few days later, the Finance Committee turned the tariff bill into a free-coinage bill also. On both measures, five Republican senators voted

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against their party—Henry M. Teller of Colorado, Fred T. Dubois of Idaho, Thomas H. Carter of Montana, Lee Mantle of Montana, and myself. We were subsequently joined by Richard F. Pettigrew, of South Dakota. Within two weeks of my taking the oath in the Senate, we were read out of the party by Republican leaders and Republican organs.

All this happened so swiftly that there was no time for any remonstrances to come to me from Salt Lake City, even if the Church authorities had wished to remonstrate. The fact was that the people of Utah were with us in our insurgency, and when the financial interests subsequently appealed to the hierarchy, they found the Church powerless to aid them in support of a gold platform. But they obtained that aid, at last, in support of a tariff that was as unjust to the people as it was favorable to the trusts, and my continued "insurgency" led me again into a revolt against Church interference.

The thread of connection that ran through these incidents is clear enough to me now: they were all incidents in the progress of a partnership between the Church and the predatory business interests that have since so successfully exploited the country. But, at the time, I saw no such connection clearly. I supposed that the partnership was merely a political friendship between the Smith faction in the Church and the Republican politicians who wished to use the Church; and I had sufficient contempt for the political abilities of the Smiths to regard their conspiracy rather lightly.

Believing still in the good faith of the Mormon people and their real leaders in authority, I introduced a joint resolution in the Senate restoring to the Church its escheated real estate, which was still in the hands of a receiver, although its personal property had been already restored. In conference with Senators Hoar and Allison—of the committee to which the resolution was referred—I urged an unconditional restoration of the property, arguing that to place conditions upon the restoration would be to insult the people who had given so many proofs of their willingness to obey the law and keep their pledges. The property was restored without conditions by a joint resolution that passed the Senate on March 18, 1896, passed the House a week later, and was approved by the President on March 26. The Church was now free of the last measure of proscription. Its people were in the enjoyment of every political liberty of American citizenship; and I joined in the presidential campaign of 1896 with no thought of

any danger threatening us that was not common to the other communities of the country.

But before I continue farther with these political events, I must relate a private incident in the secret betrayal of Utah—an incident that *must* be related, if this narrative is to remain true to the ideals of public duty that have thus far assumed to inspire it—an incident of which a false account was given before a Senate Committee in Washington during the Smoot investigation of 1904, accompanied by a denial of responsibility by Joseph F. Smith, the man whose authority alone encouraged and accomplished the tragedy—for it was a tragedy, as dark in its import to the Mormon community as it was terrible in its immediate consequences to all our family.

By his denial of responsibility and by secret whisper within the Church, Smith has placed the disgrace of the betrayal upon my father, who was guiltless of it, and blackened the memory of my dead brother by a misrepresentation of his motives. I feel that it is incumbent upon me, therefore, at whatever pain to myself, to relate the whole unhappy truth of the affair, as much to defend the memory of the dead as to denounce the betrayal of the living, to expose a public treason against the community not less than to correct a private wrong done to the good name of those whom it is my right to defend.

Late in July, 1896, when I was in New York on business for the Presidency, I received a telegram announcing the death of my brother, Apostle Abraham H. Cannon. We had been companions all our lives; he had been the nearest to me of our family, the dearest of my friends—but even in the first shock of my grief I realized that my father would have a greater stroke of sorrow to bear than I; and in hurrying back to Salt Lake City I nerved myself with the hope that I might console him.

I found him and Joseph F. Smith in the office of the Presidency, sitting at their desks. My father turned as I entered, and his face was unusually pale in spite of its composure; but the moment he recognized me, his expression changed to a look of pain that alarmed me. He rose and put his hand on my shoulder with a tenderness that it was his habit to conceal. "I know how you feel his loss," he said hoarsely, "but when I think what he would have had to pass through if he had lived—I cannot regret his death."

The almost agonized expression of his face, as much as the terrible implication of his words, startled me with I cannot say what horrible fear about my brother. I asked—"Why! Why—what has happened?"

With a sweep of his hand toward Smith at his desk—a gesture and a look the most unkind I ever saw him use—he answered: "A few weeks ago, Abraham took a plural wife, Lillian Hamlin. It became known. He would have had to face a prosecution in court. His death has saved us from a calamity that would have been dreadful for the Church—and for the state."

"Father!" I cried. "Has this thing come back again! And the ink hardly dry on the bill that restored your church property on the pledge of honor that there would never be another case—" I had caught the look on Smith's face, and it was a look of sullen defiance. "How did it happen?"

My father replied: "I know—it's awful. I would have prevented it if I could. I was asked for my consent, and I refused it. President Smith obtained the acquiescence of President Woodruff, on the plea that it wasn't an ordinary case of polygamy but merely a fulfillment of the Biblical instruction that a man should take his dead brother's wife. Lillian was betrothed to David, and had been sealed to him in eternity after his death. I understand that President Woodruff told Abraham he would leave the matter with them if they wished to take the responsibility—and President Smith performed the ceremony."

Smith could hear every word that was said. My father had included him in the conversation, and he was listening. He not only did not deny his guilt; he accepted it in silence, with an expression of sulky disrespect.

He did not deny it later, when the whole community had learned of it. He went with Apostle John Henry Smith to see Mr. P. H. Lannan, proprietor of the Salt Lake *Tribune*, to ask him not to attack the Church for this new and shocking violation of its covenant. Mr. Lannan had been intimately friendly with my brother, and he was distressed between his regard for his dead friend and his obligation to do his public duty. I do not know all that the Smiths said to him; but I know that the conversation assumed that Joseph F. Smith

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had performed the marriage ceremony; I know that neither of the Smiths made any attempt to deny the assumption; and I know that Joseph F. Smith sought to placate Mr. Lannan by promising "it shall not occur again." And this interview was sought by the Smiths, palpably because, wherever the marriage of Abraham H. Cannon and Lillian Hamlin was talked of, Joseph F. Smith was named as the priest who had solemnized the offending relation. If it had not been for Smith's consciousness of his own guilt and his knowledge that the whole community was aware of that guilt, he would never have gone to the *Tribune* office to make such a promise to Mr. Lannan.

All of which did not prevent Joseph F. Smith from testifying—in the Smoot investigation at Washington in 1904—that he did not marry Abraham Cannon and Lillian Hamlin, that he did not have any conversation with my father about the marriage, that he did not know Lillian Hamlin had been betrothed to Abraham's dead brother, that the first time he heard of the charge that he had married them was when he saw it printed in the newspapers.*

If this first polygamous marriage had been the last—if it were an isolated and peculiar incident, as the Smiths then claimed it was and promised it should be—it might be forgiven as generously now as Mr. Lannan then forgave it. But about the same time there became public another case—that of Apostle Teasdale—and, as this narrative shall prove, here was the beginning of a policy of treachery which the present Church leaders, under Joseph F. Smith, have since consistently practiced, in defiance of the laws of the state and the "revelation of God," with lies and evasions, with perjury and its subornation, in violation of the most solemn pledges to the country, and through the agency of a political tyranny that makes serious prosecution impossible and immunity a public boast.

The world understands that polygamy is an enslavement of women. The ecclesiastical authorities in Utah to-day have discovered that it is more powerful as an enslaver of men. Once a man is bound in a polygamous relation, there is no place for him in the civilized world outside of a Mormon community. He must remain there, shielded by the Church, or suffer elsewhere social ostracism and the prosecution of bigamous relations. Since 1890, the date of the manifesto (and it is to the period since 1890 that my criticism solely applies), the polygamist must be abjectly

* See Proceedings before Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections 1904, Vol. I, pages 130, 147, 177, 178.

subservient to the Prophets who protect him; he must obey their orders and do their work, or endure the punishment which they can inflict upon him and his wives and his children. Inveigled into a plural marriage by the authority of a clandestine religious dogma, encouraged by his elders, seduced by the prospect of their favor, and impelled perhaps by a daring impulse to take the covenant and bond that shall swear him into the dangerous fellowship of the lawlessly faithful—he finds himself, at once, a law-breaker who must pay the Church hierarchy for his protection by yielding to them every political right, every personal independence, every freedom of opinion, every liberty of act.

I do not believe that Smith fully foresaw the policy which he has since undoubtedly pursued. I believe now, as I did then, that in betraying my brother into polygamy Smith was actuated by his anger against my father for having inspired the recession from the doctrine; that he desired to impair the success of the recession by having my brother dignify the recrudescence of polygamy by the apostolic sanction of his participation; and that this participation was jealously designed by Smith to avenge himself upon the First Councillor by having the son be one of the first to break the law and violate the covenant. I saw that my brother's death had thwarted the conspiracy. Smith was so obviously frightened—despite his pretense of defiance—that I believed he had learned his needed lesson. And I accepted the incident as a private tragedy on which the final curtain had now fallen.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CHURCH AND THE INTERESTS

MEANWHILE I had been taking part in the Presidential campaign of 1896, and I had been one of the four "insurgent" Republican senators (Teller of Colorado, Dubois of Idaho, Pettigrew of South Dakota, and myself) who withdrew from the national Republican convention at St. Louis, in fulfillment of our obligations to our constituents, when we found that the convention was dominated by that confederation of finance in politics which has since come to be called "the System." I was a member of the committee on resolutions, and our actions in the committee had indicated that we would probably withdraw from the convention if it adopted the single gold platform as dictated by Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, acting for a group of Republican leaders headed by Platt, of New York, and Aldrich, of Rhode Island.

At the most critical point of our controversy I received a message from Church headquarters warning me that "we" had made powerful friends among the leading men of the nation and that we ought not to jeopardize their friendship by an inconsiderate insurgency. Accordingly, in bolting the convention, I was guilty of a new defiance of ecclesiastical authority and a new provocation of ecclesiastical vengeance.

President Woodruff spoke to me of the matter after I returned to Utah, and I explained to him that I thought the Republican party, under the leadership of Mark Hanna and the flag of the "interests," had forgotten its duty to the people of the nation. I argued, to the President, that of all people in the world we, who had suffered so much ourselves, were most bound to bow to no unfairness ourselves and to oppose the imposition of unfairness upon others. And I talked in this strain to him not because I wished his approval of my action, but because I wished to fortify him against the approach of the emissaries of the new Republicanism, who were sure to come to him to seek the support of the Church in the campaign.

Some days later, while I was talking with my father in the offices of the Presidency, the secretary ushered in Senator Redfield Proctor, of Vermont. I withdrew, understanding that he wished to speak in private with President Woodruff and his councillors. But I learned subsequently that he had come to Salt Lake to persuade the leaders of the Church to use their power in favor of the Republican party throughout the inter-mountain states.

Senator Proctor asked me personally what chance I thought the party had in the West. I pointed out that the Republican platform of 1892 had reproached Grover Cleveland for his antagonism to bimetallism—"a doctrine favored by the American people from tradition and interest," to quote the language of that platform—and the Republicans of the inter-mountain states still held true to the doctrine. It had been repudiated by the St. Louis plat-

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form of June, 1896, and the inter-mountain states would probably refuse their electoral votes to the Republican party because of the repudiation.

Senator Proctor thought that the leaders of the Church were powerful enough to control the votes of their followers; and he argued that gratitude to the Republican party for freeing Utah ought to be stronger than the opinions of the people on a merely economic question

I reminded him that one of our covenants had been that the Church was to refrain from dictating to its followers in politics; that we had been steadily growing away from the absolutism of earlier times; and that for the sake of the peace and progress of Utah I hoped that the leaders would keep their hands off. I did not, of course, convince him. Nor was it necessary. I was sure that no power that the Church would dare to use would be sufficient at this time to influence the people against their convictions.

Joseph F. Smith, soon afterward, notified me that there was to be a meeting of the Church authorities in the Temple, and he asked me to attend it. Since I had never before been invited to one of these conferences in the "holy of holies," I inquired the purpose of the conclave. He replied that they desired to consider the situation in which our people had been placed by my action in the St. Louis convention, and to discuss the perceptible trend of public opinion in the state. I saw, then, that Senator Proctor's visit had not been without avail.

On the appointed afternoon, I went to the sacred inner room of the Temple, where the members of the Presidency and several of the apostles were waiting. I shall not describe the room nor any of the religious ceremonies with which the conference was opened. I shall confine myself to the discussion—which was begun mildly by President Woodruff and Lorenzo Snow, then president of the quorum of apostles.

To my great surprise, Joseph F. Smith made a violent Republican speech, declaring that I had humiliated the Church and alienated its political friends by withdrawing from the St. Louis convention. He was followed by Heber J. Grant, an apostle, who had always posed as a Democrat; and he was as Republican and denunciatory as Smith had been. He declaimed against our alienation of the great business interests of the country, whose friendship he and other prominent Mormons had done so much to cultivate, and from whom we might now procure such advantageous cooperation if we stood by them in politics

President Woodruff tried to defend me

by saying that he was sure I had acted conscientiously; but by this time I desired no intervention of prophetic mercy and no mitigation of judgment that might come of such intervention. As soon as the President announced that they were prepared to hear from me, I rose and walked to the farther side of the solemn chamber, withdrawn from the assembled Prophets and confronting them.

Having first disavowed any recognition of their right as an ecclesiastical body to direct me in my political actions, I rehearsed the events of the two campaigns in which I had been elected on pledges that I had fulfilled by my course in Congress, in the Senate, and finally in the St. Louis convention. That course had been approved by the people. They had trusted me to carry out the policies on which they had elected me to Congress. They had reiterated the trust by electing me to the Senate after I had revolted against the Republican bond and tariff measures in the lower House. I could not and would not violate their trust now. And there was no authority on earth which I would recognize as empowered to come between the people's will and the people's elected servants.

The Prophets received this defiance in silence. Their expressions implied condemnation, but none was spoken—at least not while I was there. President Woodruff indicated that the conference was at an end, so far as I was concerned; and I withdrew. Some attempts were subsequently made to influence the people during the campaign, but in a half-hearted way, and vainly. The Democrats carried Utah overwhelmingly; only three Republican members of the legislature were elected out of sixty-three.

It was this conference in the Temple which gave me my first realization that most of the Prophets had not, and never would have, any feeling of citizenship in state or nation; that they considered, and would continue to consider, every public issue solely in its possible effect upon the fortunes of their Church. My father alone seemed to have a larger view; but he was a statesman of full worldly knowledge; and his experience in Congress, during a part of the "reconstruction period" and throughout the Tilden-Hayes controversy, had taught him how effectively the national power could assert itself. The others, blind to such dangers, seemed to feel that under Utah's sovereignty the literal "kingdom of God" (as they regard their Church) was to exercise an undisputed authority.

Unable, myself, to take their viewpoint, I was conscious of a sense of transgression against the orthodoxy of their religion. I was aware, for the first time, that, in gaining the fraternity of American citizenship, I had in some way lost the fraternity of the faith in which I had been reared. I accepted this as a necessary consequence of our new freedom—a freedom that left us less close and unyielding in our religious loyalty by withdrawing the pressure that had produced our compactness. And I hoped that, in time, the Prophets themselves—or, at least, their successors—would grow into a more liberal sense of citizenship as their people grew. I knew that our progress must be a process of evolution. I was content to wait upon the slow amendments of time.

My hope carried me through the disheartening incidents of the senatorial campaign for the election of Arthur Brown's successor—a campaign in which the power of the hierarchy was used publicly to defeat the deposed apostle, Moses Thatcher, in his second candidacy for the United States Senate. But the Church only succeeded in defeating him by throwing its influence to Joseph L. Rawlins, whom the Prophets loved as little as they loved Thatcher; and I felt that in Rawlins's election the state at least gained a representative who was worthy of it.

What was quite as sinister a use of Church influence occurred among the Mormons of Idaho, where I went to help Senator Fred T. Dubois in his campaign; and for the use of this influence Joseph F. Smith admitted his responsibility, when I protested to the Presidency against it.

I left for Washington, soon after, with an unhappy apprehension that there were evil influences at work in Utah which might prove powerful enough to involve the whole community in the worst miseries of reaction. I saw those influences embodied in Joseph F. Smith; and because he was explosive where others were reflective, he had now more influence than previously—there being no longer any set resistance to him. The reverence of the Mormon people for the name of Smith was (as it had always been) his chief asset of popularity. He

RESIDENCE OF JOSEPH F. SMITH

WHERE A FIFTH WIFE LIVES

had a superlative physical impressiveness and a passion that seemed to take the place of magnetism in public address. But he never said anything memorable; he never showed any compelling ability of mind; he had a personal cunning without any large intelligence; and he was so many removes from the First Presidency that it seemed unlikely he would soon attain to that position of which the power is so great that it only makes the blundering more dangerous than the astute.

I was going to Washington, before Congress reconvened, to confer with Senator Redfield Proctor. He wished to see me about the new protective tariff bill that was proposed by the Republican leaders. I wished to ask him not to use his political influence in Idaho against Senator Fred T. Dubois, who had been Senator Proctor's political protégé. I knew that Senator Proctor had once been given a semi-official promise that the Mormon Church leaders would not interfere in Idaho against Dubois. I wished to tell Proctor that this promise was not being kept, and to plead with him to give Dubois fair play although I knew that Senator Dubois's "insurgency" had offended Senator Proctor.

He received me, in his home in Washington, with an almost paternal kindliness that became sometimes more dictatorial than persuasive—as the manner of an older senator is so apt to be when he wishes to correct the independence of a younger colleague. He explained that the House was Republican by a considerable majority; a good protective tariff bill would come from that body; and a careful canvass of the Senate had proved that the bill would pass there, if I would vote for it. "We have within one vote of a majority," he said. "As you're a devoted protectionist in your views—as your state is for protection—as your father and your people feel grateful to the Republican party for leading you out of the wilderness—I have felt that it was proper to appeal to you and learn your views definitely. If you'll pledge your support to the bill, we shall not look elsewhere for a vote—but it's essential that we should be secure of a majority."

I replied that I could not promise to vote for the measure until I should see it. It was true that I had been a devoted advocate of protection and still believed in the principle; but I had learned something of the way in which tariff bills were framed, and something of the influences that controlled the party councils in support of them. I could not be sure that the new measure would be any more just than the original Dingley bill, which I had helped to defeat in the Senate; and the way in which

that bill had been driven through the House was a sufficient warning to me not to harness myself in a pledge that might be misused in legislation.

Senator Proctor did me the honor to say that he did not suppose any improper suggestion of personal advantage could influence me, and he hoped I knew him too well to suppose that he would use such an argument. "But," he added, "anything that it's within the 'political' power of the party to bestow, you may expect; I'm authorized to say that we will take care of you."

As I still refused to bind myself blindly, he said, with regret: "We had great hopes of you. It seems that we must look elsewhere. I will leave the question open. If you conclude to assure us of your vote for the bill, I shall see that you are restored to a place in Republican councils. If I do not hear anything from you, it will be necessary to address ourselves to one or two other senators who are probably available."

It is, of course, a doctrine of present-day Republicanism that the will of the majority must rule within the party. An insurgent is therefore an apostate. The decision of the caucus is the infallible declaration of the creed. In setting myself up as a judge of what it was right for me to do, as the sworn representative of the people who had elected me, I was offending against party orthodoxy, as that orthodoxy was then, and is now, enforced in Washington.

I was given an opportunity to return to conformity. I was sent a written invitation to attend the caucus of Republican senators after the assembling of Congress; and, with the other "insurgents," I ignored the invitation. It was finally decided by the party leaders to let the tariff bill rest until after the inauguration of the President-elect, William McKinley, with the understanding that he would call a special session to consider it; and, in the interval, the Republican machine, under Mark Hanna, was set to work to produce a Republican majority in the Senate.

Hanna was elected senator, at this time, to succeed John Sherman, who had been removed to the office of Secretary of State, in order to make a seat for Hanna. The Republican majority was produced. (Senator Dubois had been defeated.) And when the special session was called, in the spring of 1897, my vote was no longer so urgently needed. I was invited to a Republican caucus, but I was unwilling to return to political affiliations which I might have to renounce again; for I saw the power of the business interests in dictating the policy of the party and I did not propose to bow to that dictation.

When the tariff bill came before the Senate, I could not in conscience support it. The beneficiaries of the bill seemed to be dictating their own schedules, and this was notably the case with the sugar trust, which had obtained a differential between raw and refined sugar several times greater than the entire cost of refining. I denounced the injustice of the sugar schedule particularly. A Mr. Oxnard came to remonstrate with me on behalf of the beet-sugar industry of the West. "You know," he said, "what a hard time we're having with our sugar companies. Unless this schedule's adopted I greatly fear for our future."

I replied that I was not opposing any protection of the struggling industries of the country or of the sugar growers, but I was set against the extortionate differential that the sugar trust was demanding. Everybody knew that the trust had built its tremendous industrial power upon such criminally high protection as this differential afforded, and that its power now affected public councils, obtained improper favors, and terrorized the small competing beet-sugar companies of the West. I argued that it was time to rally for the protection of the people as well as of the beet-sugar industry.

He predicted that if the differential was reduced, the protection on beet sugar would fail. I laughed at him. "You don't know the temper of the Senate," I said. "Why, even some of the Democrats are in favor of protecting the beet-sugar industry. That part of the bill is safe, whatever happens to the rest."

"Senator Cannon," he replied, with all the scorn of superior knowledge, "you're somewhat new to this matter. Permit me to inform you that if we don't do *our* part in supporting the sugar schedule, including the differential, the friends of the schedule in the Senate will prevent us from obtaining *our* protection."

"That," I retorted angrily, "is equivalent to saying that the sugar trust is writing the sugar schedule. I can't listen with patience to any such insult. The Senate of the United States cannot be dictated to,

in a matter of such importance, by the trust. I will not vote for the differential. I will continue to oppose it to the end. If you're right—if the trust has such power—better that our struggling sugar industry should perish so that we may arouse the

financial affairs. I [illegible] the lobby of the Plaza Hotel [illegible] night. I was [illegible] by Thomas R. Cutler, manager of the [illegible] Sugar Company, who was [illegible] bishop of the Mormon Church, and he asked, almost

THE PONTIFFS HAVE BECOME KINGS OF A CIVIL GOVERNMENT INSTEAD OF PRIMATES OF A RELIGIOUS FAITH

people to the iniquitous manipulation that destroyed it."

I continued to oppose the schedule. Soon after, I received a message from the Church authorities asking me to go to New York to attend to some of their

at once, how the tariff bill was progressing at Washington.

I had known Bishop Cutler for years. I knew that he had labored with extraordinary zeal and intelligence to establish the sugar industry in Utah. I understood

that he had risked his own property, unselfishly, to save the enterprise when it was in peril. And I had every reason to expect that he would be as indignant as I was at the proposal to use the support of the beet-sugar states in behalf of their old tyrant.

I told him of my conversation with Oxnard. "I'm glad," I said, "that we're independent enough to refuse such an alliance with the men who are robbing the country."

A peculiar, pale smile curled Bishop Cutler's thin lips. "Well, Frank," he replied, "that's just what I want to see you about. 'We'—with the intonation that is used among prominent Mormons when the "we" are voicing the conclusions of the hierarchy—"wouldn't like to do anything to hurt the sugar interests of the country. I've looked into this differential, and I don't see that it is particularly exorbitant. As a matter of fact, the American Sugar Refining Company is doing all it can to help us get our needed protection, and we have promised to do what we can for *it*, in return. I hope you can see your way clear to vote for the bill. I know that the brethren" meaning the Church authorities—"will not approve of your opposition to it."

I understood what his quiet warning meant, and when we had parted I went to my room to face the situation. Already I had been told, by a representative of the Union Pacific Railway, that the company intended to make Utah the legal home of the corporation, and to enter into a close affiliation with the prominent men of the Church. I had been asked to participate, and I had refused because I did not feel free, as a senator, to become interested in a company whose relations with the government were of such a character. But I had not foreseen what this affiliation meant. Bishop Cutler's warning opened my eyes. The Church was protecting itself, in its commercial undertakings, by an alliance with the strongest and most unscrupulous of the national enemies.

I saw that this was natural. The Mormon leaders had been for years struggling to save their community from poverty. Proscribed by the federal laws, their home industries suffering for want of finances, fighting against the allied influences of business in politics, these leaders had been taught to feel a fearful respect for the power that had oppressed them. They were now being offered the aid and countenance of their old opponents. Our community was to advance to prosperity along the easy road of association with the most influential interests of the country.

I remembered the long, hard struggle of our people. I remembered the days and nights of anxiety that I myself had known when we were friendless and proscribed. Here was an open door for us, now, to power and wealth and all the comfort and consideration that would come of these. Other men better than I in personal character, more experienced in legislation than I, and wiser by natural gift, were willing to vote for the bill; and Bishop Cutler, a man whom I had always esteemed, the representative of the men whom I most revered, had urged me to support the bill, under suggestion of their anger if I refused.

I saw why the "interests" were eager to have our friendship; we could give them more than any other community of our size in the whole country. In the final analysis, the laws of our state and the administration of its government would be in the hands of the Church authorities. Moses Thatcher might lead a rebellion for a time, but it would be brief. Brigham H. Roberts might avow his independence in some wonderful burst of campaign oratory, but he would be forced to fast and pray and see visions until he yielded. I might rebel and be successful for a moment, but the inexorable power of Church control would crush me at last. Yet, if I surrendered in this matter of the tariff, I should be doing exactly what I had criticised so many of my colleagues for doing—for more than one man in the House and the Senate had given me the specious excuse that it was necessary to go against his conscience, here, in order to hold his influence and his power to do good in other instances.

I did not sleep that night. On the day following, I transacted the financial affairs that I had been asked to undertake, and then I returned to Washington. My wife met me at the railway station, and—if you will bear with the intimacy of such psychology—the moment I saw her I knew how I would vote. I knew that neither the plea of community ambition, nor the equally invalid argument of an industrial need at home, nor the financial jeopardy of my friends who had invested in our home industries, nor the fear of Church antagonism, could justify me in what would be, for

me, an act of perfidy. When I had taken my oath of office, I had pledged myself, in the memory of old days of injustice, never to vote as a senator for an act of injustice. The test had come.

When the tariff bill came to its final vote in the Senate, I had the unhappy distinction of being the only Republican senator who voted against it. A useless sacrifice! And yet if it had been my one act of public life, I should still be glad of it. The "interests" that forced the passage of that bill are those that have since exploited the country so shamefully. It is their control of Republican party councils that has since caused the loss of popular faith in Republicanism and the split in the party which threatens to disrupt it. It is their control of politics in Utah that has destroyed the whole value of the Mormon experiment in communism and made the Mormon Church an instrument of political oppression for commercial gain. They are the most dangerous domestic enemy that the nation has known since the close of the Civil War. My opposition was as doomed as such single independence must always be—but at least it was an opposition. There is a consolation in having been right, though you may have been futile!

My father, visiting Washington soon afterward, took occasion to criticise my vote publicly, in a newspaper interview; but he was content, by that criticism, to clear himself and his colleagues of any responsibility for my act. "You made a great mistake," he told me privately. "You are alienating the friends who have done so much for us."

Many reports soon reached me of attacks that were being made upon me by the ecclesiastical authorities, particularly by Joseph F. Smith and Apostle Heber J. Grant. The formal criticism passed upon me by my father was magnified to make my tariff vote appear an inexcusable party and community defection. A vigorous and determined opposition was raised against me. And in this, Smith and his followers were aided by the perfect system of Church control in Utah—a system of complete ecclesiastical tyranny under the guise of democracy.

Practically every Mormon man is in the priesthood. Nearly every Mormon man has some concrete authority to exercise in addition to holding his ordination as an elder. Obedience to his superiors is essential to his ambition to rise to higher dignity in the Church; and obedience to his superiors is necessary in order to attract obedience to himself from his subordinates. There can be no lay jealousy of priestly interference in politics, because there are no laymen in the proper sense of the word. A man's worldly success in life is largely involved in his success as a churchman, since the Church commands the opportunities of enterprise and the leaders of the Church are the state's most powerful men of affairs. It is not uncommon, in any of our American communities, for men to use their Church membership to support their business; but in Utah the Mormons practically *must* do so, and even the Gentiles find it wise to be subservient.

Add to this temporal power of the Church, the fact that it was establishing a policy of seeking material success for its people, and you have the explanation of its eagerness to accept an alliance with the "interests" and of its hostility to any one who opposed that alliance. The Mormons, dispossessed of their means by the migration from Illinois, had been taught the difficulty of obtaining wealth and the value of it when once obtained. They fancied themselves set apart, in the mountains, by the world's exclusion. They were ambitious to make themselves as financially powerful in proportion to their numbers as the Jews were; and it was a common argument among them that the world's respect had turned to the Jews because of the dependence of Christian governments upon the Jewish financiers.

The exploitation of this solid mass of industry and thrift could not long be obscured from the eyes of the East. The honest desire of the Mormon leaders to benefit their people by an alliance with financial power made them the easy victims of such an alliance. With the death of the older men of the hierarchy, the Church administration lost its tradition of religious leadership for the good of the community solely, and the new leaders became eager for financial aggrandizement for the sake of power. Like every other church that has added a temporal scepter to its spiritual authority, its pontiffs have become kings of a civil government instead of primates of a religious faith.

The Next Instalment of **"Under the Prophet in Utah"** will appear in the April Number

THE COG

by

James Oppenheim

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DRAWINGS BY WARRANT PRYOR
PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. M. VAN DER WEYDE

MOLLY, with her hand on the door knob, turned to the two children in the kitchen. Her voice was tender and full of pain.

"Won't you be still, children? Children, won't you?"

Then she softly opened the door and stepped noiselessly into the twilight room. Her husband lay asleep on the bed, stretched flat and fully dressed. She leaned over the breathing, living bulk of man, and brought her tender face close to his hot, fevered cheeks and his rough gray hair. In the darkness he seemed so near, and so far—so real and so unsubstantial. It was at that moment of dusk when people draw close to one another.

Molly hesitated. She wanted to pray, and had forgotten how. She looked about the room as if she expected to see some great Power and couldn't find it. She could only say awkwardly:

"Please—please spare him—and me. I can't lose him. I can't—I can't."

And then she murmured to herself, all bitterly and brokenly: "I've lost him already."

She felt swiftly over his soft, warm cotton shirt for his hand; it was as if she were trying to take hold of him and keep him; and then a tear slid down to her chin and fell and touched the hot, fevered cheek.

The man stirred uncomfortably. "You, Moll?" His voice was thick and husky.

"Richard!" she cried.

She suddenly pushed her arm behind the pillow and drew his head up and kissed him passionately.

"Say you love me," she whispered.

There was a deep silence.

"Richard!"

He did not answer.

"*Richard!*"

And then he suddenly pushed her off, struggled, and sat up. She sank back on her knees, gasping, sobbing, her mind a little wild.

"Love!" he muttered. "You've let me oversleep." He leaned close, menacingly. "*You've let me oversleep!*"

He gripped her arm hard and looked into her face.

"Answer me this!"

"Yes," she said, in a colorless voice.

"It's time to go to work, ain't it so?"

She said nothing.

"Damn you—it's time to go to work, ain't it so?"

"Yes, Dick," she murmured, "it's time to go to work. But you're not fit——"

He tumbled out of bed, stood up, and then, as he was very sick and felt dizzy, he held on to the bedpost. But he spoke in a blaze of anger:

MOLLY

"And you know we're piling up a tonnage record, and you know the blooming-mill depends on me, and you know I'll be fired if I don't mark time"—his voice put on a cutting edge—"and you come babying around—say I love you—shucks! Get me my supper and be quick about it!"

He added something under his breath as he went reeling into the kitchen. The two children, Nellie and Bob, playing in a corner, stopped when they saw him and slid out the back door into the evening.

"You better get out," he muttered.

Then he sank all in a lump in a kitchen chair and leaned his head on the oilcloth covered table. His fingers ran through his rough gray hair; and his lean face, with its burning blue eyes and knotty, flushed cheeks, and big lips, was half shadowy, half starting out in the gaslight above him. Behind him the shiny black stove was breathing up heat about a sputtering coffeepot and a pan of potatoes. There were chairs and a cupboard, two windows and a door—a neat, compact room.

Molly came in quietly, her face very pale. She poured off a cup of coffee, lightened it with milk, and set it before him. Then she hesitatingly pushed some potato slices on a plate and set it beside the coffee. He roughly pushed the plate aside.

"Take it away—fool!"

She took it away quickly.

Get me the steak!"

She suddenly wheeled [illegible] and spoke quietly: "Say *please*."

He looked up at the white face a moment, and laughed harshly. "Getting notio[illegible] eh? Well, here goes!" And he began s[illegible]ping the coffee slowly.

She stood silent, and then she drew up a chair and sat at the table beside him. She made up her mind then to keep him from the mill at any cost. She spoke quietly: "You're sick; you're not going to work to-night."

"Who's going to stop me?"

"*I!*"

He gave her a quick glance. "You, eh?"

She leaned toward him, and lowered her voice. "I've been silent years—now I'm going to speak."

He clenched his fists, and loosed his quick temper again. "Shut up! My God, you woman ——"

Then she broke in with a sharp cry: "See! See! *What an animal you're getting to be!*"

He looked at her quickly then, and saw the fire in her clear gray eyes. "Animal?"

RICHARD, YOU'VE LOST YOUR SOUL. YOU CAN'T LOVE ANY MORE, AND YOU DON'T LIVE. YOU'RE A COG."

"Yes," she whispered tensely, "you're not a man any more."

He began sipping the coffee again. In the thick, warm silence they heard the children laughing as they ran after each other.

"Richard," said Molly softly, "you're not even a decent father any more."

He sipped again at the coffee.

"And you think," she went on, "that a woman can stand for anything. She can't —she won't! Go any farther" she paused and spaced the words—"go—any—farther — and I'll leave you."

He went on sipping coffee, and then suddenly he took a deep breath, expanding his chest, and rested his head in his hand.

"Who does the work, eh?"

"I guess I do as much as you," said Molly.

"Well," he muttered sullenly, "who brings in the money?"

"You do."

"How much a week?"

LABORERS HOVERED ABOUT AND AS THE BLAZING INGOT PASSED THEIR FACES AND FORMS CAME AND WENT SHARP AND SHADOWY

"Thirty-five dollars a week."

"Well," he muttered, "what more do you want?"

She gave a strange, short laugh, and looked down at the floor. "It might do for a man," she breathed, "but not for a woman, and you know it."

"Know what?"

"Oh—nothing!"

He began sipping his coffee again. And then her heart seemed to crack open, and the terrible pang shot through her throat and to her lips and she cried: "Richard—you don't love me! You don't love me any more!"

His mouth opened to speak, but he said nothing. He looked at her with a tragic sullenness, a bitter defiance.

"Richard," she cried again, "your work's come between us. You—a man of thirty-five—your hair's *gray!*"

He started to speak again, but said nothing. She leaned closer, and spoke her heart out, the words lashing him.

"The steel mill's killing you. It's the twelve-hour day. Twelve hours a day for a whole week—and then twelve hours for seven nights. Seven nights you don't sleep with me. I never see you more than an hour at a time, and then you're dead tired." She raised her voice to a quivering cry: "It'd been better if we'd 'a' been found dead in each other's arms the night after we married, when we knew there was a God in this world! Our children were *damned*, not born!"

The door opened softly then, and a little, thin girl, with tossing brown curls, ran in to her mother. "Mugger! Mugger!"

The mother drew the little one close and patted a cheek, and spoke in a low, dry voice: "Yes, Nellie."

"Mugger—come out and see what we got!"

"I can't now—*please*, Nellie, run along!"

"But, Mugger——"

"Run along! Please, *please!*"

The little girl went out slowly, stilling quick, tiny sobs.

Molly turned a face infinitely sad upon her husband, and spoke in a voice tender with pain: "This isn't a home for our children. It's no home where the man only eats and sleeps,

THE MILLS GLOWING THROUGH THEIR WINDOWS LIKE FURNACES LAY ALL AROUND

and the woman drudges all day. Don't you understand, Dick? We have no time for any pleasures—and you're too tired to even read any more—and you haven't time to have friends in the house, or call and see people—and you're not any father. And what have the children got? This mill town—soot, smoke, noise, not a patch of green, not a clear sky, not a place to play—and all the ragged children here. Oh," she paused, clenched her fists, and half closed her eyes, "when I think it's our children going to waste like this—and they so full of things that might be turned to good—and something so sweet in them——"

She stopped, staring into a terrible future.

"It's all the twelve-hour day," she muttered. "It makes the men cogs in the mills—no more. That's what you are. You're not a man; you're a cog."

He cleared his throat; he shuffled his feet; he drew a little nearer, and at last his voice rose, trembling: "Anything else, eh?"

She looked suddenly straight in his eyes, and kept his gaze. Then she spoke in a voice that had lightning in it—that seemed to stab through him like a long needle.

"Yes—you and I have lived as if there weren't any God, and you've lost your soul, Richard, you've lost your soul. You can't love any more, and you don't live. You're a cog."

His face struggled violently, he opened and closed his mouth. Then he half closed his eyes and snarled: "Now, you've spoke—and what are we going to *do*, eh?"

She spoke intensely: "*Strike!*"

"Strike, eh?" He smote the table with his fist. "Didn't we strike here in Homestead in '92, and wasn't our union busted up good and thorough? And ain't they spies all through the mills, and it's worth a man's job to open his mouth or make a kick? And don't they own us on election day and it's vote with the bosses or quit? Talk's cheap!"—he snapped his fingers. "But let me tell you. I hold down a thirty-five a week job, and I couldn't earn half that elsewhere. I'm stuck. *They've got me—they've got me for life.* We have a few hun-

dred in the back, eh? But how long would that last? Do you want me to get a job at ten or twelve per, and live like a Hunk? A cog, eh? Well, what should I do?"

He arose, one hand pressed on the table. And then the clock slowly struck five

He staggered across the room, picked his hat and coat from a wall-hook, and put them on. Molly leaped up with a low cry, rushed to the door, and stood with an arm across it. Her face was white with agony.

"You're not going," she murmured breathlessly.

"Not?"

He advanced toward her.

"Dick," she cried, "you're not going!"

He seized her two arms and pushed her aside, opened the door, and stepped out. She gave a wild cry, that called the children home, as he slammed the door and reeled down the street.

The evening was chilly, making him shiver, and in the smoky air street-lamps burned dimly about him. He turned the corner and walked down a street. On one side, at the end of the street, stood the black wall of the mill grounds, on the other the smoke-blackened mill houses, each set in a cinder-dead soil that never bloomed.

Richard felt sick, utterly sick. He reeled through the smoky air, turned a corner before the library, and crossed a bridge into the mill grounds. Many other men were hurrying with him. As they went on, suddenly their grim faces were splashed by far fires and strange lights. They began stepping over intricate tangles of railway tracks in the yards, and all the time their faces shone brighter. Yet not a man of them took any interest, though all about them was one of the sublime scenes of America.

They did not seem to see the shining tracks, the glistening red and green lanterns, the mills glowing through their windows like buildings eaten with fire, the tongues of flames through the roofs, the vast swirls of blaze and red-shuddering smoke clouds, and the thousand chimney pipes looking through the changing lights. Through all this, among the buildings, over the rails, in the thick of a roar of machinery, a thunder and thirr and crash of tools, a confusion of yard-engines, shrieking up and down with little flat-cars, a hurry of lanterns—through it all, the men moved silently, dully, lit on every side, their black, greasy overalls glistening as they moved.

Richard entered a large, square building where the sloping, many-beamed roof was in huge shadows. Set in the solid masonry of the floor were steel trapdoors. A man, grasping a lever, stood in front of one of these, just as an overhead crane, like a bridge running down the room, came whizzing along. From the crane hung suspended a huge steel hand. It stopped above the man; he at once pulled the lever, and the trapdoor at his feet opened like a huge mouth, revealing the "soaking pit." This was a well of fire—white-hot—intolerable to the eye. Nor could the flesh come near it. But the huge steel hand never faltered. It reached down into the very hell of fire, and slowly drew out a dazzling, sizzling, white-hot, ten-ton ingot of steel. This it bore down the room and shoved on to steel rollers that ran off into the adjoining room.

Richard entered this next room. At his side the rollers, one next to the other in a long path, were turning, and the ingot slid over them, and made straight for a huge "clothes wringer" that stood in its path. Suddenly it hit this steel-wringer with a loud "spla!"—there was a shower of sparks, and it went through with a wild "klong-a-a-l"—like the howl of a hungry lioness. The great wringer pressed the steel out, but no sooner had it emerged on the other side, longer and flatter, than it was shot back, and so, back and forth, until it was thinned into a long, wide ribbon of steel, and was rolled away to the next room to be cooled and sheared.

Laborers hovered about the immense and intricate wringer, and as the blazing ingot passed their faces and forms came and went sharp and shadowy. Two men stood at opposite sides on a little platform above the "wringer," each with his hand on a lever. One controlled the direction of the rolls, the other the force of the pressure. Richard relieved the man at the pressure-lever, and at once his work began.

It was one of the most terrible nights of his life. He was sick; he could hardly hold his head straight; and yet he had to have a clear eye, a steady hand, and infinite patience. His gaze never left the hurrying ingot, and he had to gauge its thickness and what it would stand. Each time it drew near, it shot over him a consuming heat that burnt and smothered and made the flesh tingle intolerably. Ordinarily he would not have felt this, but to-night he was sick. The

glare, too, hurt his eyes, and the steel lever got hot under his gloves.

There was no breathing spell. Ingot followed ingot without pause. He pulled the lever, and then, with the wild "klong-a-a-l," a shower of sparks, a smell of powder, the ingot was squeezed. The speed was terrific and grew worse, for the little foreman had given out the impression that his men must pile up a record and beat the output of the other mills. And the responsibility was what made a man old—for if anything went wrong, if an ingot was spoiled or the mill stopped, the money loss to the workers, as well as to the mill, was very large, for the men were paid by the ton.

Hour followed hour, and Richard pressed the lever down or pulled it up, his face twisted with the torture of the toil, every nerve, every muscle strained and alert and in action. His head now and then went dizzy and his face paled. Whenever he winked he saw a red ingot sliding back and forth. And worst of all, his heart was in wild and new revolt. He heard the cry of his wife [illegible] his baby [illegible] going [illegible] slow that [illegible] Yes, [illegible] it did, [illegible] wanted on it, pulling [illegible] was his life. He [illegible] was this for twelve hours [illegible] a sleep, and this again. What was he [illegible] an animal? Yes, Molly had told him.

And then, each time an ingot hit the wringer, some phrase went through his head and made him struggle inwardly. Bang—whow—ow—ow—went an ingot!—and Molly was murmuring that he had no soul, that he did not love her.—Bang!—and she was speaking of the children.—Bang!—and she told him how he had stopped his reading.—Bang!—and his friends.—Bang!—And he didn't love Molly; how could he?—Bang!—He was getting to be an animal!

On and on it went, the noise, the glare, the heat, the dizzying sickness. Hour followed hour through the terrible night. Four,

TONGUES OF FLAME SHOT THROUGH THE ROOFS. THERE WERE VAST SWIRLS OF [illegible] AND ALL SHUDDERING SMOKE CLOUDS, WITH CHIMNEY PIPES SHOWING. THE GLOW OF THE [illegible]

hour and no end near. His tongue and throat grew parched, and he seemed to be toiling over a sun-stricken desert of measureless, dazzling sand, toiling, lifting, sinking, burning. Now and then a shower of sparks leaped as through his brain; now and then the whole room turned red. Now he seemed to be pushing the lever down over the floating face of Molly, and her fearful cry rang through the mill. Now by a mighty effort he saw clearly again—the hovering laborers all sharp and shadowy, the advancing ingot, the gloomy, dark wringer, the menacing heights above him. But Molly kept saying: "Richard, you don't love me any more—you don't love me!"

WITH HIS POWERFUL HANDS HE GRIPPED THE LITTLE FOREMAN BY THE THROAT.

So he gave the lever a good jam. There was a weird, unusual crash, a splutter, and a dozen men roared together. The rolls stopped, and in the queer silence Richard saw clearly again. He had jammed an ingot and broken a coupling sleeve. A sickening horror went through him. It meant the loss of an hour's time. He had tied up the whole mill. And all the other workers would lose in their wages, too.

All the men of the section came rushing toward him, shouting angrily. And then suddenly the little foreman came dancing up.

The little fellow swung a fist in Richard's face, and shrieked: "Damn you—damn you! Just as we're piling up a tonnage-record! I'll trim you for this——"

Then suddenly fifteen years of silent pressure blew off. Demons raged in Richard's heart, his brain went hot. With his powerful hands he gripped the little foreman by the throat.

"You damned little pusher," he snapped, "go to hell!"

The foreman choked and sputtered as he was released, and the ring of workmen stifled their smiles. Then the foreman backed away, muttering: "I suppose you know what this means?"

"Yes," said Richard, "it means good-night!"

He turned and walked off quietly. He went out into the yards. A brown dawn was searching its way through the swirling smoke, and in the vague light all the confusion and stir of the yards went on. But it never stopped, neither day nor night, through the years. The sick man, hot from the flames, trembled in the chilly air of the morning. His head, however, was acutely clear. He saw all about him. It must have been the blood in him, he reasoned. He came of old American stock—men and women who had given up the comfort and ease of home and followed their God to worship Him in the West—there in sweat, poverty, and hardship finding a freedom for the soul. He, too, could make the sacrifice. He, too, could go West. The West still called the freeman. The mighty farmlands needed labor—the Northwest needed pioneers. There, too, was room for little children—and sun and wind and a green space for the soul.

He was astonished to find how calmly he took it all. He felt as if he had left himself in the mill, and was a different man. A world slid off his shoulders. He was free; his lips were loosed. In one stroke he had regained his manhood. For years the mills had muzzled him, worked him, sweated him, flung him out for a sleep and a bite, pulled him back into the machinery, taken from him his home, his friends, his books, his church, his leisure, his citizenship, his free

speech—and wasted the man that might have been. Now he had jerked himself free.

He reached the street. The wind was blowing away, and the skies were clear above him. He looked up. He beheld the fading stars. And suddenly he stood still, and a wave of glory swept over him. Something broke within him—some crust about his heart—and like a revelation he was charged with light. The glad tears came to his eyes. He felt that he was beginning to live. He wanted to open his lips that his open heart might send its glory into words. He heard the wind singing about him, he heard the night-world laboring, the engines puffing, the mills roaring; he saw the lights of the street and human beings beneath them. His heart went out to the great world.

And then, as he went on, with fresh tides of life pouring through him, his soul went out to his own. He thought of his own children, he thought of his own wife. He marveled at the strange years he had just been through—he marveled at the miserable father and husband he had been. The father-passion, long numb, awoke and struck his heart; his man's love for this woman made him yearn with tenderness. And the glory bore him along like a boy in love.

He turned up the dim street—the house was alight. He stepped around to the rear and pushed open the kitchen door and entered very softly. Molly was building a fire in the stove. She paused, with a [illegible] of kindling-wood in her hand, and [illegible] him.

He spoke in a queer, suppressed voice. "I want to see the children."

Her eyes grew larger, her lips parted, but she said nothing.

He pushed open his bedroom door and passed through to the room beyond. He was gone several minutes. When he came back his lips were twitching, and tears were trickling down his face.

"Molly."

"Yes."

He drew a step nearer. He tried to control himself. He spoke softly. "I've—been—fired."

She stared at him. "*Fired!*" she cried.

"Fired! And we're poor as mice."

She took a step toward him. "*Fired?*—Dick!"

She gave a great cry and held out her arms, and drew him close—and closer—passionately hugging him.

And as he felt her arms about him—tight, tight—her lips pressed to his—her living presence closing with his soul—suddenly, it was as if there was a rip in his heart: love made him tremble, and he murmured:

"Molly, I love you again—I love you again!"

And life was sweet again, and they were poor.

THE CITY

By Peter McArthur

A TAWNY monster, snarling o'er its prey,
The cruel city crouches by the sea;
Glutted with youth, without a hand to free
The tortured tribute we so idly pay.
An eager host each hopeful morning brings,
Though every night is lighted like a pyre,
While to the world a siren song she sings
Of hope out-soared and of fulfilled desires.
From every sea her ships are crowding in,
Up-warping, treasured from the under world.
What argosies her ample harbors win!
Beside her wharves what mystic flags are furled!
O faithless mistress! Who shall count thy dead?
Or write the sum of thine iniquities?
Of all thy lovers sing the few that fled
Ere thy fierce hand upon their hearts could seize?
Yet is no lack of praise thy fame to swell.
Even I but breathe forgiveness and farewell.

Photograph by White, New York.

"MARY MAGDALENE" *and* OTHER PLAYS

BY · HARTLEY · DAVIS

FEW productions in New York have been more universally or more respectfully condemned than "Mary Magdalene," in which Olga Nethersole appeared as the star. The position of Maurice Maeterlinck is such that his work is not to be lightly treated, even by dramatic critics.

This Biblical play was presented in the New Theatre, although not under the direction of its management. In the beauty and

splendor of the stage setting and costuming, and the careful consideration of artistic detail, it was entirely worthy of that temple of art. Moreover, it was accompanied by wonderful music, based on Oriental and Hebraic melodies, composed by Modest Altschuler, and played by the Russian Symphony Orchestra under his direction.

To these things the critics gave the high praise that was their due. But to me the play they found so dull was far greater than these artistic accessories—indeed, the most impressive play I have ever seen. Perhaps, as the critics maintained, there are only two dramatic moments in the drama, if it be measured by the Broadway standard, or even by the rules of pure technique. To me, however, these seemed but pale shadows of unreal things beside the majestic power of that greatest, most wonderful, most splendid drama in all history.

These two theatric scenes did not give me the thrill which came with the simple announcement that the house of Simon the leper, where Christ stayed in Bethany, was just a little way from the mansion of *Silanus*, whose splendors were before one's eyes. And when *Silanus*, truly a noble Roman and a philosopher, talked of Simon and his family, of the coming and going of the Nazarene, in simple, kindly, neighborly fashion, I felt that if I were in the garden of *Silanus*, I, too, could see the house of Simon the leper and the coming and going of the Nazarene.

This compelling illusion of nearness brought with it a reverent awe that was almost suffocating. I fear that, to most of us, the story of Christ, familiar as it is, seems something far off, dimmed by the mist of years, and we grasp as in a dream conventionalized forms of an idea that has small reality for us. For me, this play made the story vivid—real.

So it was that, when the love of the spectacular *Lucius* for the gorgeously bedizened *Mary Magdalene* was shown, I was thinking of the house of Simon the leper, and of Him who lived there. The characters who played *Levi the Publican*, *Cleophas*, the *Man Cured of Dropsy*, and all the others meant nothing more to me than had their names. Nor was I impressed when the voice of the Nazarene was heard, the voice that drew *Mary Magdalene* into the crowd only to be attacked and stripped of her finery. Even when I heard the voice proclaim: "Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone," I was unmoved, though this scene, according to Constituted Authority, is one of the two great dramatic moments. To me there was no illusion in that voice. I knew it belonged to an actor, not to the Nazarene. Yet He seemed somewhere near, and presently He would return to the house of Simon the leper, just around the corner, and if I were in the garden of *Silanus* I could see Him.

That is the reason why it was of small concern whether or not the *Magdalene* loved the ardent *Lucius*. He was interesting only as representing the attitude of his Roman government toward the Nazarene and His followers. That the heart of the courtesan should have been touched by the Nazarene seemed natural enough; but I could not be interested in the blind, ignorant, human jealousy of the young Roman, and it is upon this, from a technical standpoint, that the whole play revolves. The background overwhelms that which takes place before one's eyes, and without this background the play holds nothing to lift it above the commonplace. The vital thing is that in "Mary Magdalene" one is brought almost face to face with the living, breathing Saviour of Man.

Especially is this true in the second act; and never before had I realized how marvelous is the thaumaturgy of the stage, the possibilities of its illusion, because I never had known anything in the theatre so overpoweringly dramatic. *Silanus* and *Appius* have come to the home of *Mary Magdalene* in a turmoil of emotions that have stirred their souls beyond belief. They have just looked upon the greatest of all the miracles—the raising of *Lazarus* from the dead.

They describe what has taken place before their very eyes. *Appius*, hard-headed, practical man of affairs, to whom seeing is believing, accepts what he has seen as a miracle, and can find no words to express the wonder of it. *Silanus*, the philosopher, without trying to discredit the evidence of his senses, seeks vainly for some explanation that will satisfy himself. They have stood face to face with something mightier than their imaginations. They speak with the simple, lofty eloquence of the Gospels—indeed, nearly the whole of the eleventh chapter of John is woven into the dialogue. I had a conviction, stronger than any illusion the stage has ever given me, that I was

hearing at first hand the stories of eye-witnesses of *Lazarus's* resurrection. The illusion was complete without the appearance of *Lazarus*, clad in his white death-clothes, the stamp of the grave on his worn, pallid face. Straight from his sepulcher he came and was among us. When he summoned *Mary Magdalene* in the name of the Master, one felt that all the powers of earth could not stay her, least of all the passion of *Lucius*

So all-pervading, so profound was the tragic splendor of the drama in the background, so keen was the realization of it, that the playing of the last act on the stage went for nothing. The idea of *Lucius* trying to barter the safety of the Nazarene for *Magdalene* seemed so futile, so pitifully weak. One cannot conceive of these little humans staying the magnificent tragedy of Calvary.

When one reads the play, it is the last act that seems the most powerful and impressive. It is finely constructed and developed, and it appears to reach a great climax. But on the stage the illusion of the mighty thing beyond crushes it into nothingness.

So it seems plain that one may not judge this play by the familiar canons of the drama, any more than by the Broadway standard. It is too big, too significant.

That Olga Nethersole played *Mary Magdalene* meant little to me. This was as true of her fine moments as of her irritating ones, and it was only with an effort that I was conscious of either. She makes one feel that she was intended to be a really great actress, but that, by her own foolish affectations and the pettiness of her ideas, she has thwarted the career open to her. But one was splendidly conscious of Arthur Forrest as *Silanus*, for he rose to fine heights. He was worthy of the play. He had the impressive dignity of one who was noble by nature as well as by rank, and who was truly a philosopher. His diction was almost per-

ETHEL WINTHROP, JANE OAKER, HAMILTON REVELLE, A. E. MATTHEWS, MAY BLAYNEY FLORENCE EDNEY, AND ALBERT TAVERNIER IN "THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST"

WINONA WINTER AS *CONSTANCE* IN "HE CAME FROM MILWAUKEE."

fect, and the spirit of the play was in him. And Charles Hanford, too, I liked as *Appius*, for there was in his portrayal—whether it was by accident or design is of small moment—a touch of modernity that helped to bridge over the chasm of years.

Much of the honor for the presentation of the play belongs to Hugh Ford, who staged it, and who won a triumph that will long endure. The production of "Mary Magdalene" saved the first part of the theatrical season in New York from the commonplace. There had been a marked lowering of the standard established in the two preceding seasons, especially in the value of the themes. The number of failures during the first half of the season was extraordinarily large, and the successes, with one or two exceptions, presented nothing significant in the way of new ideas or the interpretation of familiar ones.

Those who have been lifting their voices for American drama have derived much encouragement from the wholesale failure of foreign plays, which means that Charles Frohman, their chief purveyor, has suffered severely. The truth, however, is that these plays failed, not so much because they were foreign, although that always is a factor, as because they were bad, measured by an American standard. For we are gradually developing an American standard, although it is still nebulous.

The unprofitableness of the early season cannot be charged to errors of judgment on the part of the public, which has been more than generous in several instances; for while there has been no failure that was not justified, there have been successes not wholly deserved. Not only has an amazing number of piffling plays been presented, but I can recall no season in which so many players have been hopelessly miscast.

The New Theatre started its regular season with a failure due to this miscasting malady. Never have I seen a more beautiful production than that of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," from the viewpoint of scenery and costuming. The last scene of all, in Windsor Park, with the misty moonlight in the trees, and the rollicking masqueraders in their diaphanous robes, was the most exquisitely lovely thing I have ever seen on the stage. It alone almost made the whole production worth while.

But it was badly acted, in a subdued, low-pressure key, dragging its dull length to that last beautiful scene. Surely had Ben Jonson seen this production he would not have written—"Never yet had a spectator who did not think it too soon ended." "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is pure farce, and not all of it is lively and amusing in this day. Tradition has it that Queen Elizabeth, whose reputation for virtue was higher than for taste—both being exaggerated, probably—was so delighted with *Sir John Falstaff* that she commanded Shakespeare to write a comedy showing the fat knight in love and ordered that it be finished in fourteen days. Subsequently this farce, the result, was rewritten and enlarged.

None of the players who took part in the presentation gained the slightest prestige, which goes to show that the New Theatre has not yet been able to gather or to train actors who are perfectly at home in blank verse.

On the heels of the failure of the Shakespearean play, the New Theatre company gave "The Thunderbolt," Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's latest production, which, because of its failure in London, no American manager cared to produce; and it scored a triumph, the remarkably fine acting being a compelling factor.

There is no question that Pinero is the foremost living dramatist writing in English, a master of his craft, who deals in ideas. He has profound knowledge of the laws that govern the play, but often, like some great corporation lawyers, he makes use of this knowledge to circumvent the laws.

In all his later plays—that is, those written since the firm establishment of his fame and fortune—the dominant notion is a flaying of the English middle class. He is so mercilessly bitter that one suspects he is seeking to avenge some injustice suffered in his struggling days. "His House in Order" was severe enough, but it does not compare with "The Thunderbolt" either as a philippic or as a drama. This latest play, perhaps the best constructed that Pinero has written, is far from perfect, because both actual truth and dramatic truth are sacrificed to the flagellation of the sordid ugliness of the characters. It failed in London because national resentment of the convincing fidelity of the scenes was so strong that the interest in the really dramatic development of the story could not overcome it. In New York the audiences laughed at the portrayal of concentrated meanness and

OLGA NETHERSOLE IN THE TITLE RÔLE OF MAETERLINCK'S "MARY MAGDALENE."

were ready to receive the real drama with unbiased minds

The story is about an English provincial family, deadly respectable, shabby genteel, unspeakably narrow and sordid, whose chief concern is the distribution of the money left by a dead brother who made a fortune as a brewer, and who would have nothing to do with his family until he was on his deathbed. While the dead brother lies upstairs, the members of the family mingle hypocritical grief with wolfish interest in his money and anxiety about a will. For the dead man has left in Paris an illegitimate daughter of whom he was very fond, and the natural supposition is that most of his fortune is left to her. But no will can be found; and if there is none, the large fortune must be divided among the brothers and sister.

The thunderbolt descends when, by a manifestation of dramatic power that is Pinero at his best, it is shown that there was a will and that it was destroyed by *Phyllis Mortimore*, the wife of one of the brothers —the only decent one. Her motive was to save herself from the cruel operation of a certain class distinction—a distinction almost impossible for Americans to grasp. Her father was a grocer, and her husband's family, in their consciousness of superiority, had inflicted upon her a succession of petty persecutions.

It seemed to me that the scene in which the guilty wife makes confession to her husband failed of the effect it should have had because Thais Lawton, who played the rôle, did not rise to its possibilities. From this point on there is powerful, moving, absorbing drama. Although A. E. Anson, as the decent *Thaddeus Mortimore*, played with little discrimination, he could not seriously detract from the gripping interest in the scene in which he appeared before his brothers and the lawyers and took upon his own shoulders the burden of his wife's crime, only to be trapped because his tale was so ill prepared. In all of Pinero's many plays there is nothing so fine as this scene. And the interest carries into the last act, when the lawyers suggest an equitable though hardly legal solution, carefully withdrawing so that it may be carried out.

Then one sees something of the real character of the *Mortimores*, although Pinero is at little pains to develop it; and the structural weakness of the play lies in the fact that these important revelations are held back until the very end. If one thinks a little, it becomes plain that the unspeakable meanness of the *Mortimore* family is not wholly of their own choosing. Like most of us, they are largely the victims of circumstance, of conditions they had not the strength to overcome. Especially is this true of *James Mortimore*, the head of the family, who dominates all the rest. Back of his vulgarity, his lust for money, is a certain rugged sense of honesty and fairness that makes one respect him—this seems to be a concession that Pinero the dramatist demanded from Pinero the man. If the real truth about the *Mortimores* were shown at the beginning, "The Thunderbolt" would be a much stronger and much finer play; but the author could not have fed so fat the ancient grudge he bears the English middle classes.

Never have I seen a finer characterization than Louis Calvert's *James Mortimore*. Never has any player given me a more perfect sense of reality. It did not seem like acting at all. He lived the character. As perfect in their way were the portrayals of Albert Bruning, as *Stephen Mortimore*, and Ferdinand Gottschalk as *Colonel Ponting* —indeed, this is the best characterization that Mr. Gottschalk has given in the New Theatre, while E. M. Holland and Ben Johnson played the lawyers so effectively that one realizes how greatly real acting in small parts can add to a performance.

Not since she appeared in "Naughty Anthony," the first comedy that David Belasco wrote—and the only one, I believe—has Blanche Bates departed from an emotional rôle until this season. In "Nobody's Widow" she has scored the greatest financial success of her career. The comedy —really it is more a farce—is the lightest, flimsiest thing, with some extremely clever dialogue. Its spirit is essentially French, and one feels that the Parisian writers, who are infinitely more skillful than any others in this sort of thing, would have made more of the idea. There is no question that Blanche Bates delights her audiences. She is too good an actress to fail in anything; but she is not a comédienne, and the hypercritical, at least, feel that she is lacking in a delicate finesse, in the exquisite touch of evanescent humor that is the soul of high comedy. But we have very little high comedy on the stage nowadays, and only one high comédienne, Henrietta Crosman, in America.

DOROTHY PARKER, T. WIGNEY PERCYVAL, AND EDGAR KENT
IN "POMANDER WALK"

The chief charm of "Nobody's Widow," which was written by Avery Hopwood, lies in the fact that it appears to be exceedingly naughty, while, as a matter of fact, it is highly moral. The heroine, having decided to separate from her titled British husband, announces the fact that she is a widow. Then the husband appears and determines to make her come back to him. And this offers opportunity for some delicious scenes, especially when the husband persists in making a midnight visit to her boudoir. Bruce McRae, who plays the husband, seems to have a keener notion of the whimsical humor of the farce than does the star. He acts the part brilliantly.

"The Cub," by Thompson Buchanan, in which Douglas Fairbanks is the star, is an extraordinarily clever satire on the Kentucky feud, and it keeps the audiences in roars of laughter from the rise of the curtain to the end. Possibly it would be more successful as a play if there were less laughter in it. But the chief weakness is that the character of the hero, an inexperienced cub reporter sent to investigate a feud, is not defined. One laughs at him more than with him, which doesn't make for financial success, and to the very end one isn't sure whether he has courage or whether he merely hasn't sense enough to be afraid. And those familiar with the cocksureness of Mr. Fairbanks and the bubbling, aggressive youth of him can realize how he accentuates the fundamental weakness of the play.

After a long absence May Irwin returned to the New York stage to prove again that no one can quite take her place, because of her homely, simple, honest, rollicking humor, which is as irresistible as it is spontaneous. Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson have provided her with an elementary vehicle—"Getting a Polish"—that displays her powers to fine advantage—and nothing more is necessary. It is amusing that these two highly intellectual, forceful, brilliant men, who have won real literary distinction, should shine as authors of home-cooking drama; but the huge royalty returns must salve their pride.

Apart from May Irwin as *Mrs. Jim*, the comedy doesn't amount to much. It is just a jolly evening's entertainment for people who want to laugh.

This description is true also of William Collier in "I'll Be Hanged If I Do," of which he and Edgar Selwyn are the authors. Originally a one-act skit, two more acts have been tacked on to it in rather haphazard fashion, and the three hang together on the slenderest thread. But Mr. Collier has provided himself with innumerable bright lines, which he reads in his own inimitable way, with his deadly serious face. For instance, when a young woman to whom he had been engaged says: "If I had married you I should have committed suicide," he retorts: "You would have fallen on my dead body." Really, a William Collier play is a monologue that changes from season to season, with actors to give it background and to allow the star to change his clothes. Mr. Collier is always delightfully the same.

Years ago Oscar Hammerstein built a great amusement place which included a big music hall he called the Olympia, a theatre called the Criterion, and a roof garden. Financial stress came upon him, and he lost the building with everything else. Sturdily he set to work to make another fortune out of inventions and again appeared as a factor in amusements, eventually becoming an international figure by establishing a grand opera company that was a rival of the Metropolitan. When that institution gave Mr. Hammerstein some millions to retire from the grand opera field, he had among his singers a tiny, vivacious little Italian with a wonderful soprano voice much bigger than she—Emma Trentini. He decided to exploit her in light opera, so Rida Johnson Young was commissioned to write what proved to be a silly book and Victor Herbert to compose some of the finest music he has given to light opera.

Also Mr. Hammerstein had for "Naughty Marietta" a new tenor—a young man from Indiana, who is said to have been "discovered" and brought to the impresario's attention by Gus Edwards, writer of popular songs. In any case, Orville Harrold is a very remarkable tenor, and is expected to make a real sensation in grand opera, whither he is bound.

The little Trentini, with her wonderful vivacity, her naïve, whole-souled enthusiasm, and her wonderful voice; the Herbert music, the new tenor; and the fine acting of Edward Martindel united to make a wonderful triumph for Mr. Hammerstein. And this in the Olympia, renamed the New York, whose doors he had never entered since he left it as the owner.

LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

THE CHILDREN'S SPECIALIST

BY D. O. EDSON

JOHN SMITH to the bar."

At these words the mass that congested the court room stirred expectantly. A moment before, just as Smith entered the great double doors, a voice had shouted something that he didn't quite catch. Now the officers, scattered about the room, called in offensive tones: "Stand up! Hats off!"—and—"Here, you, over there, take off your hat!"

From the rear of the room, Smith could easily see over the heads of the intimidated crowd. The judges, gowned in black, were making their dignified way to the bench.

"John Smith to the bar!"

With his hat in his hand, Smith started. One of the officers in the rear of the room, seeing him trying to worm his way forward, called, "Come, hurry up," and then, to the crowd immediately in front, "Make way there!"

To save the contents of his bulging overcoat pockets, Smith put on his hat and pushed and pulled his way into the crowd. His elbow caught a stout person in the spare rib. The fat one turned with a look of sudden resentment to behold a smooth-shaven, rosy-cheeked, broad-shouldered boy with hair slightly sprinkled with gray. The expression on the fat man's face changed. Fat or thin, men whom Smith jostled glared first, then saw his face, and—stopped glaring. They always did.

As he neared the officer, where the crowd was not so great, Smith removed his hat, just as that functionary again shouted—"Take off your hat!"

He turned and smiled a full-moon smile right in the officer's face and said, "I beat you to it. I had it off first." Some one laughed—the officer frowned, growled "Hurry up," and pointed to the little gate that separated the trial end of the room from the "free and equal" who never missed a trial.

The clerk of the court, having been kept waiting fifteen seconds, called crossly, "Come on."

The officer who stood guard at the little gate, which opened and closed like a laugh at the "free and equal" joke in the Declaration of Independence, gave him a shove as he passed through, and said, "Hurry up."

As he entered the enclosure, willing hands guided Smith with turn and push, frown and nod, until he found himself at the foot of the platform, facing the impatient clerk.

"You are charged with exceeding the speed limit with your automobile—Wotyougottosay? Have you counsel?" It sounded so like a German sentence that Smith's face lit up with that full-moon smile, and he said:

"What's that?"

The impatient clerk frowned. "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"I don't know. I should like to hear

what the cop says about it. I have that privilege, have I not? And I don't need a lawyer. You'll treat me all right."

The big, boyish voice, clear and steady, filled the room, the prisoner's round, smiling face was looking up at the thin and peevish face of the clerk, their eyes met. Slowly the frown melted from the clerk's face until he was giving back, in the way of a smile, the best *he* could do. It was not Smith's smile alone, but the whole face.

"Certainly," said the clerk, and, turning to the judges, he added: "The case goes on for trial."

There was some shuffling of papers and a whisper or two between the judges. The clerk called some names from the long list he held in his hand, ending in a singsong voice:

"All other cases on the calendar will return to-morrow at ten o'clock without further notice."

Bang! the gavel came down with a crash.

"Gee!" Smith started.

"Silence!" roared the clerk.

"Are they all deaf?" Smith asked the clerk, pleasantly. Nothing but his smile saved him.

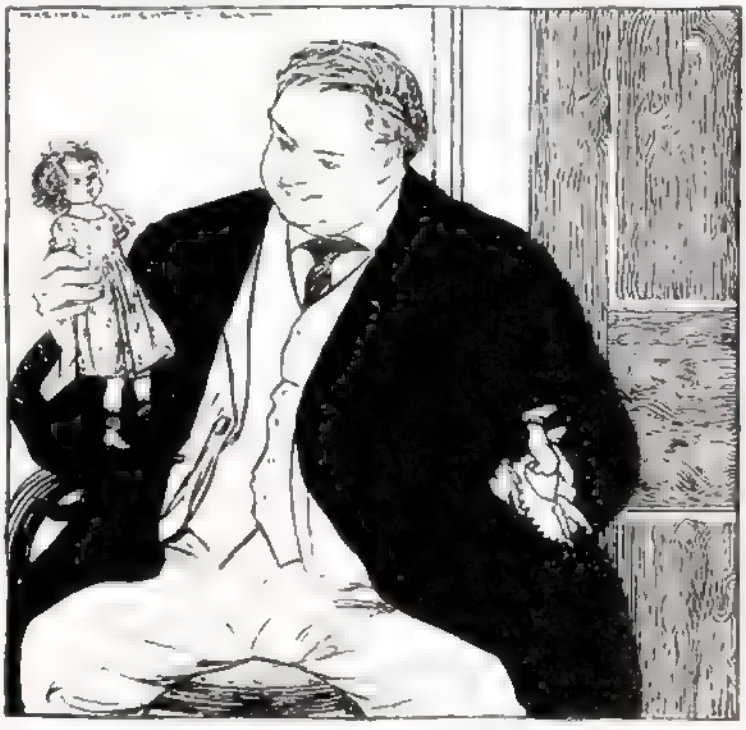
"Officer John Donnelly take the stand!" It was still the impatient clerk speaking. Smith now stepped down from the platform and stood among the legal talent, reporters, and the "free and equal," who had the look of expecting some invisible power to descend upon them. The moon-faced, red-cheeked smile had been contemplating the three dignified judges. He now turned and saw "his friend, the enemy" seated in the witness chair, twirling his cap between his knees. He would hardly have known him for the hard-faced arbiter of the law of yesterday, so gentle and refined was he now, his blond head tipped to one side in becoming humility.

A clerk stepped up to the district attorney's office rail, stepped over, and laid a bundle of legal documents

Officer [illegible] was reading over the papers in his hand. Then he said "Ahem!" quite importantly.

A lump suddenly appeared on the cheek of the officer in the witness chair. The clerk saw it. "Take it out! Take it out!" he growled. The officer's hand went to his mouth and the lump disappeared in his pocket.

"Officer!" the assistant district attorney had found the paper he was looking for. The room became quiet. "On the 22nd instant, you arrested one John Smith for violation of the speed ordinance." All eyes were now turned on "one John Smith." Also, every face that looked upon "one John Smith" was smiling. Things were sticking out of the pockets of his overcoat. A pair of white cloth legs, round and plump, poked from his right-hand pocket, while from the left a yellow, frowsy head, with one eye pushed in, rested its rosy cheek luxuriously against his warm, well-fitting overcoat. The inside pocket also bulged



"ONE OF MY PATIENTS, JUDGE. ONE EYE GONE, TEETH ALL KNOCKED OUT, ONE ARM OFF, AND A SMASHED FOOT—I DON'T SUPPOSE EVEN YOU GET THEM AS DISREPUTABLE AS THAT

The assistant district attorney continued—"Officer, just tell the court about it in as few words as possible."

"Well, sir" the policeman shifted his position. Evidently the task wasn't panning out as he had expected.

"You see, I was riding in the park on me bicycle, when an automobile whizzed by me going like—er—very fast." He stopped to wipe his mouth with the back of his hand. It had been a narrow escape. He went on: "I took me stop-watch from me pocket, and timed him for two blocks, and found he was going twenty-two and a half miles an hour, so I put him under arrest."

"One minute, Officer," the assistant district attorney interrupted. "Did he say anything to you?"

"Yes, sir; he said he was a doctor and had a lot of sick people to see."

"Is that all, Officer?"

"That's all he said."

"All he *said?* Well, what did he do?"

"Oh, just laughed—with his face like that." The officer pointed at Smith, and smiled like the rest. The smile had spread with alarming rapidity.

"Is that all, Officer?"

"Yes, sir."

Turning to the big, benign face with the smile, the attorney asked, "Do you want to ask any questions, Doctor?"

"No, sir. I just wanted to hear the case, same as the judges here." He waved his hand, to take them in. A twitter rippled through the court room

"Take the witness chair, Doctor, and we will endeavor to enlighten you," said the assistant district attorney, very politely. He laid down his papers, and was rubbing his hands together, his expression said—"I won't do a thing to you, oh, no!"

The doctor rose and went over to the witness chair on the platform beside the judges. The chair wasn't large enough for both the doctor and the bulging pockets, so, carefully lifting his coat, he allowed the sides to hang over the arms. Now, the frowsy-headed doll was looking furiously into the faces of the judges, while, on the "free and equal" side of the room, a pair of shapely legs pointed ceilingward, as was proper for that side of the house.

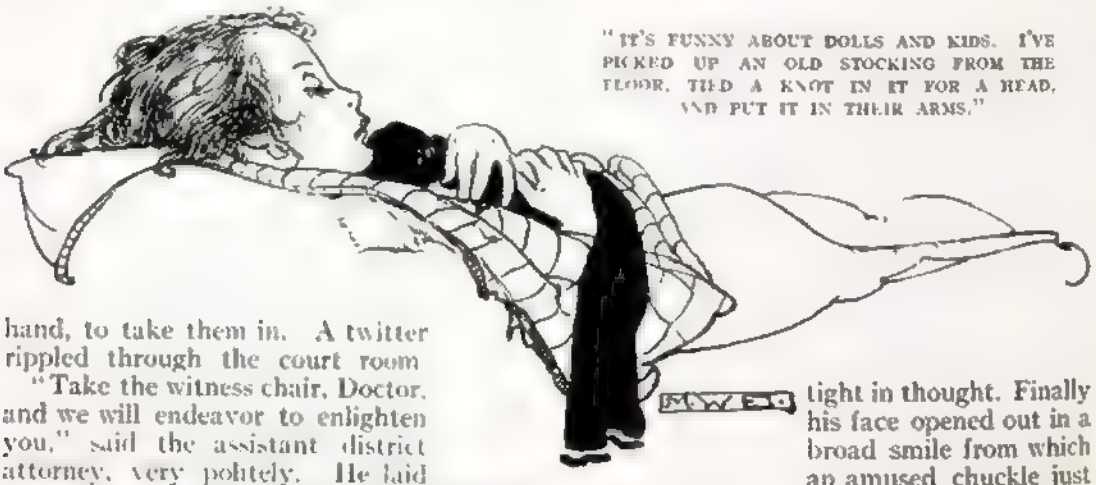
The judge on the end seat had a kindly face. He turned in his swivel chair and addressed the prisoner. "You are a physician?" It was hardly a question.

"Yes, sir."

"Children's specialist?" The judge was trying not to laugh—his eyes rested on the frowsy head that poked from the doctor's pocket.

"Ha, ha!" It was a warm and hearty chuckle. It came from the prisoner, who went on: "I know how you got that." He reached to his pocket and pulled out the dilapidated doll. "One of my patients, Judge." He began to look it over. His smile was serious.

"Pretty disreputable character—one eye gone, teeth all knocked out, one arm off, and a smashed foot—Ha!—I don't suppose even you get them as disreputable as this. Belongs to a little patient of mine, over on the East Side, a little cripple; been in bed a year; wants me to make this well, same as I am going to make him well. That's what *he* says." He shook his head, closing his lips



"IT'S FUNNY ABOUT DOLLS AND KIDS. I'VE PICKED UP AN OLD STOCKING FROM THE FLOOR, TIED A KNOT IN IT FOR A HEAD, AND PUT IT IN THEIR ARMS."

tight in thought. Finally his face opened out in a broad smile from which an amused chuckle just oozed. It was a remarkable face—it held one almost anticipating what he might say.

"Its name is 'Da'—looks it, doesn't it?" He was turning it around, inspecting it closely. "Both began well, the name and

the doll, but kind of petered out, I suppose. His big body overflowed the chair, and the bulge from the inside pocket troubled him. Reaching in, he pulled out a quart bottle—it bore no label. He held it up while "Da" rested in his lap.

"Medicine, Judge." Then his face opened into a new kind of smile, with a little embarrassment in it. "Looks as if I might be a veterinary, with a drench for a horse."

The judge interrupted—almost apologetically—with a smile. "This is hardly relevant, Doctor. You are charged with exceeding the speed limit."

"Relevant, Judge?" his face was wide open, astonished. "Why, the soup was getting cold, Judge!" He placed the bottle to his cheek, then shifted it to the other cheek to make sure. "It *is* cold." His face suddenly changed; all the astonishment left it for a troubled look. His eyes lifted to the judge's. "It's the best medicine in the world for a little weazened face in pain, if it's hot, Judge." Turning, he held it out to the assistant district attorney and said:

"Just hand it to that cop behind you and tell him to put it on the radiator by the gate. I'll get it when I go out." They passed it quickly down the line like a ball at a football game. Seeing "Da" in his lap, the doctor picked it up and looked it over. "Speed? *Of course* I speeded; he needed the medicine. And, besides, he was waiting for 'Da.'" He looked up to find the judges watching him, so he went on.

"It's funny, Judge, about dolls and kids." He was now smiling confidentially into the judge's face. "I have been studying them for a long time. Why, Judge, I've seen a little kid, a year or two old, suffering such pain as you and I—thank God!—have never known. A doll? Why, Judge, I've picked up an old stocking from the floor, tied a knot in it for a head, and put it in their arms. They stop crying, nestle up to it, and sometimes tell it not to cry." His eyes were half-closed, his face soft and tender. He was almost whispering now.

"Why, Judge, it seems to remind them of something—they're so full of love that—well, Judge, they never learn of love in the corner of an attic, where the roof leaks and the windows are stuffed with old newspapers, and it's either stifling hot or beastly cold."

HE WANTS ME TO MAKE 'DA' WELL, SAME AS I AM GOING TO MAKE HIM WELL.

He paused a moment, as though he saw it all again.

Some one on the "free and equal" side of the room was smothering a laugh; it was a woman with her head on the bench before her; her shoulders were heaving. It was an unpleasant, strident laugh.

"No, sir, they don't learn it there; they bring it with them, Judge, from where they come." A fearless smile overspread his face. "And I'm never sorry to see their little visit here made short; I'm never sorry to see them in their little boat bound for the place from whence they came, and even old 'Da' here isn't too bad to keep them company. And I always try, no matter how disreputable, to tuck these 'Da's' in their little skiffs before they are carried out." He looked at the kind-faced judge earnestly.

"You don't see this side, Judge; you only see the side that makes you angry. I see it, too, and it makes me mad, madder than hell sometimes; but then I throw that off, for I'm only a 'children's specialist.'"

He was again smiling, and so was everybody else in the room; but theirs was a nervous smile, almost apprehensive. He glanced at the clock that faced him on the opposite wall.

"My Lord, look at the time! Quarter past twelve, and I said I would be back with 'Da' all fixed at half past. I've got to hustle." He chuckled to himself as he stuffed "Da" in his pocket. "But I'm al-

ways this way—get talking about kids and never know when to stop."

As he rose from his seat, the chair stuck to him—he pushed it down and chuckled again. "I'm so used to sitting on boxes that I hardly know how to conduct myself in a parlor." He stepped down from the little platform of the witness chair like an elephant in a circus.

From the radiator, as he passed, he took the bottle of chicken soup and stuffed it back into his pocket. As he went through the little gate, one of the legs in his pocket kicked defiantly at the judges, while the other kept waving a "day-day," all the way down the aisle, to the "free and equal," who still were smiling as if hypnotized.

His hand was on the knob of the door when he stopped abruptly; then turned back. He was not smiling, but blushing.

"Judge," he said, with chagrined astonishment, "we forgot the trial." He reminded the "free and equal" of their boy when caught in the act. The judges said nothing. They stared at the children's specialist, but what they saw was much farther away.

"Well, Judge, what's it going to be for 'Da' and me?" He had pulled "Da" out of his pocket and put it back very carefully. "We're sorry, especially 'Da'—if that's going to do any good." It was a serious smile that now played about his very unusual face—a mixture of sunshine and shadow.

One of the judges was wiping his glasses very slowly, as if he expected to be busy at it for an hour. Another was picking up some papers from the floor behind the bench and having trouble with the last sheet. The kindly-faced one looked very severe; seeing his colleagues were silent, he spoke sternly: "Justice must be done at any cost."

The audience, to a man, frowned. "Put the officer back on the stand," went on the judge. "I want to ask him some questions."

The impatient clerk suddenly appeared from behind his desk, looking angry, and hissed: "Donnelly!" And as Donnelly passed him he coughed, and said, from force of habit: "Take it out."

But Donnelly only shook his head and looked bewildered.

"Officer"—it was the judge in the middle who spoke, his elbows on the desk—"did you measure the distance?"

"No, ma'am."

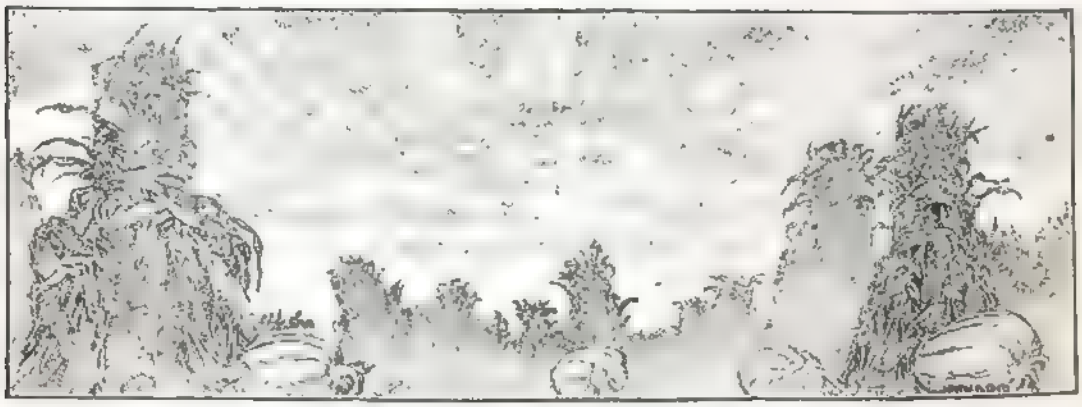
"Don't call me 'ma'am!'" It shot out like a blast. The cop shrank back.

"Stand up straight, don't slouch that way. Now what have you got to say?"

"Nothing, ma'am—sir."

"Discharged for want of evidence." The other two judges nodded their assent. "And see here, Doctor, you and 'Da' keep out of this court."

Turning to the bicycle cops who filled the room from their Sunday drag-net, His Honor said: "The first officer that leads that man here again I'll fine for contempt of court."



STRAIGHT TALK

ONCE MORE—WOMAN'S SPHERE

My dear Mr. Hard

Permit me to say that your articles upon "The Woman of the Future," to my mind, are the most illuminating and suggestive that have yet appeared anywhere. I have read them with great interest, the more so, perhaps, because my own views upon the general subject are — not opposed to yours; that would put it too strongly—but they are—*different*. I am a doctor—an old doctor, nigh on to seventy—and that probably is the reason why I look upon the subject from the view-point of woman's physiological relation to the race.

Woman is the autocrat of society. She makes it. In the last analysis, she creates the social atmosphere, that impalpable, foggy, feather-bed-y force which any one may oppose, but which in the end overcomes all resistance and compels acquiescence. The home discipline that the individual parent may employ is rigorously limited by Mrs. Grundy. And Mrs Grundy is the composite mother of the community, whose edicts have banished effective discipline from the American home.

You will see at once that this thought, carried out to its logical results, makes the composite mother of the land responsible, finally, for rearing a generation of spoiled children, of whom your Marie is one type. Another type is represented by the abler, more aggressive and talented ones, among whom are the "malefactors of great wealth," the leading spirits in law-defying "big business," the "fellows higher up."

The social atmosphere that tolerates them with social recognition is of woman's creation. The sloughs of corruption that have been uncovered could never have existed at all in the face of woman's stern disapproval of the known guilty ones. For they have been known well enough. It required no court of law to expose them. They had been known for years before the Lexow Committee made its report. Bribery and fraud in political life were so common as to be taken for granted, but their mention only excited a smile of complacence. And the same conditions existed in successful business. It was a matter of common knowledge. *And society condoned it*, even *applauded* it, on the condition only that it escaped the smirch of the prison. In my view, this particular taint in the social atmosphere is one of several by-products—accidental, so to speak—of the movement for "woman's emancipation" or "economic independence."

I may be wrong, but your article in the December issue left the impression upon my mind that you looked upon the college of domestic science and its congeners in woman's higher education as the solution of the problem of marriage in the future. It is entirely possible that it may be such, or an important factor in it; but even if that be so, it will be long years before these institutions can become available for woman in the mass; and long, long before that can come to pass, a Herculean labor will have to be done to create a social atmosphere of approval and appreciation for a sphere exclusively woman's.

From my view-point, woman can never come into her own till she realizes two fundamental facts: First—that she is a woman for the single purpose of bearing children, and that every detail in her life depends upon, and is secondary to, that function; and, second—that she is solely responsible for the bent of her child's —and hence of the race's—fundamental moral character. When the truth of all this dawns upon her mind, and with it some appreciation of the grandeur of the career opened out before her in the fact of her sex, her rushlight of ambition to enter the brutish arena of masculine achievement to compete for its bedraggled

"honors" will be extinguished in the splendors of aspiration for adequate preparation for a sphere that all nature declares to be hers exclusively.

The woman who shirks her function as mother is a degenerate as truly as the inmates of the brothels, and it is a godsend to society that she does not reproduce her kind.

Your Marie was the product of what her father and her husband "had done for her," but, under present social conditions, her mother was a larger factor. From Marie's girlhood her mother had taught her to dread the pains of childbirth, and it was her mother that carried out systematic indulgence of every whim from babyhood to marriage. Then there is another factor in the family doctor. He was a popular "society" doctor, whose bread and butter it was to encourage every imagined illness and, by suggestion, to magnify them to the limit of her own or her mother's credulity. Do you know, deprived of that sort of practice, half the city profession would be out of business and the other half would barely live.

W. B. E.

Ainsworth, Neb.

A NAVY SURGEON ON SNAKE-BITES

I have just read Samuel Hopkins Adams's "The Poison Bugaboo" in your October magazine. The purpose of this letter is to take square issue with the statement that only eighty persons have ever died of snake-bite in the United States. Within the last five years I myself, at my own expense, have collected evidences of twenty cases, none older than fifteen years, which are, so I am assured by competent authority, as well established as is required by current rules of court practice. I recognize the fallacies that beset any one who investigates so difficult a subject; still, I am convinced that the majority of the errors in connection with snake-bites arises through inexactness in determining the species of the snake.

For instance, I have been unable to find the report of more than one fatal case of rattlesnake bite in Mississippi, although I have records of numerous cases where the persons bitten recovered. I ascribe this to the fact that the only rattlesnake that is at all generally known there is the *Crotalus horridus;* this species attains perhaps its maximum development in this state; wherefore I conclude, and I have so always maintained, that the *Crotalus horridus* is not essentially deadly, by which I mean that under ordinary circumstances it is not apt to kill a grown-up human being. In mountainous regions, however, the species is occasionally more deadly than the foregoing statement would indicate.

It is, as the French say, "quite another pair of sleeves" as regards the *Crotalus adamanteus,* the diamond-backed rattlesnake of the southeastern United States. I agree fully with the statement in Professor Ditmars's "Reptile Book" which classes this serpent as the peer of any venomous snake whatsoever.

In conclusion, I beg leave to suggest that more judicious investigation of records easily available will amplify greatly the estimates to which I have referred. Through careful consideration of data available to me I estimate, and I do not hesitate to predict, that the next census will show that deaths from snake-bites are about as common in the southeastern states as are those from lightning. And, inasmuch as antitoxin treatment of snake-bites is easily available, it follows that deaths from snake-bites should be classed as preventable.

W. F. Arnold, M. D.,
Surgeon, U. S. Navy, Retired.

NEVER DUG POST HOLES IN PEACE RIVER VALLEY

I see in your February issue a story by Robert Dunn, and in that article he has me digging telegraph post holes in the Peace River Valley.

Now, sir, I have not dug post holes in Peace River, nor have I ever been in that part of Canada. I have been in Yukon and Dawson City off and on for these last fourteen years, or since early in 1897, and only came out to Victoria, B. C., one year ago, and have not been east or south farther than Vancouver, B. C., and Seattle, Washington, U. S. A.; so your Mr. Dunn was hoaxed into believing that he saw the old war horse doing an honest day's work in the Peace River Valley—not that it would be any disgrace to me. Kindly publish this in your next issue, and oblige.

F. P. Slavin.

Beaumont, Victoria, B. C.

A COMPLAINT FROM ECUADOR

For some time I have been reading your interesting Everybody's Magazine. In the November number I found a story entitled "The Madness of John Harned," written by Jack London; and as in the first lines I saw mentioned Guayaquil, Quito, Maria Valenzuela, I was instantly interested in the story, being myself an Ecuadorian.

You may imagine how this article has affected me, being, as it is, a ridicule of a whole republic. This article gives an entirely erroneous idea of what Ecuador and its people are, presenting us as uncivilized people of the mediæval age.

I cannot understand how Everybody's Magazine has permitted such an article to be published. It appears to me that you Americans, as well as we Latins, should do everything to further pleasant relations between the two Americas instead of dividing, and creating an

anti-American spirit in the South, with articles lacking so much in prudence and veracity as this.

I trust that as a courtesy to my country, where there are men as civilized and manly as in any other country in the world, you will kindly publish this protest against the gratuitous offender. DR. J. CUEVA GARCIA.

Colon, R. P.

THE RAILROADS' TROUBLES—AND OURS

Just now, the railways are clamoring for a vast increase in rates of freight, as being necessary to their continued existence, and putting up the plea that it is impossible to effect further economies. It would therefore seem to be a not unfitting time to inquire somewhat into the facts in the case and to learn why it is that so many predatory corporations are permitted to prey upon them and divert into other hands the revenues which should accrue to them.

Of course, the express companies come first on the list. These vampires, preying alike upon the railways and the public, are merely a set of impudent interlopers, third parties, thrust in between the carrier and the public, with no excuse for existence except to wring from the people extortionate profits, at the partial expense of the railways. The express companies get anything they want from the carrying corporations—space in their stations, yards, advertisements, time of their employees, car and train accommodations, etc., apparently without let or hindrance; and all to conduct a business which should rightfully be carried on by the carriers themselves. It is just as easy to handle an express as a freight business.

Next in order might be mentioned the Pullman Company. The enormous profits of this parasite should accrue to the railways. What reason is there to prevent them from caring for and forwarding the sleeping passenger? As a matter of fact, the B. & O. R. R. Co. did, at one time, handle its own sleeping cars, but was handicapped because it could not forward them beyond its own lines. Cooperation by the railways would enable them to transport the passenger across the continent in a parlor or palace car as easily as in a day coach. Can it be that the interests of railway officials prevent?

Again, there are the "fast freight" lines and the "car trusts" and the different bridges owned by outsiders, which exact a heavy toll from the railways. There is a bridge used by the P., Ft. W. & C. R. R. at Pittsburg which, I am informed, is owned by a separate corporation that collects toll for every ton of freight and every passenger coach that passes over its bridge. Why should not the railway own it?

Again, there are the numerous and costly private cars used by "officials." How many of these are necessary? In how many cases would the public be better served if these persons traveled as do *those who pay*, instead of placing those who are paid in a different class? In how many cases would the "official" know the needs of the road and the public better, if he traveled as does the ordinary passenger? The truth is the railway "officials" have set themselves apart as a separate and superior order of beings and wrapped themselves in an insufferable and abounding conceit, when the truth, as shown by investigation, has proved them guilty of every kind of commercial and business iniquity, by which they have fostered the trusts, broken down legitimate competition, bribed legislators and councils, and loaded their roads with fictitious capital and bond issues.

While I am writing, permit me to say that I believe credit to be due the magazines for the recent, and the coming, political revolutions. The crimes of the Republican party have been many, but the newspapers would never have exposed them. We can learn the truth through the non-partisan magazines only. D. W. B.

Ben Avon, Pa.

PREACHING A MAGAZINE ARTICLE

Permit me to congratulate you on the superb discussion on the subject of miracles contributed to your January number by William Hanna Thomson. Doctor Thomson's argument gripped me so that I gave it to my people on the first Sunday in January, and related the circumstance of how my attention was called to it in the columns of your magazine, and how his argument gripped me, and warmed me up, and filled me up, until it was a sheer impossibility for me to do otherwise than to give it red-hot to my Sunday morning congregation. It has invigorated my faith and, through my Sunday morning message, the faith of my people, in the supernatural elements of the Christian faith.

I do not hesitate to pronounce it the most lucid, cogent, convincing argument for miracles that I have ever heard or read, and I have more than a hundred volumes of sermons on my library shelves. J. L.

Merrill, Wis.

ENDORSING MR. WILDER'S VIEWS

There could be no better example to illustrate Mr. Wilder's position in support of delegated government than the letters which oppose it. His moderation, far sight, long logic, and clear thought are thrown into high relief by the heated arguments and local interests of his opponents.

Until the laws are administered by trained and specialized minds, and the truly uneducated masses (uneducated, in that they have not learned to respect learning) are represented by their superiors, we shall continue to play the child in the parliaments of the world. L. R.

Boonton, N. J.

A ROW OF BOOKS

BY J. B. KERFOOT

IT was Oscar Wilde who said that women are sphinxes without riddles; and the quip may stand as a trenchant statement of what is really a totally negligible truth. For it is never in the challenge of an existent riddle, but always in the lure of a non-existent answer, that eternal stimulus resides. The rule holds good even in mathematics. The circle and the square, had it not been for the lucky impossibility of squaring the circle, would long since have taken each other for granted. If the Eternal Feminine were really guarding an actual conundrum, some prying scientific Johnnie would stumble on the answer some day and then, presto—but don't let us even think of such a catastrophe. The point at issue is that there is not the slightest danger of the New Woman's spoiling sport by economic self-obtrusion or by literary self-analysis. She will only add to the game the delightful fillip of an altered emphasis.

Emily James Putnam's charming studies of significant phases in the historical development of sheltered European womanhood, "The Lady" (Sturgis and Walton), besides being examples of a genuinely constructive scholarship and expressions of a distinct literary personality, illustrate the titillating possibilities of the new approach to the old mystery. The author comes gracefully and graciously forward, offering to call a truce in the age-long conflict of deception, and ready to meet us (vizor down and only the sharp poniard of tempered irony by way of side-arms) on the middle ground of unbiased inquiry. She proudly foregoes all sex-allowances and tacitly disclaims all benefits of chivalrous make-believe. She is impersonal, un-self-conscious, frank, perspicacious, sincere. She delicately, yet unflinchingly, draws aside veil after veil; analyzing the successive protective devices of femininity with deft feminine self-knowledge. But when, with a little bow and a mocking smile, she leaves us at last—while she leaves us vastly edified and no little instructed, we find ourselves no whit disillusioned and no jot less mystified.

There is a blunt yet tactful justice, a delicate recognition of humble but genuine service, in the French idiom that speaks of the interested and sympathetic lookers-on at a function as "assisting" at the event. I should like, for a moment, to borrow the expression. For the publication of "The Japanese Letters of Lafcadio Hearn" (Houghton, Mifflin), edited by Elizabeth Bisland, offers us the none too frequent privilege of assisting, in this sense, at the induction of a neophyte into the body of English literature. Many an honest eyebrow will perhaps raise itself in doubting challenge of this statement; because, in the first place, it has been insisted upon to the point of triteness that the "art of letter writing" has been lost to us moderns; and, in the next place, because we have come, by the hard and fast habit of our æsthetic outlook, to feel that an intention of permanence is of the essence of art; that "art" in letter writing leads to artificiality; and hence that letters and literature are incompatible terms. Here, however (as has happened just often enough before to prove the relative elasticity of the rule), a retiring, sensitive, yet vital personality has found its most adequate self-expression in the exercise of an untrammeled and exquisite spontaneity in correspondence.

Hearn's most tangible service to mankind has been his offering of himself as a neutral ground

for the meeting of the occidental and oriental consciousnesses. But he possessed to so extraordinary a degree the artist's ability to put himself, intellectually and emotionally, in others' places, that he spent his life looking at the world through alien eyes, and never, for all his hopes and strivings, reached the self-assertion of creative art. Indeed, his mind, instead of being the sculptor's studio of his artistic labors, was in reality the statue upon which he worked. And it is only in his letters that we find its beauties of contour and quality preserved and revealed.

It is well, however, to remember that, letters being fragmentary glimpses, not parts of a completed whole, a volume of them is a book to browse in, not to consume seriatim or at a sitting. We are so accustomed to *table d'hôte* literature that we have lost the habit of reading *à la carte*. Nevertheless, the present volume, the third of Hearn's collected correspondence, is for the most part made up of letters to Basil Hall Chamberlain, written between 1890 and 1894; and the community of understanding and sympathy in their respective attitudes toward Japanese life and tradition, which is the underlying factor in the inspiration of the letters, adds to the unity and homogeneity of the series.

Mr. James Lane Allen is reported to have said that he feared he had delivered too soon the message that his "Bride of the Mistletoe" was intended to convey. Mr. Allen, being more completely acquainted with the message than his readers, is better qualified to judge; yet the second story of the projected trilogy of communication, "The Doctor's Christmas Eve" (Macmillan), sufficiently amplifies the inferences of the first tale to suggest the possibility that the message comes too late rather than too early—that it is a message which the consciousness of the day has already accepted, the disappointments of which it has already discounted, and the hopeful possibilities of which it is already busily, though blunderingly, trying to work out.

"The Bride of the Mistletoe" pictured for us the sudden collapse, in a Kentucky household, of the desperately maintained fiction that romantic love is self-endowed with unchanging youth; and, in the pompous scholasticism of Professor Ousley's didactic essay, offered us, over Mrs. Ousley's shoulder, some post-Darwinian proofs of the inevitability of the catastrophe. The new story pictures for us the breakdown of an equally desperately maintained fiction—the notion that faithfulness to an unconsummated romance condones the sin of its own selfishness and illusions. Mr. Allen's earnestness and conviction in the writing of these tales are unmistakable and almost sacerdotal. And the accusations of "bewildered pessimism" that have been brought against him are quite naturally incomprehensible to him except on the supposition that his proclamation has been premature. In reality, however, his solemn announcement of the hopeless breakdown of a discredited sexual idealism cannot but appear bewildered and pessimistically futile to an age that is already sorting out the foundation stones of a new and, as it loudly hopes, a more practical ideal.

Did you ever talk to a man who was a born collector and who, through long indulgence in the habit, had become a confirmed and hopeless incurable? Are not these people, for the most part, and to put it bluntly, "the limit"? And yet is there not an oddly irritating fascination in the perversions and inversions that their vocabularies and their sense of values have undergone? Mr. E. V. Lucas, the indefatigable anthologist, is one of the rare instances of a congenital collector who, while indulging his master passion, has remained human and articulate. That is to say, while he does not invariably retain any sense of needed relationship between his treasured specimens and life, he has never lost his appreciation of the relationship between life and the beloved avocation of the collector. He can, and occasionally does, engagingly explain the *modus operandi* of the cult, and admit us as spectators in imagination to the activities of its initiates.

In a story called "Over Bemerton's," he not only introduced us to an attractive victim of this obsession, but actually induced us to share some of his hero's joy and solace in his literary treasure-trove. And in his latest book, "Mr Ingleside" (Macmillan), he offers us the *entrée* to a select and genuinely likable coterie of desultory pokers-about among old books and old possessions; and, under cover of telling us a simple little story, gives us for an hour's breathing the languorous but restful air of literary and æsthetic dilettanteism.

Mr. Arnold Bennett's "How to Live on 24 Hours a Day" (Doran) is one of the most intrinsically amusing events of the moment. For it is admirably, although innocently, calculated simultaneously to confound the extremists of both parties to the Bennett controversy: those who have hailed this young Englishman as impeccable, and those who have declared him to be impossible. Mr. Bennett's really remarkable grasp of the subjective mentality of his characters, joined to the complete detachment and the aloofness from sentiment of his attitude as an author, has induced the intellectuals and the emotionals to regard him, respectively, as superhuman and as inhuman. The intense per-

sonal earnestness of this didactic little essay, in which he tells us how to become capitalists of Time by saving half hours, and intellectual Sandows by doing mental calisthenics, may conceivably induce the emotionalists to hail him as a Daniel come to judgment and the intellectuals to declare that he has become a Bromide. As a matter of fact, it merely proves that, like other and less gifted mortals, Mr. Bennett is lovably and humanly capable of being passionately banal out of business hours.

I would like to put a small red cross opposite the name of Gouverneur Morris's new volume of short stories, "The Spread Eagle" (Scribner). This mark is not meant, like Baedeker's celebrated star, to indicate that if you are traveling first class through current literature, with a courier and fourteen trunks, you must by all means put up at this book of entertainment. It is intended to serve as a reminder (like a knot in one's watch chain or a ring changed to an unaccustomed finger) that you do not want to forget it. This is not only because there are moments when it will come in handy, but because there are moods that it will minister to, legitimate moods that it will supply with that of which they stand in need and which in these days is difficult to come upon—namely, a wholehearted and unforced restatement of the worth of naive enthusiasms and of the validity of youthful ideals. An ideal is a faith clothed in illusion. And we are so busy just now getting rid of worn-out illusions preparatory to being measured for new ones, that our faith in the simple joys of life occasionally finds itself unclothed and shivering in the cold. Mr. Morris's stories, with the unassumed sparkle and unadulterated zest that enliven and inspire his work, remind us that there is still warmth and wear left in some of the garments that we have incontinently relegated to the rag heap.

"Nightshade" (Brentano's), by Paul Gwynne, is one of the fictional first-fruits of the scientific world's new attitude of open-minded inquiry toward the so-called uncanny. This attitude is, in itself, one of the most interesting and significant developments of our day, since it indicates modern science's emergence from adolescence into maturity. In its infancy science, like other infants, believed everything that was told it—that ducks wintered under water and that oysters grew on trees. Later, it instinctively realized that "there is an age in life when we must dare to be unjust, when we must make a clean sweep of all admiration and respect got at second hand, and deny everything—truth and untruth—everything which we have not ourselves known for truth." The resulting scientific materialism, dogmatic and militant, was a youth's declaration of intellectual independence. This turning, of its own accord, to the quiet consideration of that which it has long denied is the proof of its conscious freedom and achieved manhood. Incidentally, this new attitude (as Mr. Gwynne's weird novel shows) bids fair, for the first time in a generation or so, once more to allow grown-up children legitimately to satisfy the wholesome and natural cravings of their imaginations with the delicious pseudo-terrors of grown-up ghost stories.

The central theme of Mr. Gwynne's story is the power of supernormal vision given to the eyes of a blind musician by a lamp emitting ultra-violet rays of adjustable wave lengths, invented by a Mephistophelian old scientist of doubtful antecedents and questionable aims. The violinist himself, the Parisian gamin who attends him, and the two sisters whom he blindly thinks are one woman, make a background of human interest for the hinted horrors of scientific disclosure. "Nightshade," in that it finally calls in the dead imaginings of the old superstition to "explain" its eventual dénouement, is a hybrid and transitional type. But it is so genuinely suggestive in the partial realization of its eerie conception, and so successfully revives an emotion long absent from current fiction, that it would be ungrateful to emphasize its shortcomings at the expense of its attainments.

OTHER BOOKS

"The Influence of Wealth in Imperial Rome" (Macmillan), by William Stearns Davis. An interesting study of the growth of the money power and the commercial spirit in ancient Rome, and their effect upon the economic and social life of the empire.

"Among Friends" (Houghton, Mifflin). Nine essays upon the semi-serious, semi-quizzical aspects of various matters, social and literary, by Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers, the mellow and witty wisdom of whose self-communings in this vein is like wine aged in the wood.

"The Mirage of the Many" (Holt), by W. T. Walsh. A novel which is intended to demonstrate the crudity of the socialistic program by a realistic imaginary picture of its operation, but which fails of its object by reason of the still greater crudity of its own melodrama.

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

ON one occasion Sir William S. Gilbert went to the theatre for the express purpose of encouraging a young actor who had shown signs of nervousness in a new part, in one of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. When the promising young man made his exit into the wings, perspiration was streaming, rivuleting, and gulfing down his face. Sir William looked at him a moment and said, in tones of intense admiration: "How well your skin acts!"

"Oh, dear!" rhapsodized the Young Lady from the City, as she saw for the first time a field of tobacco in blossom. "Mustn't it look fine when the plugs hang on?"

"Oh, Lord," was the fervent prayer of a Southern negro, "oh, Lord, send a turkey to this po' ole darky." But he prayed in vain. Christmas was coming and he grew desperate. "Oh, Lord," he prayed again, with increasing fervor, "oh, Lord, send this po' ole darky to a turkey." And that very night his prayer was answered.

On a large estate in the Scottish Highlands it was the custom for a piper to play in front of the house every week-day morning, to awaken the residents. After an overconvivial Saturday night, however, the piper forgot the day and began his reveille (can it be played on the pipes?) on Sunday morning.

Angry Master, from bedroom window: "Here, do you not know the Fourth Commandment?"

Piper: "No, sir, but if you'll—hic—whistle it I'll—hic—try it, sir."

The widow of a German officer presented herself at the office for the purpose of drawing the pension due to her. She handed in the necessary certificate from the mayor of the town in which she lived, to the effect that she was still alive.

"This certificate is not correct," said the official in charge.

"What's the matter with it?" asked the lady.

"It bears the date October 21," was the stern reply, "and your pension was due on October 15."

"Well, what kind of a certificate do you wish?" asked the disappointed applicant.

"We must have a certificate stating that you were alive on the fifteenth of October," said the official, with great firmness.

The dapper little traveling man glanced at the menu and then looked up at the pretty waitress: "Nice day, little one," he began.

"Yes, it is," she answered, "and so was yesterday, and my name is Ella, and I know I'm a little peach, and have pretty blue eyes, and I've been here quite a while and like the place, and I don't think I'm too nice a girl to be working in a hotel—if I did I'd quit my job—and my wages are satisfactory, and I don't know if there is a show or dance in town to-night, and if there is I shall not go with you, and I'm from

the country, and I'm a respectable girl, and my brother is cook in this hotel, and he weighs two hundred pounds, and last week he wiped this dining-room floor with a fresh fifty-a-month traveling man who tried to make a date with me. Now, what'll you have?" The dapper little traveling man said he was not very hungry and a cup of coffee and some hot cakes would do.

The following is a proclamation made at the Market Cross of Inverary, Scotland, less than a hundred years ago:

"Ta hoy! Te tither a-hoy! Ta hoy three times!!! an' ta hoy— Whist!! By command of his Majesty, King George, an' her Grace te Duke O'Argyll

"If anybody is found fishing about te lock, or below te lock, afore te lock, or ahint te lock, in te lock, or on te lock, aroun' te lock, or about te lock, she's to be persecutit wi' three persecutions: first she's to be burnt, syne she's to be drownt, an' then to be hangt, an' if she ever comes back she's to be persecutit wi' a far waur death

"God save te King, an' her Grace te Duke O'Argyll

A traveling man who was a cigarette smoker reached town on an early train. He wanted a smoke, but none of the stores was open. Near the station he saw a newsboy smoking, and approached him with:

"Say, son, got another cigarette?"

"No, sir," said the boy, "but I've got makings."

"All right," the traveling man said. "But I can't roll 'em very well. Will you fix one for me?"

The boy did.

"Don't believe I've got a match," said the man, after a search through his pockets.

The boy handed him a match. "Say, Captain," he said, "you ain't got anything but the habit, have you?"

Rastus was on trial, charged with stealing seven dollars and eighty-five cents. He pleaded not guilty, and, as he was unable to hire an attorney, the judge appointed Lawyer Clearem as counsel. Clearem put up a strong plea in defense, and Rastus was acquitted.

Counsel and client met a few minutes later outside the court-room.

"Now, Rastus," said Clearem, "you know the court allows the counsel very little for defending this kind of case. I worked hard for you and got you clear. I'm entitled to much more pay than I'm getting for my valuable services, and you should dig up a good-sized fee. Have you got any money?"

"Yes, Boss," replied Rastus, "I still done got dat seben dollahs and eighty-five cents."

A stout old gentleman was having trouble with the telephone. He could hear nothing but a confused jumble of sounds, and finally he became so exasperated that he shouted into the transmitter:

"Is there a blithering fool at the end of this line?"

"Not at this end," answered a cool, feminine voice.

A little colored girl, deeply insulted by her playmate, who had pushed her "off'n de stoop," took her case before the justice of the peace. He inquired into the circumstances and said, turning to the injured one: "The plaintiff is allowed to ask the defendant a question, in regard to the assault."

"Wha's dat yo' say, sah?"

"I say that you may ask the defendant a question."

"Wh—what'll Ah ask her, sah?"

"Any question you like."

The child studied the floor a moment. Then, with the politest of smiles, she inquired, "Sally, am yo' mamma well?"

Kin Hubbard, the Indiana humorist—one of them, that is to say—once was assigned to cover a performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Hubbard had his brain-child, old "Abe Martin," report the play. This was the critique: "'Uncle Tom's Cabin' played down t' Melodeon Hall las' night. Th' dogs was good, but they had poor support."

She advanced to the paying teller's window and, handing in a check for fifty dollars, stated that it was a birthday present from her husband and asked for payment. The teller informed her that she must first endorse it.

"I don't know what you mean," she said hesitatingly.

"Why, you see," he explained, "you must write your name on the back, so that when we return the check to your husband, he will know we have paid you the money."

"Oh, is that all?" she said, relieved. . . . One minute elapses.

Thus the "endorsement": "Many thanks, dear. I've got the money. Your loving wife, Evelyn."

Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President* JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE, *Editor* WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas*
RAY BROWN, *Art Director* ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, *Adv. Mgr.*

SPRING AND MACDOUGAL STREETS, NEW YORK CITY

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

The completest information we can get would indicate that Mormon leaders continue to practice polygamy, continue to encourage the practice among the younger men, continue to disregard their agreement with the Government of the United States, continue to flout the nation's laws, continue to scour the world for women victims of their sublimated white slavery.

When we arranged with ex-Senator Cannon for his "Under the Prophet" series, our chief object was to give to our readers an accurate inside account of the growth and present status of Mormonism. An account as accurate as history should be, divested of all high coloring, imaginary plots, and subterranean mysteries. We believed we should be doing the Mormons a good turn to report their history thus honestly and accurately.

We did not hate the Mormons. We did not fear the Mormons. We did not believe the stories of their present polygamous practices. We thought there might be two or three exceptions, at most.

But——

As the truth has been forced upon us that some of the leaders of the Church are openly living in polygamy, brazenly defying the laws, secretly encouraging the young men in polygamous practices, there has gradually grown up in us a great wrath at the attitude of these leaders, a great disgust at polygamy, and a great shame that Americans should permit it.

When our art director, with rare genius, placed the illustrations in this month's instalment, he visualized polygamy. If they impress you as they did us, each page showing another residence of Prophet Smith for another wife, when you get to the last illustration your heart will scarcely contain your horror and your disgust and your anger.

And if you have imagination—if you see these houses with children playing in the yards, and their enslaved mothers looking on from the doorways—if you see a bewhiskered brute going in and out of these houses, bestializing the sweet home sentiments built up through years of self-restraint—why, it's horrible! That's what it is! No sane man can fail to feel the horror, and it ought to be stopped—throttled—utterly destroyed—immediately, forever.

True, people should be left free to worship God in their own way—unless that way interferes with the laws society has provided for its own safety. Society might permit a harmless lunatic to be at large; but if society found him poisoning all the springs, society certainly would have some right to interfere.

Other religions that run to the sensual are promptly suppressed; why has the sensual feature of Mormonism been permitted to continue?

FOR VOTES.

Nice comment, isn't it, on the great Republican party and the great Democratic party? If you'll give us your votes, we'll let you live.

Once, before Utah was a state, the United States Government said: "You must *stop* polygamy!" And the Prophet straightway got in touch with the Almighty and secured a new revelation to cover the trying situation in which the "chosen people" found themselves.

And the leaders stopped polygamy until they had obtained statehood—but really carried the doctrine on as a cardinal principle of their faith. And now they return to the practice of it. And political parties, for the sake of votes, wink at the breaking of the laws and the disregard of pledges.

Do the Mormons actually believe in their religion? Do the women actually believe they are serving God Almighty when they lend themselves to this ghastly practice?

It passes belief, and yet it must be so. However attractive divinely legalized license may be to the men, and however much the women may be influenced to choose half a home or one-fifth of a home to no home, the fact remains that Mormons are devout.

We cannot but admire many Mormon traits—courage, frugality, tenacity; but their persistence in polygamy is an insult and a menace to the rest of the country and a crime against society.

It has got to stop.

If the government of Utah will not stop it; if the men will not stop it—then in mercy's name let the women take hold and stop it. They can do it. They ought to do it. The real crime is against womanhood.

Why don't they stop it?

Utah is a woman's suffrage state. Why don't the suffrage leaders of the nation show, by cleaning up Utah, what women can do with the ballot?

"All through the life of a feeble-bodied man his path is lined with memory's grave-stones which mark the spot where noble enterprises perished for lack of physical vigor to embody them in deeds"—Horace Mann.

Grape-Nuts
FOOD

scientifically meets Nature's demand for the necessary food elements, in proper balance.

Its rich nourishment is in concentrated, partly pre-digested form, supplying the vigor and endurance necessary for the accomplishment of one's life purposes.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Michigan, U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited, Windsor, Ontario.

Please mention Everybody's Magazine when you write [illegible]

Victor

Where do you prefer to sit?

Front row, or about eight rows back, or still farther back?

You can suit yourself with the Victor—you can hear the world's best music just as you want to hear it.

The Victor system of changeable needles makes it possible for you to hear the music loud or soft as you desire, or in a medium tone if you prefer.

In any case you'll plainly hear even the most delicate shades of tone, for the Victor system always insures a perfect needle point, a perfect reproduction of every Victor Record.

And be sure to hear the Victor-

To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records

Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

The world's greatest musical instrument

Variety in Victor Needles

Changeable needles enable any Victor player to control and modulate the music as an organist does with the different stops.

With Victor Full-tone and Half-tone Steel Needles, and Victor Fibre Needles, the Victor affords a variety and flexibility of tone utterly unknown to talking-machines with fixed, rigid points.

The **Victor Full-tone Needle** gives great volume of sound, that fills a large hall, and is heard above ordinary conversation. It makes music loud enough for dancing.

The **Victor Half-tone Needle** gives a volume that fills an ordinary room. Its reproduction is as *perfect* as that of the full-tone needle.

The **Victor Fibre Needle** is a revelation. Its music is smooth, soft, and delightful. With this needle your records will last *forever*, and you will hear in them a quality that you never heard in records before.

For 50 cents your dealer will have the needle-arm of your sound-box altered so as to hold either Victor Steel or Fibre Needles, which can then be instantly changed at pleasure.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Victrola

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

A Pleasing Surprise

THE first time you use one of Campbell's Soups on your table don't tell the men folks who made it. Let them think it is home-made until they have eaten it. See if they don't think the cook is a wonder. Then tell them it is one of

Campbell's Soups

You'll give them a surprise party; and a pleasant one. Because people who haven't tried Campbell's seldom believe it is possible to produce such quality except in home-made soup.

But—using as we do—prime fresh meats and poultry, and the choicest of vegetables, right from our own gardens, our soups have all the rich body and pure wholesome savor of the best home-product. And there's nothing left out but the bother and fuss for *you*.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato Okra
Chicken-Gumbo Okra	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY, Camden N J

Look for the red-and-white label

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

Alice Nielsen and the Columbia Grafonola "Regent"

Reg U.S.Pat Off

Such records as these Columbia Double-Discs of Miss Nielsen's, played on the Columbia Grafonola, are the best possible demonstration of the "one incomparable musical instrument."

If you had heard and analyzed every voice ever recorded, we would be willing to accept your verdict on these lovely soprano records as the basis of all our future dealing with you.

They comprise six double-disc numbers (twelve selections). Price $5 for each double-disc.

Columbia dealers everywhere are ready to play them for you, and to show you that they may be played on any disc machine.

The Columbia Grafonola "Regent" (combination [illegible] any library table and [illegible] Graphophone) price $[illegible]

Columbia Phonograph Co., Gen'l. Box 211, Tribune Building, New York

Creators of the Talking Machine Industry — Pioneers and Leaders in the Talking Machine Art — Owners of the Fundamental Patents — Largest manufacturers of Talking Machines in the World — Dealers wanted — Exclusive selling rights given where we are not already represented

The Howard Watch

Sometimes you see a prosperous looking passenger inquire the time, and you wonder why he does not take out his own watch to compare with the conductor's.

It is not that he has no watch—but because he is ashamed of the time he is carrying. He has no confidence that it is anywhere near correct and he tries to save his dignity by not making a comparison.

What do you think of the type of man who will carry a cheap and uncertain timepiece because it doesn't have to be seen?

It is quite different with the HOWARD owner. He is ready to match time with all comers.

The HOWARD is the closest rating watch in the world—and worth all it costs to any man of accurate habit and orderly mind.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it. The price of each watch—from the 17-jewel (*double roller*) in a Boss or Crescent gold-filled case at $40 to the 23-jewel in a 14-k solid gold case at $150—is *fixed* at the factory and a printed ticket attached.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know.
Drop us a postal card, Dept. C, and we will send you "The Story of Edward Howard and the first American Watch" an inspiring chapter of history that every man and boy should read

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS, Boston, Mass.

[illegible] Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

Look before you lease

The old adage, "look before you leap" now reads, "look before you lease." A poorly heated building is no renting (or sales) bargain at any price—because no house is really worth living in without plenty of clean, healthful, invigorating warmth. That is why

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

are proving in many thousands of buildings, of all classes, in America and Europe, to be the greatest boon of the century in utmost betterment of living conditions, as well as in *reducing the cost of living.*

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators bring *freedom* from the back-breaking work, ash-dust and poisonous coal-gases which attend the use of old-style heating devices. At the same time, an outfit of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators will prove to be a dividend-paying investment to you—far better than bonds at 6% as in a few years the outfit saves enough in coal and cleaning, time and temper, no rusting or repairs, to quickly repay the original cost. Any owner, architect or real estate agent will tell you that IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators will attract and hold best tenants at 10% to 15% higher rental; or assist to sell the property quicker, at full price paid for the outfit

Whether landlord, tenant, or intending builder, whether your building is OLD or new, FARM or city, it will pay you well to LOOK INTO the merits of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators. Tell us of the building you wish to heat. Our information and catalog (free) put you under no obligation to buy. Prices are now most favorable. Write today.

Public Showrooms in all large cities

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

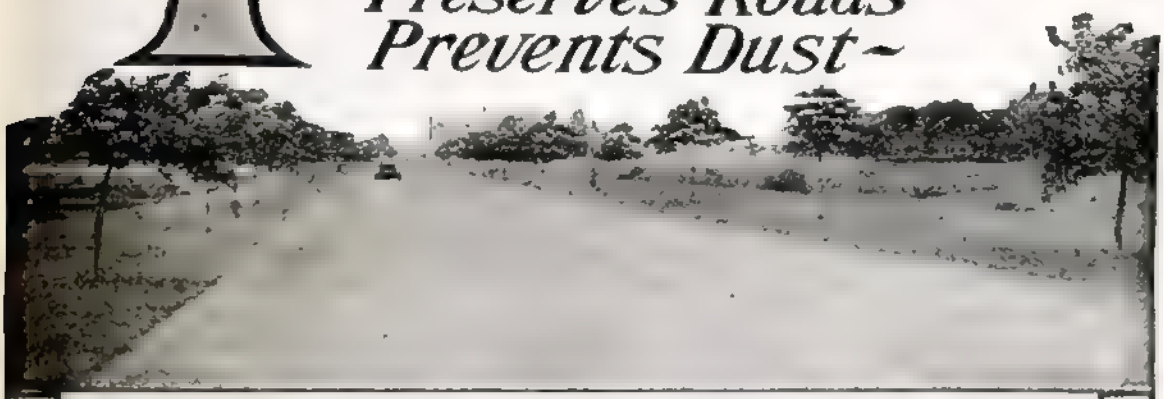
Write to Dept. 40 Chicago

Rexall
HAIR TONIC
Rexall
"93" HAIR TONIC
Two Sizes, 50c. and $1.00
Keeps scalp and hair clean - promotes hair health
Your Money Back if it Doesn't
Sold and guaranteed by only one Druggist in a place. Look for The Rexall Store
They are the Druggists in over 3000 towns and cities in the United States and Canada
UNITED DRUG CO., BOSTON, MASS.
CHICAGO, ILL.
TORONTO, CANADA

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

Tarvia

Preserves Roads
Prevents Dust



Tarvia in Cambridge

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., widely known as the seat of Harvard College, is a progressive modern city of 100,000 inhabitants.

For some years the superintendent of streets has been experimenting with Tarvia as a macadam road binder and dust layer.

To-day, tarviated macadam has been adopted as a standard method of construction.

Harvard Street, leading to the college, and one of the principal automobile routes from Boston, was in bad condition in 1908.

A section of the Harvard Square end was laid with Tarvia X, and an adjacent section was built without Tarvia.

The experience during the succeeding winter convinced the superintendent that Tarvia was necessary to make a macadam road endure modern fast-moving traffic.

The next season sections of Columbia Street, also an automobile route, Berkshire and York Streets were built, following the methods used on Harvard St.

At the same time Massachusetts Ave., one of the heavy travelled streets leading from Boston to the suburbs on the northwest, was rebuilt in a thoroughly substantial manner with Tarvia X.

In addition to the construction work, Tarvia B has been spread on automobile thoroughfares like Magazine Street, Kirkland Street and the Charles River Parkway.

On these streets the automobile traffic is extremely heavy, as Cambridge is not only the way out from Boston to the north and west, but is also crossed by all traffic from the southern to the northern suburbs.

Tarvia B was chosen after actual road trials of different types of dust layers and road preservatives.

Booklet regarding the Tarvia treatment free on request to our nearest office.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland Cincinnati
Pittsburg Minneapolis Kansas City New Orleans Seattle London, Eng.

TRADE B MARK

CONGO
NEVER LEAK
ROOFING

Guaranteed Until 1921

The owner of a building covered with Congo has the satisfaction of knowing that his roof is *guaranteed for 10 years.*

Every roof of 2 ply and 3 ply Congo is guaranteed in this way

In each roll of Congo is a *genuine legally binding Surety Bond* issued by the National Surety Company of New York.

This Bond is enforceable without resort to law. It provides that we shall furnish new roofing in case Congo fails to last ten years.

This year we will guarantee thousands of roofs all over the country *to last till 1921* on this basis.

Of course we are not going to lose we are offering a sure thing. We know Congo will last *more* than 10 years.

If it would not do so, it would be absurd for us to jeopardize our business by making so many binding guarantees, and the National Surety Co. would not stand behind us.

National Surety Company
CONGO ROOFING
Guarantee Bond

Fac-simile of 10 Year Bond

One thing the guarantee forces upon us; it makes us extremely careful in manufacturing.

We make doubly sure that every roll is perfect.

We use the best material that money can buy.

We take elaborate pains in wrapping to prevent damage in transit.

Another little detail is the nailing. Some manufacturers supply broad-headed nails, but these frequently cut the roofing. Other manufacturers supply tin discs which rust quickly and cause leaks.

To avoid any trouble from this source, we provide free of charge, *galvanized* iron caps which are rust proof and will last as long as the roofing.

In every way we protect ourselves against the possibility of a complaint.

Send for a copy of our Guarantee Bond, and a sample of Congo Roofing. The copy of the guarantee will show you what a real legal roofing guarantee looks like. The sample and the little booklet which we enclose with it will tell you more about Congo Roofing.

Congoleum for Flooring and Wainscoting

We should like to send every reader of this paper a sample of Congoleum. It is fitted for use in homes, stores, offices, around billiard tables and in busy passageways. It is a perfect imitation of light and golden oak. Its surface has a high polish. It is unusually durable. The price is very low. Write for samples and further details.

UNITED ROOFING & MANUFACTURING COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO KANSAS CITY SAN FRANCISCO

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

A POSITIVE STATEMENT

Back of the claims made for the **Invincible** Electric Renovator stand years of *service* and *thousands* of machines each one paying big dividends every month in *cleanliness*, *comfort* and *money* saved. We urge you to make comparisons *before* buying a machine. We invite competitive tests. Choose the machine which *proves* itself most thorough and most practical.

Invincible Stationary Plant

Invincible ELECTRIC RENOVATOR

worthy of its name—**the** conqueror of dust and dirt, the guardian of healthful cleanliness. The **Invincible** machines use the centrifugal fan principle—they have perfected it—thousands of **Invincible** machines are now in use all over America.

1911 MODEL

SILENT—SIMPLE—DURABLE
TESTED and PROVEN

Stationary Plants—Made in six sizes to answer perfectly the needs of any structure from the small home to the office or public building. The service of our engineering department is at the disposal of those who contemplate putting in a cleaning plant. Write for particulars and free booklet.

Portable Machines—Made in four sizes—the "Commercial" and "Domestic" for large homes, hotels, etc., the "Junior, Two Stage" and the "Junior, Three Stage" types for the needs of the average home. **The** practical, silent and moderate-priced portable cleaning machine with a record of success.

Invincible Junior

Do not purchase an air-cleaning machine until you have seen the Invincible.

"It Eats Dirt"

Illustrated booklets explaining the true economy of cleaning by air, sent free on request. Address Dept. G.

Electric Renovator Mfg. Co.

2139 Farmers Bank Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Annual Special Sale

OSTERMOOR

Extra Thick $30.00 French Edge MATTRESS

$18.50 Delivered

If you have an Ostermoor Catalogue, "The Test of Time," at home, see page 139, as shown

Extra Thick French Edge Mattress.
Covered with Beautiful Mercerized French Art Twills.
An exceedingly luxurious, soft, springy, round-cornered mattress of extra weight, much thicker than regular.
Five inch inseamed French Edge Border.
4 feet 6 inches wide. 60 lbs., $30.00 each.

Catalog Mailed Free if You Wish

In the course of our enormous business, hundreds of ticking remnants accumulate. We take this annual opportunity to move them. You get the financial benefit—we clear our stock.

These matt[illegible] and are m[illegible] at once, if not [illegible] If you [illegible] you will [illegible] present sale.

Mattresses are all full, double-bed size, 4 feet 6 inches wide, 6 feet 4 inches long, in one or two parts, round corners, 5-inch inseamed borders, French Rolled Edges, exactly like illustration. Built in the most luxurious possible manner by our most expert specialists.

Filling is especially selected Ostermoor Sheets, all hand-laid, closed within ticking entirely by hand sewing.

Weight—full 60 lbs. each, 15 lbs. more than regular

Coverings —beautiful Mercerized French Art Twills, finest quality—pink, blue, yellow, green or lavender, plain or figured. High-grade, dust-proof Satin Finish Ticking, striped in linen effect, or the good, old-fashioned blue and white stripe Herring-bone Ticking.

Price, $18.50 Each (In One or Two Parts)

From your Ostermoor dealer; or, if he has none in stock, we will ship direct, express prepaid, same day check is received

We pay transportation charges anywhere in the United States.
Cannot [illegible] Parcel Post. First come, first served. The supply is limited.
Express [illegible] Canada and Europe; postage not C. O. D.

Built—Not Stuffed

Regular Ostermoor Mattress, 4 feet 6 inches wide, 4 feet 6 inches long, 45 lbs., in two parts, costs $15.00. The $18.50 French Edge Mattress is two inches thicker, weighs 15 lbs. more, has round corners, soft Rolled Edges instead of stiff, flat ticking, and is much softer and far more resilient.

Send [illegible] a postal for our free descriptive book, "The Test of Time," a veritable work of art, 144 pages in two colors, profusely illustrated.

OSTERMOOR & COMPANY, 107 Elizabeth St., New York

Cable Address, Ostermoor, Leather & Down, 107, Montreal

*When ordering, state [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"For Your Children's Heirlooms"

THERE IS A GREAT DEAL MORE IN that statement than a mere phrase. How much modern-made furniture will endure long enough to be an heirloom? The Berkey & Gay Furniture Company is producing day after day, and year after year, furniture which, because of its design and workmanship and material, will be worthy and beautiful long hence.

IF you should visit the Berkey & Gay Furniture Company shops in Grand Rapids, you would see the patient, methodical care and skill of the men who are devoting their best time and thought to making the best furniture to be made. No concealing of defects, no slurring over hidden joints, no hasty finishing — but the same meditative, almost loving, treatment of wood, which in the olden days put together the priceless period furniture.

OUR local representative will be glad to show you his displays of our furniture. On his floors is a goodly showing, and in his magnificent portfolio of photogravures is a lifelike presentment of our 2,000 pieces. Inspect the furniture, study it carefully, understand how it is made and what it is made of, and why it is so made — and then you will see why a Berkey & Gay piece is one that will stay in your family for years and years.

If you would like to read a de luxe book about "Character in Furniture," we will be glad to send it to you. It is not a catalogue.

When you know our furniture you will understand why it is not the sort that may be put into a cheap catalogue.

THIS book we have published is an uncommercial publication, and an expensive one—to us. It tells the story of period furniture in a most interesting way.

• • •

A series of paintings by Rene Vincent, the famous French artist, showing our furniture in real life, illustrates it. The edition is small, and the demand for copies is great. Fifteen two-cent U. S. stamps—much less than the actual cost of making the book — brings it to you by the next mail. But it would be best to send for it at once.

BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE

Berkey & Gay Furniture Co.

159 Canal Street, Grand Rapids, Michigan

This is for "the man higher up"

ARE you one of the thousands of manufacturers who pay large annual varnish bills without taking any active interest in the quality, economy or efficiency of the varnish itself?

It's a costly mistake.

Every day we are showing manufacturers how they can greatly increase the quality of their finishing without increasing the cost for finishing materials.

How they can reduce the cost of finishing;

How they can increase their output by reducing the time and labor in the finishing department;

How they can make their products more attractive and more salable.

These are some of the profit making opportunities that are open to you if you will only take the time to look into the subject.

It is not simply a matter of close and careful purchasing.

It involves your manufacturing and finishing processes.

It affects both your profits and your factory output.

It is so important that a large manufacturer who recently died, stipulated in his will that Berry Brothers' Varnishes be continued in use as long as the business lived! He was one of those wise executives of large corporations who make big money out of what others consider "little things."

No matter how far you may be removed from the actual use of the varnish look into the subject. You will never be sure that your finishing problems have been satisfactorily, fairly and economically solved until you have exhausted the resources, knowledge and experience of our organization.

Send for our booklet "*Choosing Your Varnish Maker*," and learn briefly what our [illegible]

[illegible] one of our specialists who understands the finishing problems of your particular business. It will place you under no obligation whatever.

Berry Brothers' Architectural Finishes

[illegible]

BERRY BROTHERS, Ltd.

Largest Manufacturers of Varnishes, Shellacs, Air Drying and Baking Japans, Lacquers, Stains, Fillers and Dryers

[illegible]

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

HAMMERING DOWN the Cost of HEATING

WITH living expenses in general *climbing higher*, Underfeed Warm Air Furnaces and Steam and Hot Water Boilers are hammering down the cost of heating to the lowest possible notch.

In thousands of American homes *clean*, even heat is enjoyed at *least* cost. The Underfeed has made this possible. There's no guess work about it. Those who have thoroughly tested the Underfeed and proved its merits, give voluntary testimony that they have saved from one-half to two-thirds of their coal bills each year by the use of

The Peck-Williamson Underfeed

HEATING SYSTEMS WARM AIR FURNACES - STEAM-HOT WATER BOILERS

This *saving* of from 50% to 66⅔% is assured alike in modest home or largest building. Pea or buckwheat sizes of hard and soft coal and *cheapest* slack which would smother a fire in an ordinary heater yield as much heat as *highest* priced coal. The Underfeed coal-burning way is responsible for this seeming miracle of economy. Coal is pumped from below. All fire is on top—the sensible *heat-conserving* way. Smoke and gases, wasted in other heaters, *must* pass through the flames and are consumed. That settles the smoke nuisance and nets *more* heat. The few ashes are removed by shaking the grate bar as in ordinary furnaces and boilers. Satisfaction with the Underfeed *grows* with the years.

Boiler Underfeed Device

Here's H. C. Beman, of Meadville, Pennsylvania, who writes:

"My Underfeed furnace now in its fourth year of service proves itself BETTER every season; no cost for repairs whatever; still perfect as new. The average cost of coal to heat my twelve-room house THOROUGHLY through complete winter seasons is $22.50 per year. I don't think that can be beaten."

We could publish a book as big as an encyclopedia *filled* with letters like this. Let us send you FREE a lot of fac-simile testimonials and our Underfeed Furnace Booklet or Special Catalog of Steam and Hot Water Boilers. Heating plans and services of our Engineering Corps FREE. Write today giving name of local dealer with whom you'd prefer to deal

Furnace Underfeed Device

THE PECK-WILLIAMSON CO. 306 W. Fifth Street, CINCINNATI, O.

Furnace Dealers, Hardware Men and Plumbers will find Profit for Them in our 1911 Sales Plan. Write for it Today.

Send Coupon Today and Learn how to

SAVE 1/2 to 2/3 of your Coal Bill.

Fill in, cut out and mail TODAY.

THE PECK-WILLIAMSON CO., 306 W. Fifth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

I would like to know *more* about how to cut down the cost of my Coal Bills from 50% to 66⅔%. Send me—FREE—

UNDERFEED Furnace Booklet
Boiler Booklet
(Indicate by X Booklet you desire)

Name..... *Street*.....

Postoffice..... *State*.....

.....Name dealer with whom you prefer to deal.

Digging asphalt from Trinidad Lake, and transporting it for Genasco Roofing

All "asphalt roofing" is not Trinidad Lake Asphalt Roofing—there's a great big difference. Look out for that when you buy your roofing.

Ordinary so-called asphalt roofings are made of artificial products masquerading as real asphalt. They are nothing more than the residue from petroleum oil or native bitumens made into a black pitch, which is easily affected by changes in weather.

Genasco

the Trinidad-Lake-Asphalt Roofing

is made of genuine *natural* asphalt—perfectly stable and uniform in quality.

Trinidad Lake Asphalt is endowed by Nature with *natural* oils; and they stay in it. This gives Genasco its wonderful resistance to rain, snow, sun, wind, heat, and cold—and keeps it lastingly waterproof.

The artificial asphalts have oils *mixed* with them, but they haven't the quality of the oils in the natural product; and they soon evaporate and leave the roofing "dead"—and it cracks, breaks and leaks, although at the first it may look like Genasco, the real Trinidad-Lake-Asphalt roofing.

Natural asphalt in roofing is the greatest weather-resister known. To make sure of roofing that will permanently protect, ask your dealer for Genasco, the Trinidad-Lake-Asphalt Roofing, with either mineral or smooth surface. Fully guaranteed.

The Kant-leak Kleet waterproofs the seams of Genasco Roofing without cement, does away with nail-leaks, and gives the roof an attractive finish. Ask your dealer for Genasco with Kant-leak Kleets packed in the roll

Write for samples and the Good Roof Guide Book

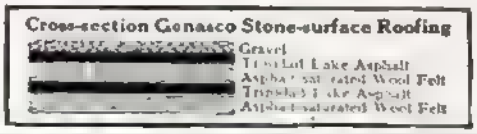
THE BARBER ASPHALT PAVING COMPANY

[illegible] of asphalt, and largest [illegible] in the world

PHILADELPHIA

New York San Francisco Chicago

Cross-section Genasco Stone-surface Roofing



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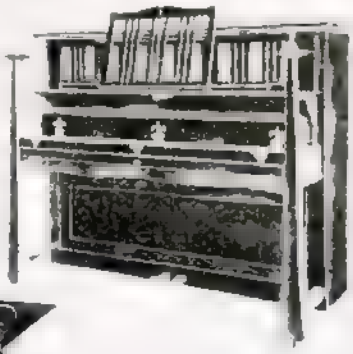
It Touches
DOWN
On the Keys

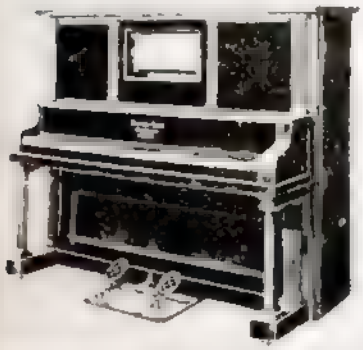


MELVILLE CLARK'S

APOLLO

The Player Piano

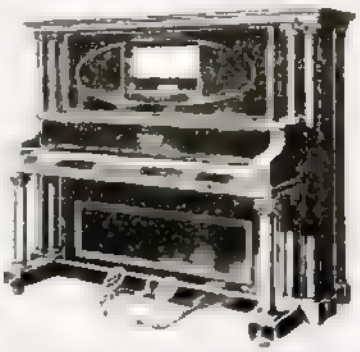
The Apollo is the only player piano in the world with which you can instantly omit the melody, play the accompaniment in any desired key, or accent the melody correctly in all compositions. But here we put emphasis on the self-evident truth that the only correct way to play a piano is down on the keys. And, by right of patents, the Apollo is the only player piano that does touch directly down on the keys.



Write at once, or ask one of our three hundred dealers.

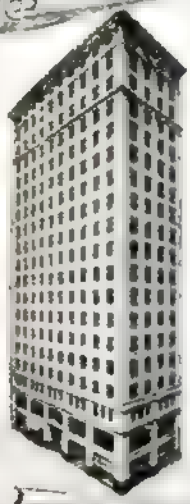
MELVILLE CLARK PIANO COMPANY
412 Steinway Building, Chicago

A Few 1911 Styles of the APOLLO



The Largest Piano Factory in the World

The Man and the Factories Behind the Steger Piano



19 Story Fire-Proof Steger Building

Steger supremacy is the cumulative result of the musical knowledge and creative genius of generations of a family of master piano builders applied to the attainment of a lofty ideal for art's sake.

The many thousands in use fully attest to the incomparable singing quality, sonority, depth and permanency of tone of remarkable sweetness—the superior materials and workmanship—the proven durability of **Steger & Sons** Pianos and Natural Player Pianos.

The experience of thousands of users has amply demonstrated that both the intrinsic and market value of a **Steger & Sons** depreciates less, year in, year out, than any other make.

Steger & Sons

Pianos and Natural Player Pianos

$350 and Upwards **$600 and Upwards**

The True Representatives of Supreme Piano Satisfaction

The **Steger & Sons** Piano is in a class by itself—each instrument is the supreme effort of a corps of over 5,000 expert piano builders—each one of whom is an avowed music lover—under the personal supervision of Mr. John V. Steger, the greatest master piano builder the world has ever known—in the largest piano factory in the world—at Steger, Ill., the town founded by Mr. Steger.

Steger & Sons Pianos and Natural Player Pianos are accepted everywhere by critical musicians and lovers of music as the highest attainable achievement of the master piano builder's art. Its purchase carries the assurance that money cannot buy better

Steger & Sons

Executive Offices and Display Rooms—

New Steger Building—Chicago

Factories: Steger, Ill.

Turn to page 2.

Money will be Saved by Painting this Spring

PAINT which wears is made from pure white lead, mixed with linseed oil and colored at the time of painting. Even though linseed oil is high, the thing to remember is that paint materials are not nearly so expensive as the repairing of a neglected house. Linseed oil at even $1.00 or $1.25 a gallon makes the painting of the average house cost only $4 or $5 more than it used to cost. Not enough to warrant letting any house go to ruin from lack of paint.

Furthermore, the flax crop is short again. Linseed oil won't soon go lower. It may go higher. Paint this Spring and get the benefit of present prices.

And use "Dutch Boy Painter" white lead and genuine linseed oil Don't be tempted, because standard materials are high, to employ something inferior. This is a mistake because not true economy.

It may surprise you if you do a little figuring yourself.

Get from your local dealer prices on the following ingredients:

100 lbs. "Dutch Boy Painter" white lead	$.....
4 gallons pure linseed oil	
1 gallon turpentine	
1 pint turpentine drier	
This makes 8 gallons Genuine old-fashioned paint	.....

Compare this with the cost of any other paint you would think of using. You'll find the best is also the cheapest.

Our Free Painting Helps

We will send you, if asked, color schemes, miscellaneous painting directions, and names of "Blue List" Painters in your community, men who use our "Dutch Boy Painter" white lead. Ask for "Helps No. 242." That will include everything.

To Painters: If you are a skilled white-leader and use "Dutch Boy Painter" white lead, send us your name for our "Painters' Blue List." Write us for Blue List Circular No. 242. It gives particulars.

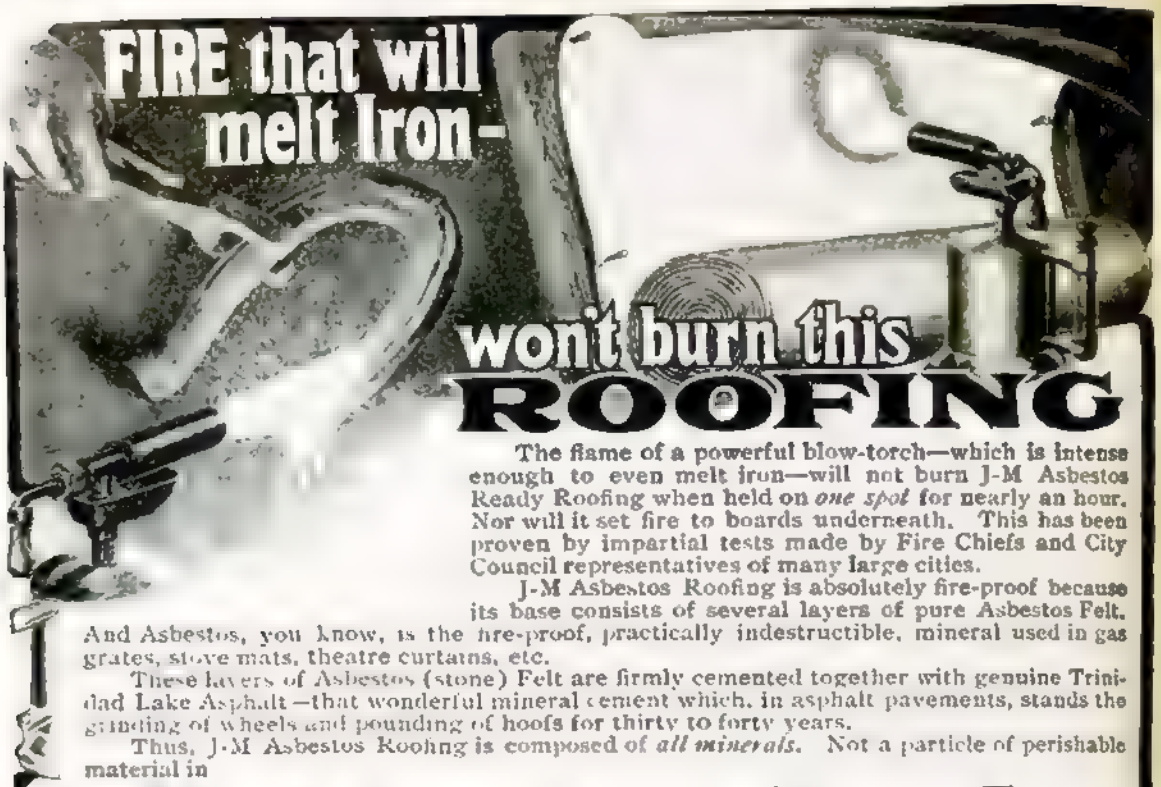
National Lead Company

An Office in each of the following cities:

New York Boston Buffalo Cincinnati Chicago Cleveland St. Louis San Francisco

John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia National Lead & Oil Co., Pittsburgh

A house White Leaded is a house well painted



FIRE that will melt Iron—won't burn this ROOFING

The flame of a powerful blow-torch—which is intense enough to even melt iron—will not burn J-M Asbestos Ready Roofing when held on *one spot* for nearly an hour. Nor will it set fire to boards underneath. This has been proven by impartial tests made by Fire Chiefs and City Council representatives of many large cities.

J-M Asbestos Roofing is absolutely fire-proof because its base consists of several layers of pure Asbestos Felt. And Asbestos, you know, is the fire-proof, practically indestructible, mineral used in gas grates, stove mats, theatre curtains, etc.

These layers of Asbestos (stone) Felt are firmly cemented together with genuine Trinidad Lake Asphalt—that wonderful mineral cement which, in asphalt pavements, stands the grinding of wheels and pounding of hoofs for thirty to forty years.

Thus, J-M Asbestos Roofing is composed of *all minerals*. Not a particle of perishable material in

J-M Asbestos Roofing

Because of this mineral or stone construction, J-M Asbestos Roofing is also rust-proof, rot-proof and acid-proof. And, like all stone, it never needs painting or coating.

No other ready roofing gives a building such absolute fire protection. None other lasts so long with so little attention. J-M Roofing is still in good condition on many buildings after nearly a quarter of a century of service.

Our nearest Branch will supply you with J-M Asbestos Roofing if not obtainable at your dealer's—also apply it, if desired.

SEND FOR THIS ODD STONE

We want to send you a free sample, just as it comes from our mines, of the curious Asbestos Rock of which this roofing is made. We want you to see for yourself that its long, silky, pliable fibres will not burn when held in fire.

Write our nearest Branch now, and we'll also send our handsomely illustrated Book No. J-37

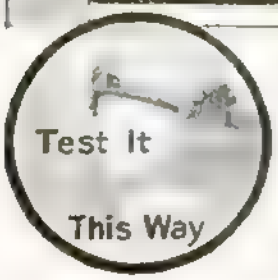
H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.

BALTIMORE CHICAGO DETROIT MILWAUKEE NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO
BOSTON CLEVELAND LOS ANGELES PHILADELPHIA SEATTLE
BUFFALO DALLAS LOUISVILLE NEW ORLEANS PITTSBURG ST. LOUIS

ASBESTOS

THE CANADIAN H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Montreal, Que., Winnipeg, Man., Vancouver, B. C. 1357

"61" FLOOR VARNISH



is the finish that stands the hard floor tests. It is heel-proof, mar-proof, water-proof.

Send for Free Sample Panel Finished with "61"

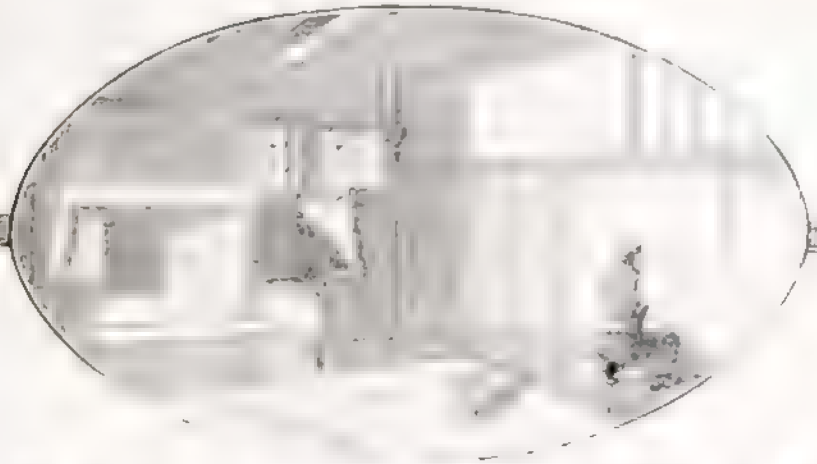
Treat it with a hammer. Prove how tough it is—*you may dent the wood but you can't crack the varnish*. Also send for booklets, *"The Finished Floor"* and *"Decorative Interior Finishing."* They contain valuable information on floors and interior finishing.

If you can't get "61" at your dealer's, write us. Address: Pratt & Lambert, Inc., 98 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 35 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario.

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

American Factories: New York, Buffalo, Chicago, Bridgeburg, Canada. Foreign Factories: London, Paris, Hamburg

[illegible] Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 7



Compo-Board

Will Make Attractive Rooms— Beautiful Panelled Effects

NOT ONLY WILL THEY BE ATTRACTIVE IN APPEARANCE BUT COMFORTABLE, HEALTHY AND WILL LAST A LIFETIME

BETTER THAN PLASTER Compo-Board is the modern wall lining. Better than lath and plaster in every way. Your walls wont be spoiled with ugly cracks, and become marred with knocks from furniture. Makes sanitary, fire-resisting, warm and dry walls. The heavy backing and facing of specially prepared paper makes it absolutely moisture proof and a non-conductor of heat.

DURABLE AND ECONOMICAL It will outlast the building itself. It cannot crack and fall off and will not chip or mar. Plaster as it dries gradually disintegrates and sooner or later falls off, and it is expensive to repair. Compo-Board can be put on in any weather in less time than it takes to lath alone. You pay for just what you need to cover the walls and ceilings. Remember, the first cost is last cost with Compo-Board and your rooms will always look well.

ITS USES While the main use of Compo-Board is as a wall lining it can be used as a backing plaster or partition. It is used as flooring under rugs with a parquet flooring around it. It can be used in the garage, barn or poultry house. You can fix up an extra room in the attic or divide off the basement. Use the scraps for making boxes for the storage of extra clothing or for play-houses for children.

TO MANUFACTURERS Compo-Board is being used all over the country in the manufacture of many articles and around factories and stores. Lots of manufacturers are putting it into their products. Possibly **you** can use it to your advantage. Send for a sample and see.

PLACING UNDER RUGS

SAMPLE AND BOOKLET FREE

You should see how Compo-Board is made and learn its many uses and advantages. Send for sample and booklet. Dealers in nearly every town or city.

LINING A GARAGE

NORTHWESTERN COMPO-BOARD CO.

4400 Lyndale Avenue North, Minneapolis, Minn.

The border of this advertisement is a slightly reduced one-inch section illustration of Compo-Board

Be an Artist in Photography

Get the best possible results out of your camera this year. Do not be content with mediocre materials and ordinary work. Improve the quality of your pictures.

You can make more artistic photographs, with greater certainty under all conditions, if you use

The "ANSCO" Film

The Film that has Chromatic Balance

This film takes account of color values; it reproduces all the varied tones, giving richness and softness. Fits any film camera. Easy to work and handle. Won't curl.

Get acquainted with the Ansco dealer in your town. He sells Ansco Films, Ansco Cameras, Cyko Paper and a full line of high-quality photographic goods. Look for the Ansco sign.

To demonstrate the superior quality of Ansco Film, we will develop one roll for you for 10 cents to partially cover cost, and make one print on Cyko paper ***FREE.*** Enclose 5 two-cent stamps and your name and address with roll of film and mail, care Free Tuition Department. Handsome Ansco Catalogue and helpful Photographic Manuals mailed on request.

ANSCO COMPANY, Binghamton, N. Y.

Much of the softness and transparency of the original print is lost in this ink-printed reproduction of a Winter Scene at Niagara Falls

[illegible] Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 7.

What is VASELINE

It is the Purest Petroleum Jelly

Be on the *safe* side when you buy a medicine. The special process of refinement and *extra* filtration by which Vaseline is obtained from petroleum makes certain its absolute *purity*. Don't confuse the name "Vaseline" with the "petrolatums" or ordinary petroleum jellies sometimes offered as "the same thing."

Many Kinds—Many Uses

You Should Know them All

On account of its great value as an emolient and its unequalled power for soothing and healing, Vaseline has been combined with standard specifics to form simple, reliable and effective remedies for ordinary ills and accidents. An assortment of these remedies form a safe and simple "first aid" medicine chest for household use. Besides the varieties described here in detail, there are the following:

Vaseline Cold Cream — Borated Vaseline
Pomade Vaseline — Perfumed White Vaseline
Vaseline Oxide of Zinc — Camphorated Vaseline
Vaseline Camphorated Cream

Convenient, Sanitary Tin Tubes

(No danger of lead poisoning)

The modern way of using Vaseline, recommended by physicians and nurses. The pure tin container preserves the absolute purity of Vaseline and keeps it free from dust and germs. Especially convenient.

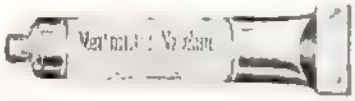
Send for Our Free Booklet

It tells all the uses of Vaseline and is a handy reference book for the treatment of the ordinary ills of the home.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.
34 State Street, New York
Branch Offices: London and Montreal
Proprietors of Every "Vaseline" Product

CAPSICUM VASELINE—Better than a mustard plaster; easier to apply and does not blister the skin. Rub on at night for sore throat or cold in the chest.

CARBOLATED VASELINE—This perfect antiseptic dressing is the safest way of utilizing the cleansing and healing values of Carbolic Acid, with the soothing comfort of Vaseline.



MENTHOLATED VASELINE—Relieves headache, neuralgia or any nerve pain. The menthol soothes the nerves, while Vaseline conducts it quickly to the seat of trouble.

WHITE VASELINE—Colds and sore throats are always relieved by White Vaseline taken internally. Has no taste. Children take it more readily than other medicines.

VASELINE CAMPHOR ICE—Best for chapped hands and lips, roughness, cold sores, fever blisters. Combines the soothing relief of camphor with the healing qualities of Vaseline.

WASHBURN-CROSBY CO., Minneapolis, Minn., have used this 3-ton Wilcox Truck continuously since March 1st, 1910, for delivering Gold Medal Flour. The company is so well satisfied that they have recently re-ordered. Detail figures on the low cost of maintenance and delivery efficiency from the experience of this company may be had upon request.

WILCOX

THESE EXPERIENCES PROVE

SAVES $129.00 PER MONTH—The Minneapolis Steel & Machinery Co. owns a 1½-ton truck, and use it continually for hauling heavy loads of steel and iron. Their average cost of maintenance is $96.72 per month. The average cost of maintaining one team and driver is $90.00 per month. Since the truck does the work of 2½ teams or more, this company actually saves $129.00 per month. The truck averages 5½ 8-mile trips per day.

SAVES $111.25 PER MONTH—A 1½-ton truck owned by the Minneapolis Bedding Co. averages 1100 to 1200 miles per month at an actual cost of $25.10 per month for every item of operation and repairs, driver $75.00, depreciation $20.00, or a total of $120.10 per month.

The company's books for a period of one year previous to the purchase of the truck show an average monthly cost of $38.00 for team and barn maintenance, teamster $52.00, depreciation $2.50 per team. Since the truck does the work of 2½ teams, this company figures an actual saving of $111.25 per month.

DOES MORE THAN 12 TEAMS—The Lamb Lumber Co., at St. Paul, Minn., have operated a "Wilcox Truck" for one year, and recently reported the following experience:

In one day a truck hauled a car load of green hemlock a distance of 7½ miles, accomplishing the work equivalent to three trips over a route which includes one of the worst hills in St. Paul. It usually requires 12 teams a day each to do this work.

H. E. WILCOX MOTOR CAR CO.

1033 MARSHALL STREET, N. E. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

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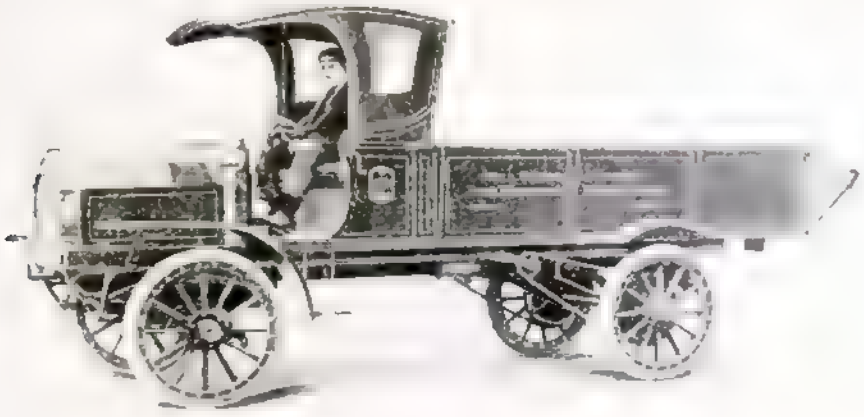


THIS STANDARD ONE-TON CHASSIS with special body was built for Wm. A. French & Co., who require sterling service and reliability in a truck with high class appearance, in keeping with the class of goods they deliver to their exclusive patrons. Displaces two delivery rigs.

TRUX

THEY DELIVER THE GOODS

SAVES $84.00 PER MONTH—The Northland Pine Co., of Minneapolis, have operated their 3-ton Wilcox Truck for 6½ months, making a total of 8,000 miles on an average cost of $127.20 per month, including gasoline, oil, repairs and driver.

The truck displaces two 4-horse teams, which would cost this company $208 per month. The net saving effected is $84.00 per month.

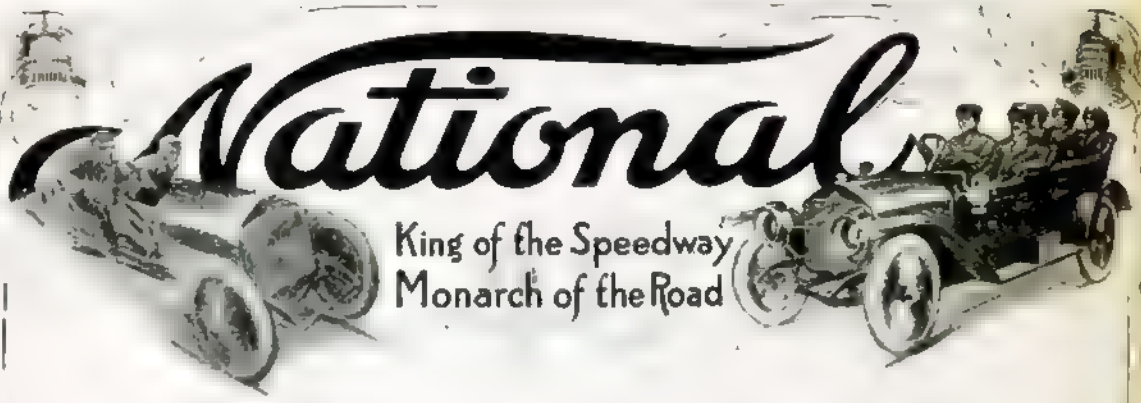
SAVES $100.10 PER MONTH—One 3-ton "Wilcox Trux" owned by the Deere & Webber Co. Minneapolis displaces two heavy drays. It has been tied up for repairs only five days in one year of service. By a most careful analysis of expense as compared with the cost of maintaining teams, this company report a saving of $3.85 per day, or $100.10 per month.

COSTS LESS THAN MULES—The Union Oil Co., of San Francisco, Cal., in a test contest with a six-mule team, report the result as follows: 32 tons hauled a distance of 41.4 miles in 9 hours at a cost of $4.90 with a Wilcox Trux; the six-mule team hauled only 15 tons a distance of only 13.8 miles in nine hours at a cost of $5.00.

WILL DO AS MUCH FOR YOU—These are only fair examples of what you can expect from "Wilcox Trux." We can show you where you can make money every month by motorizing your delivery system. Our expert traffic department will analyze your problems, and answer them frankly for you. Send for diagrams, plans and catalogue.

H. E. WILCOX MOTOR CAR CO.

1033 MARSHALL STREET, N. E. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



SPEED, power, style, prestige are embodied in every detail of design and construction of the majestic National 40. This is the car which triumphed in leading speed classics of 1910, on road, hill and speedway.

No other stock car has endured in the acid test of sustained high-speed flights with such a wonderful freedom from mechanical troubles. No other car has demonstrated such marvelous power, stamina and consistency. Time and again Nationals finished in one, two order in important long races.

There is a joyous feeling of pride in ownership of the National 40 which won such signal honors at the Vanderbilt, Elgin, Fairmount Park, Algonquin Hill, Fort Jefferson, Syracuse, Wilkesbarre Hill, and on the Atlanta and Indianapolis Speedways.

And the beauty of lines and luxury of the National "40"—in touring car, limousine or roadster—are not surpassed by any other motor car built, regardless of the cost.

Open Touring Car, Open Toy Tonneau, Speedway Roadster,	$2,500
Fore-Door Touring, Fore-Door Toy, - - - - - - - -	2,600
Fore-Door Seven Passenger Touring, - - - - - - -	3,000
Luxurious Limousine—Fore-Door, - - $4,000—Open,	3,750

National Motor Vehicle Company

1017 East 22nd Street, Indianapolis, Indiana

Licensed Under Selden Patent

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

Locomobile

Four Door Bodies and Demountable Rims on all 1911 Models
High Tension Ignition — Shaft Drive — Four Speeds
The 30 Four Cylinders $3500 - The 48 Six Cylinders $4800
Prices include Tops and Demountable Rims Complete Information on request

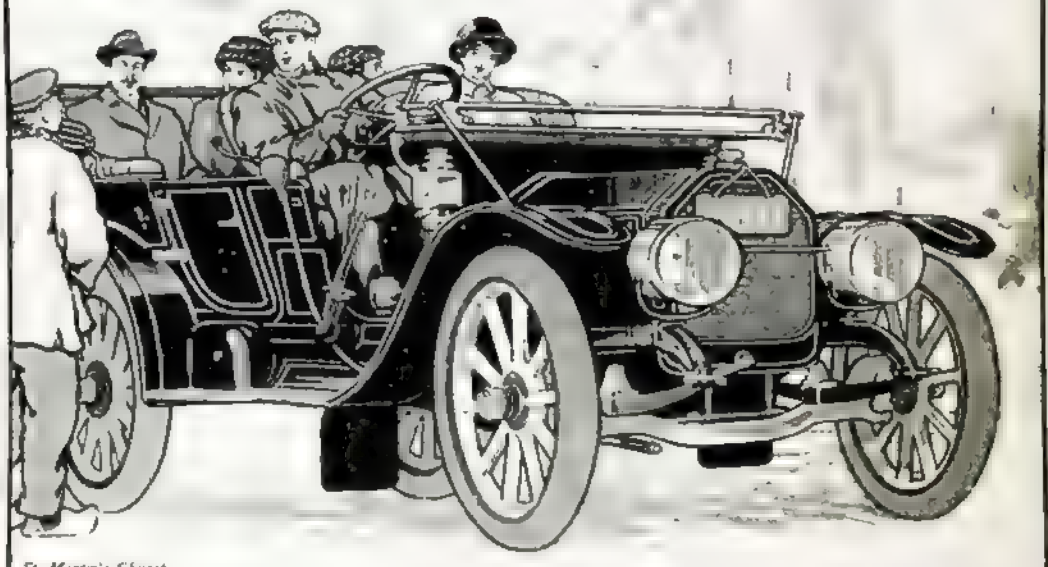
THE BEST BUILT CAR Locomobile IN AMERICA

The Locomobile Company of America
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

THE BEST BUILT CAR Locomobile IN AMERICA

Peerless

SILENCE COMFORT



St. Martin's Church and Charlemagne Tower Tours, France

Model 31 Four-Cylinder Thirty Horse-power Close Coupled Car

Whatever is luxurious and esthetic in motor car construction, whether in mechanical arrangements, smoothness of operation, or beauty of design, reaches its highest expression in the Peerless

The Peerless Motor Car Company, 2441 East 93d Street, Cleveland, Ohio

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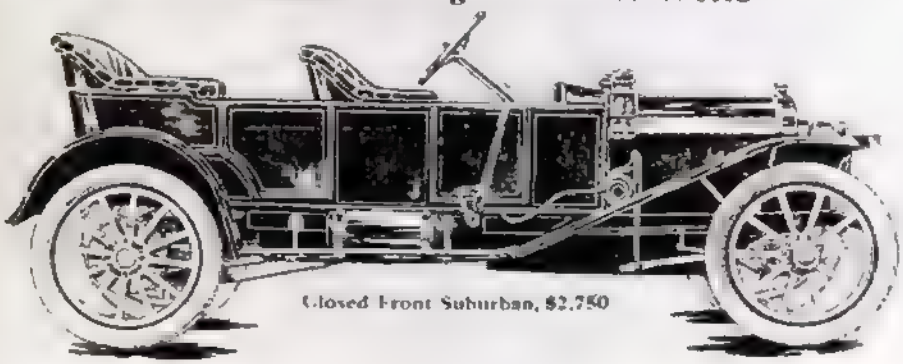
THE MARMON

"The Easiest Riding Car in the World"



Closed Front Suburban, $2,750

Why It Wins

The Marmon is not built for racing purposes.

The fact that it won more of the important racing events of 1910 is gratifying, of course, and the fact that it established more new racing records than any other car is pleasing.

But these things are incidental

Our primary purpose is to build the best motor car in the world for family purposes

Our purpose in racing has been to discover and correct weaknesses in the car that no other test could search out.

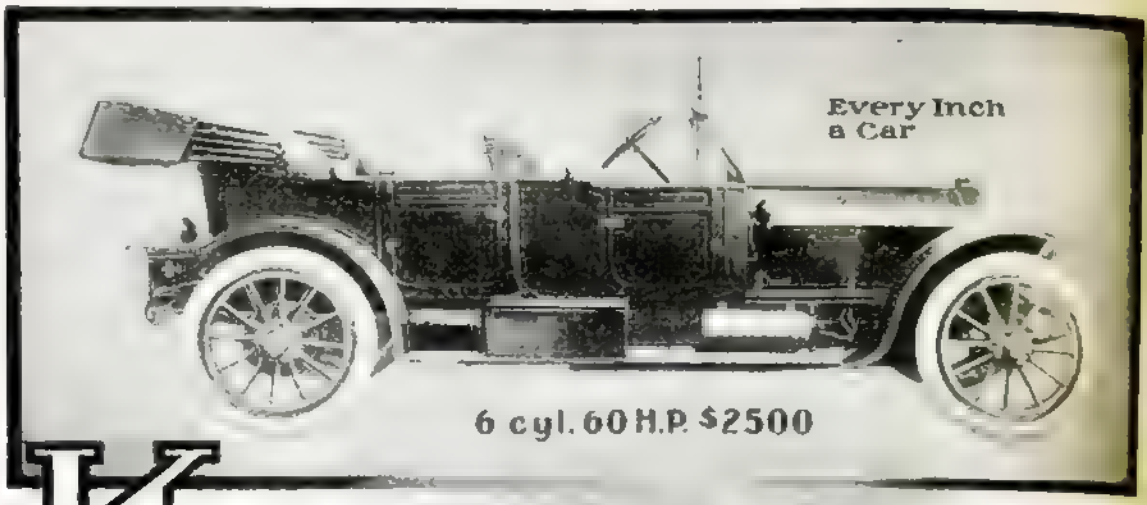
The Marmon has won the lion's share of the big races and captured the lion's share of the records simply because its design and construction are such as to successfully withstand the terrific strains of high speed for hundreds of miles without let-up and because it is the easiest-riding car in the world—easy on its driver, easy on its tires and easy on its own mechanism.

Nordyke & Marmon Co.

Indianapolis, Ind.

Estab. 1851 *Sixty Years of Successful Manufacturing*

LICENSED UNDER SELDEN PATENT



KISSEL KAR

The quiet, smooth running motor, the exhilarating buoyancy of the silent, swift motion—*these* are proofs of the detailed mechanical perfection of the Kissel Kar—the *result* of the exceptional system of multiplied inspection under which every part of the Kissel Kar is produced. Luxurious in appointments and finish, extra roomy, exceptionally comfortable, the Kissel Kar classifies itself among the few perfectly constructed, really superb automobiles.

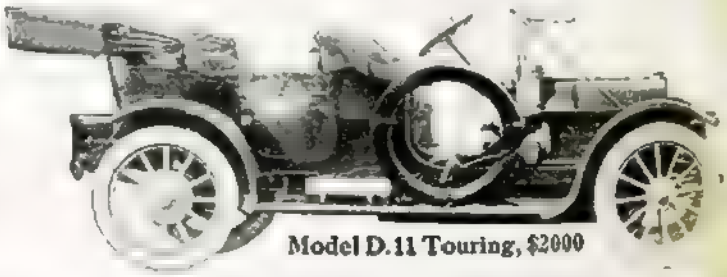
The 6 Cyl. 60 H. P. Kissel Kar selling at $2500 (fore door $100 extra) is the sensational value of the year. The "Six" has always been the choice of purchasers to whom the supremacy of the car and not the price is the main consideration—and the roomy, seven-passenger Kissel Kar "Six" is instantly recognized as belonging to this class of superb automobiles.

The two Five Passenger Kissel Kars, 50 H P, $2000, and 30 H. P., $1500—have the symmetrical lines and aristocratic appointments characteristic of superior quality cars.

Kissel Kar 3 Ton Truck, with the patented double wheel drive, is more dependable than average trucks and has proved in competition to be 15% to 20% more economical of gasoline.

Write for large illustrated portfolio describing entire Kissel Kar line.

The Kissel Kar is on exhibition in principal centers of the United States, uniformly by most reliable dealers, or at our own branches.



Model D. 11 Touring, $2000

KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO., 165 Kissel Ave., HARTFORD, WIS.

LICENSED UNDER SELDEN PATENT

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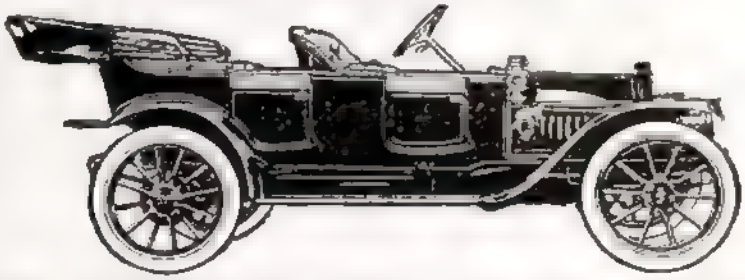
THE "EVERITT 30"



Only 4,000 EVERITTS, This Year, From a Factory of Double That Capacity—Read, And Learn The Reason Why

For the last ten years—since the beginning of automobiles—a certain three Detroit manufacturers have been building motor-cars.

They worked on the first car built in Detroit; experimented through all the years of development; manufactured by the tens of thousands during the great demand for usable cheap cars. Their names are famous wherever cars are known.

Two years ago, a demand for better quality appeared. It began to be apparent that cheap, machine-made cars, hastily assembled, could not be permanently satisfactory. Buyers began asking for the quality found in costly cars.

The great manufacturing interests owned by these men were quickly sold. A new factory was purchased; a million dollars and a year's time spent in its equipment. Then came the sifting and final adoption of designs, parts and equipment—a process of infinite care.

Built For a New Demand

For it was determined to build a genuine "quality car"—to set a standard for years. To eliminate every useless part, profit by the matchless experience available, manufacture every detail, and give to those operations which make for excellence, a degree of painstaking care known only to the costliest. The result was the "Everitt 30."

This was the car built to meet the new demand. As it appeared on the road, a year ago, it attracted instant attention. Engineers who examined it, pronounced it a marvel of scientific and simplified mechanism. Buyers who drove it, found it gave a satisfaction and remarkable performance hitherto unknown to medium-priced cars. The new model was an instant success.

Then the production began. Slowly, for quality was the object—not quantity. It was from the start impossible to supply the demand for a car like this. But altogether, in that year, 900 "Everitts" were placed in owners' hands.

From these first cars have come astonishing stories of service. Owner after owner has written to the factory in remarkable words. There has not been a single "come-back"; not a single dissatisfied owner. Every one of the 900 has made good.

Limited Quality—Every Car Right

It was determined at the start to limit factory production—realized as the one means of maintaining quality.

This for the reason that the processes which mean most to a high-grade car are necessarily slow and tedious. It is impossible to hurry the skilled handwork of adjusting, assembling, inspecting and testing, without sacrificing quality. This in addition to the mechanical operations common to all modern factories. Good cars are always built slowly.

And this is why there will be only 4,000 Everitts this year from a factory of double that capacity. It means that many would-be buyers will be disappointed; but it also means that every man who gets an Everitt will get a car he knows is right. The price —$1,400—is an incident. It is the quality that counts.

We want you to see this car—to test it for yourself over the worst conditions you can find. Only in this way can it really be appreciated.

There are only a few Everitts now unsold Will you write for our catalog and name of nearest dealer? Use this coupon—now

METZGER MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT, MICH.

—K-1—

Send your Catalog and name of nearest dealer.

The LUXURIOUS BROC ELECTRIC

TIME was when a man looked upon an electric as a woman's car—but that's no longer true. In many respects the Luxurious Broc is the best town or suburban car a man can drive—either in the roadster or coupe type.

It is safer, cleaner, handier, more easily controlled than a gasoline car.

It has ample power and speed for town or suburban use, and costs far less to operate. Three to seven dollars a month will furnish all necessary current to run a four-passenger Broc—as often, as fast and as far as the average person desires.

It requires no chauffeur; any member of the family can operate it; it is less likely to get out of order—more dependable the year round; and it has all the style one could wish for.

If you are interested to know the details of Broc design and construction, write for the Luxurious Broc catalog showing the six models for 1911—for two, three and four passengers; Exide or Edison batteries.

The BROC ELECTRIC VEHICLE COMPANY

1671 East Fortieth Street Cleveland

The [illegible] Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

TO BUY A BABCOCK ELECTRIC is to secure the highest type of small car which the motor world affords. It is a strong favorite with people of discriminating taste who place a proper value on beauty of line and elegance of appointment. 1911 Catalogue for the asking.

Babcock Electric Carriage Company
Buffalo, New York

Reo

The car you are sure of

Buy the car that you *know* will do what you ask of it. Demand proof.

You want reliability—the kind of reliability that belongs to the car of 1911.

You want power, speed, smoothness, and particularly comfort.

The Reo 10½ day-and-night record from New York to San Francisco proves conclusively that the Reo has all these qualities in high degree.

Reo Touring Car or Roadster, $1250
Top and Mezger Automatic Windshield extra

Reo Two-passenger Roadster, $1050
Top and Mezger Automatic Windshield extra

Reo Fore Door Touring Car, $1350
Mezger Automatic Windshield included

Reo Limousine $2000

Send for catalogue and "Coast to Coast in Ten Days".

R M Owen & Co Lansing Mich General Sales Agents Reo Motor Car Co

Licensed under Selden Patent

You can do it with a REO

What the Reo Record proves

Reliability. No car could make that trip from New York to San Francisco in 10 days 35 hours 22 minutes (beating a $4000 six-cylinder car by nearly five days) unless it were thoroughly and absolutely reliable.

Smoothness. The Reo made the trip without a single adjustment being made to its engine, beyond replacing one spark plug. This shows that the engine and all working parts operated with perfect smoothness.

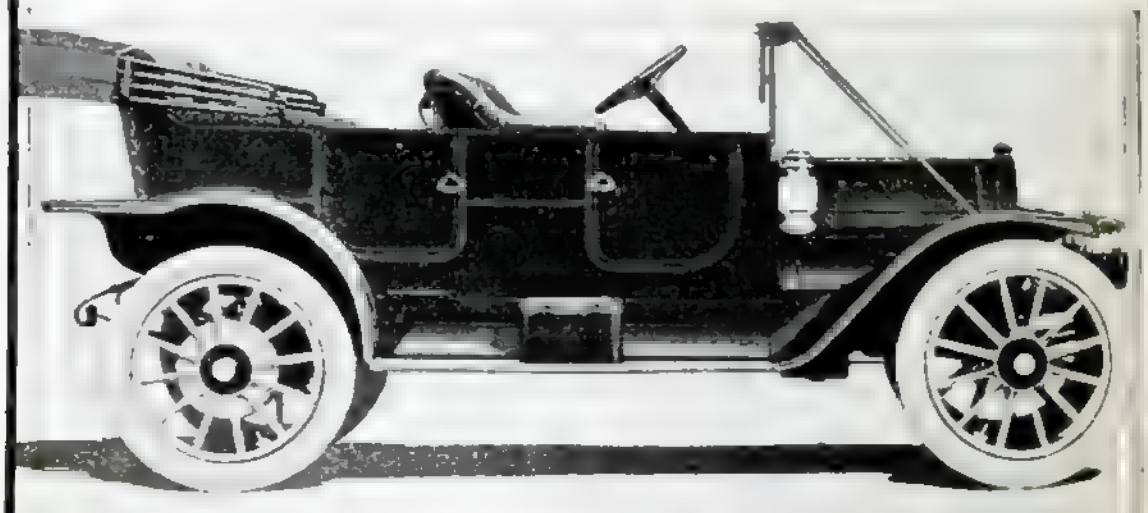
Power. The deserts and mountains were full of rough and steep climbs.

Speed. The Reo averaged nearly 400 miles a day.

Comfort. Human beings could not have stood the strain of that long and trying trip if the Reo had not been superlatively comfortable.

High-grade construction. The Reo was in perfect condition at the finish and the same car has been winning other endurance contests right along.

Everything. On that trip the Reo encountered every kind of troublesome road and conditions you will ever meet so long as you own a car.



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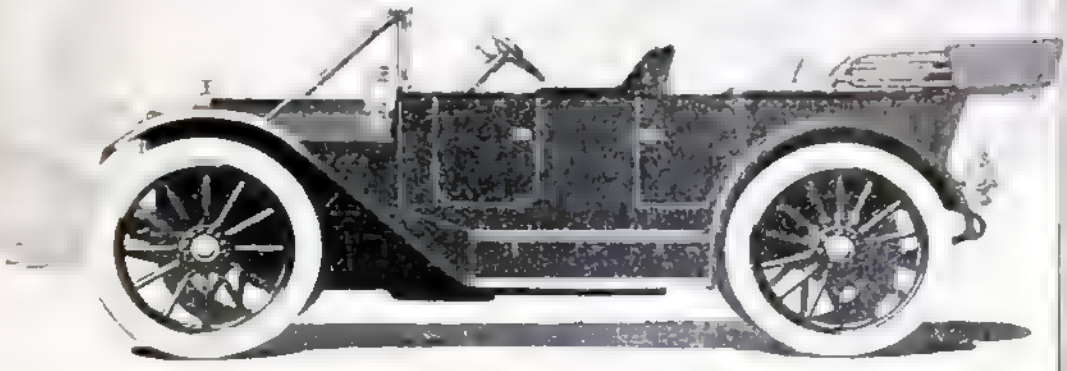


The OWEN

Devoted to comfort and family touring

The Owen is built on the same general lines as other cars of high class, with, however, these special features which afford a kind and degree of comfort hitherto unknown.

Light weight — permitting the use of smooth easy springs which convert what would otherwise be a disagreeable jolt into a gentle and altogether pleasing undulation.

Large wheels (42 inches diameter) which pass over ruts and depressions as if the road were entirely smooth.

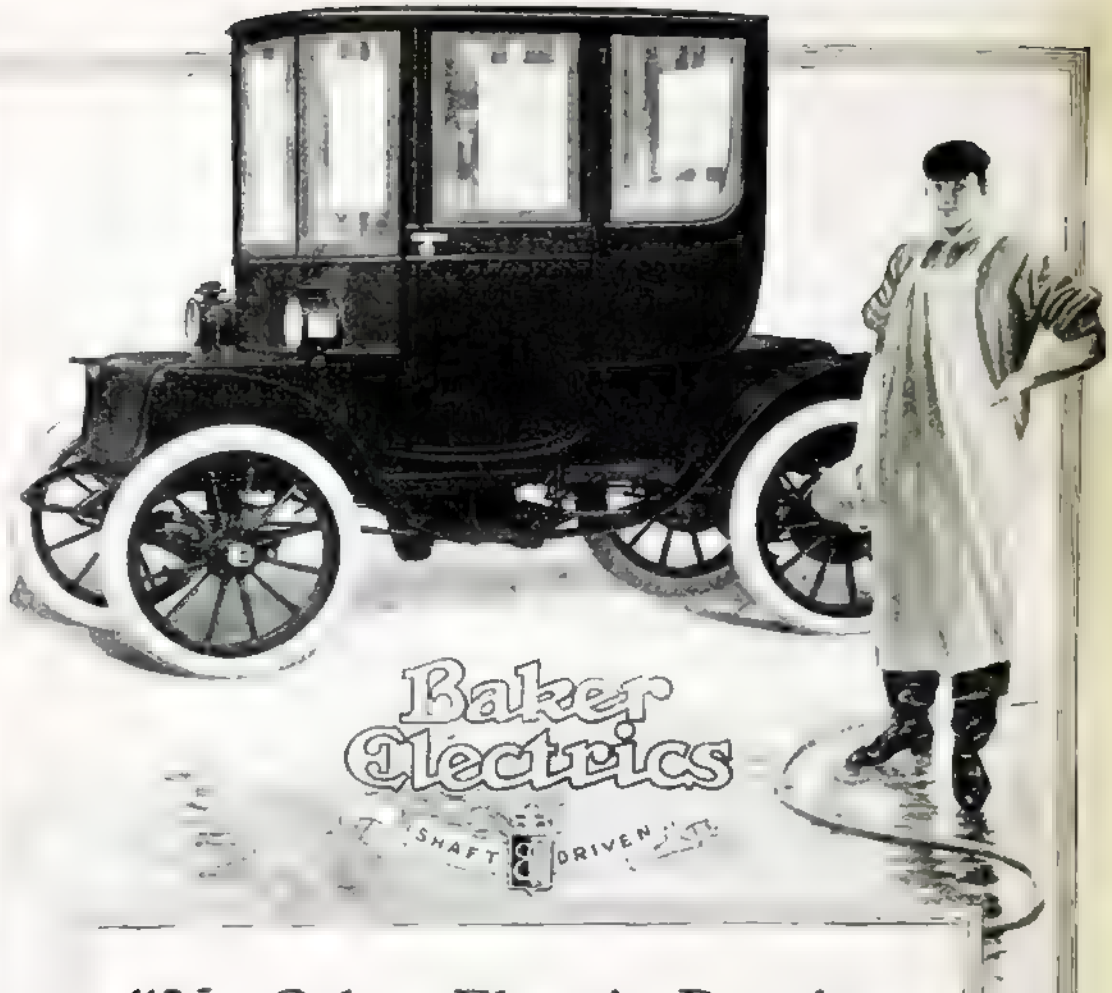
Long-stroke motor (6 inches). This works slowly and with the minimum of vibration.

Left-hand drive (with single-lever control at right in the middle) which gives the driver easy control of the car.

The Owen is very economical to operate. The large wheels reduce tire-expense; and the average gasoline consumption is less than one gallon to fifteen miles.

$3200. Send for catalogue.

R M Owen & Co Lansing Mich [illegible] Reo Motor Car Co



"No Other Electric Requires as Little Attention as a Baker"

Garage men the country over will tell you that the ***shaft driven*** Baker gives them less trouble than any other car. Its mechanism is trouble proof. The shaft drive never needs adjusting. There are no chains or torsion rods to get out of order. The chainless transmission and patented controller save current, so that less charging is required. Baker Electrics have made one world's mileage record after another, with both lead and Edison batteries.

Equipped with either lead or Edison batteries—special electric pneumatic or Motz high efficiency cushion tires.

THE BAKER MOTOR-VEHICLE COMPANY

67 West 80th Street, Cleveland, Ohio

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

There, Gentlemen, is —REAL TIRE PROTECTION!

I HAVE Solved the Problem of Perfect Tire Pro[tection] Over Ni[ne] able Tread Has Stood the Severest Tests in Actual Use Under All Sorts of Road Conditions. I Know This to Be a Fact Because I Have Proved It Myself. Tread on a Manner That Leaves no Room for Doubt. As a Result Thousands of Users of My Tread All Over the Country Have Awarded My Tire the "Brictson" is the One and Only REAL Tire Protection

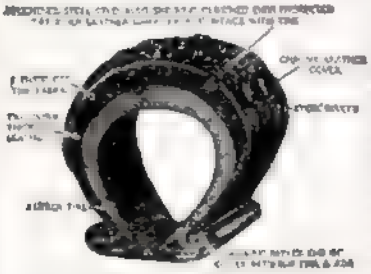
TO DEALERS

Five years Ago, When I perfected My Tread I Determined to Sell It Direct to Consumers So That I Could Trace Results of Each Set and Know for Myself Just What My Tread Was Doing. The Results of That Direct Selling Policy Have Thoroughly Convinced Me of the Practical Perfection of the "Brictson" Tread, That I Am Now Ready to Place "Brictson" Agencies With Leading Dealers Throughout the Country. Applications Will Be Considered in Order of Receipt. Live Dealers, Who Want to Represent the Only REAL Tire Protector Backed by the Greatest Advertising Campaign Ever Undertaken on a Similar Proposition Should Get Busy and Wire, Write or Phone for Full Particulars of my Brictson Tread Proposition at Once

Brictson
Detachable Tire Treads
"The Enemy of Tire Expense"

Consider the following description of how this Tread is made:

First, I use an outer layer of specially treated extra pliable Chrome Leather, which never becomes hard or brittle—never cracks—even when continuously exposed on the tire to all sorts of conditions—water, snow, sleet dust etc. Next to the outer thickness of Chrome Leather are five layers. Did you get that, "five layers?"—of the very best quality tire fabric. I might use only three or four layers and I might use a poorer quality of fabric, but my experience has proved that five layers are necessary to obtain perfect strength and in preventing the tread from slipping.



Cross Section of Brictson Tread

Next to these five layers of tire fabric is a layer of leather. Please note this: through the outer layer of Chrome Leather then through the five layers of tire fabric are driven the steel studs and steel rivets. These are clinched into the layer of leather which immediately follows next to the tire fabric, and then there is yet another layer of leather which covers these clinched ends of rivets and studs and prevents them from coming in contact with the rubber tire. Consider too, the method of fastening the Brictson Detachable Tread to the tire. The cleat of the outer layer of Chrome Leather is riveted or sewed thin wheels of steel are placed between the rubber tire and tread. This, in connection with the peculiar construction of Brictson Tread Cover the rubber tire from [illegible] Brictson Tread is the only tire tread [illegible] Detachable Tread is made [illegible] Brictson Tread [illegible] Tread [illegible] Brictson Tread [illegible] Brictson Tread [illegible] Brictson

Tire Bills Cut in Two

No-Rim-Cut Tire

Ordinary Clincher Tire

Goodyear No-Rim-Cut—Goodyear oversize tires—under average conditions cut tire bills in two.

And that saving is clear. These patented tires now cost nothing extra. Our multiplied output—$8,500,000 last year—has cut the cost of production.

No Rim-Cutting

Half of the saving comes in avoidance of rim-cutting. The two pictures above show you how this is done. Both tires are shown fitted in the same rim—the standard rim used for quick-detachable tires. Also for demountable rims.

The left picture shows how the removable rim flanges are set to curve outward with No-Rim-Cut tires. The tire comes against a rounded edge, and rim-cutting is made impossible.

We have sold half a million No-Rim-Cut tires. We have run them flat in a hundred tests—as far as 20 miles. In all this experience there has never been an instance of rim-cutting.

The picture at right shows how ordinary tires—clincher tires—are fitted to this same standard rim. The movable rim flanges must be set to curve inward—to grasp hold of the hook in the tire. That is how the tires are held on.

Note how the hook of the flange then digs into the tire. That is what causes rim-cutting. A punctured tire may be ruined beyond repair by running a single block.

Hooks are not needed with Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires. Not even tire bolts are needed. The tire stays on because 126 braided wires are vulcanized into the base. They make the tire base unstretchable, so nothing can ever force it over the flange.

When the tire is inflated the braided wires contract. The tire is then held to the rim by a pressure of 134 pounds to the inch.

This braided wire feature—which we control—forms the only practical way to make a hookless tire. A hard rubber base won't do—a single wire won't do. The braided wires which contract under air pressure are essential to safety.

10% Oversize

Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires are made 10 per cent wider than rated size. That means 10 per cent more tire—more carrying capacity—without any extra cost. That adds on the average 25 per cent to the tire mileage—saves 25 per cent of tire cost.

Tires are overloaded nine cases in ten. The tire size is not sufficient to take care of the extras—the top, glass front, gas tank, extra tire, etc. The result is a blow-out long before the tire is worn out.

This extra size, which we give you free, takes care of the extra weight. You get all these advantages without extra cost when you specify Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires. Our Tire Book is mailed free.

GOODYEAR

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Tread

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Thirteenth St., AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in All the Principal Cities — *We Make All Sorts of Rubber Tires*

Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ontario. (23) *Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ontario*

Advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

Save a Chauffeur's Salary

Silent Waverley Electric

High Efficiency Shaft Drive

A CHAUFFEUR'S SALARY is one automobile expense that does not need to be reckoned with, in maintaining the Silent Waverley Electric.

Seated amid its luxurious furnishings, the owner finds it one of the distinctive pleasures of this car to operate the simple control and steering lever. There are only two moves of the controlling lever forward and backward. The car cannot be started on any speed except low The speed directions cannot be changed with the power on. Your little girl can safely operate the Silent Waverley.

It costs less than a cent a mile to run this luxurious car We do not know of a garage rate that exceeds $30.00 a month They run as low as $15.00. Many care for their Waverley carriages at home. There is ample room for four passengers in the model illustrated.

Exide, Waverley, National or Edison battery, solid or pneumatic tires

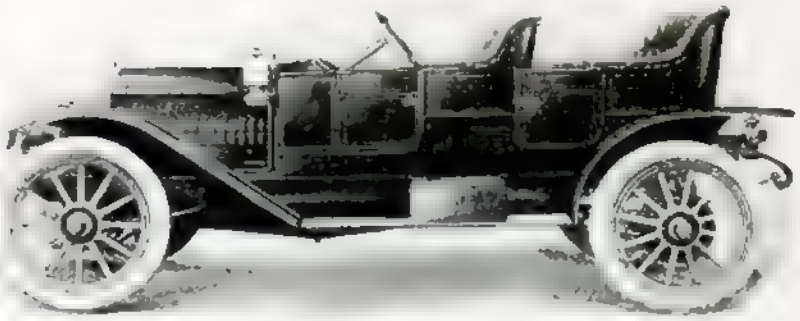
Scenic Art Catalog showing the Entire Waverley Line of Electric Carriages Sent Free On Request.

THE WAVERLEY COMPANY

Builders of Electrics for 15 Years

Factory and Main Office,
162 South East Street
Indianapolis, Ind.

Chicago Branch
2005 Michigan Avenue



Demi-Tonneau (Detachable) Four-Passenger Touring Model 36-B,
50 H. P., $1750

The Valveless Elmore Has the Only Motor Whose Cylinders Work With One United Impulse

The Elmore Valveless High Duty Motor is one power unit having four *related* cylinders.

Every other gasoline motor consists of *individual* cylinders, which are *separate* power units.

The ordinary motor must have valves; those valves must have small parts (rods, cams, levers, springs, screws, etc.) to operate them, averaging twenty to the cylinder.

Just as a chain's strength is defined by its weakest link, so is the efficiency of a valved cylinder measured by its most insignificant small part.

If a valve is not adjusted to the 1-200 of a second, its cylinder loses one-fifth, or more, of its power.

The four cylinders of the Valveless Elmore are *always* delivering their full, normal power.

A valved motor can only deliver, at each revolution of its crank shaft, *one-half* as many power strokes as it has cylinders.

Elmore

Valveless 2-Cycle

The Valveless Elmore has a full power stroke *from each cylinder* at every revolution of its crank shaft.

Having twice the power strokes of a valved motor of the same number of cylinders, the Valveless Elmore has no equal for continuity of power and sustained torque.

The four Elmore cylinders furnish as many power strokes per revolution—or per mile—as could be delivered by an eight-cylinder valved motor.

An eight-cylinder valved motor does not and is not likely to exist; perfect adjustment of the enormous number of small outer parts required would be virtually impossible.

The Valveless Elmore, having the same number of power strokes that an eight-cylinder valved motor would give, remains the simplest and most efficient power maker ever placed in an automobile.

There is only one conclusion; you must judge every other car and its motor by the efficiency of the Elmore. Write for our 1911 literature today.

Roadster Model 25, 30 H. P., $1200 **Touring Model 25, 30 H. P. $1250**

Five-Passenger Touring Model 36-B, 50 H. P., $1750

ELMORE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 1904 Amanda St., Clyde, Ohio

Member Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

Licensed under Selden Patent No. 549160

The [illegible] in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

All Demountable Rims Are Successes In Print
All Demountable Rims Are Reasonably Quick Sometimes

THE FISK REMOVABLE RIM

In Actual Service Is *Always* Quick—*Always* Safe

It cannot stick because of rust or mud. No short staybolts—No excessive weight—No special tools required.

Mark this: A tire cannot blow off this rim and there are no loose rings to fly off.

The FISK Rim was the pioneer Demountable for general use. With details perfected, it is the same rim exhibited three years ago. An immediate success, it *is* and *always has been* the only altogether practical rim on the market.

Investigate and Compare Before You Order Tire Equipment. Write for our Removable Rim Booklet

***The* FISK RUBBER COMPANY**

Department L

Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Twenty-three Direct Factory Branch Houses

Have a Sanitary, White-Enameled Bath Room

With a Little Bit of Thought, a Little Bit of Time and a Little Bit of JAP-A-LAC

Go right out and buy it this morning. There is at least *one* shop in *every* town that sells Jap-a-lac. When you *get* it, be sure that it's Jap-a-lac. There is no substitute. If the name "*Glidden*" isn't *on* the can the quality of Jap-a-lac isn't *in* the can.

Carefully wash the woodwork and let it dry—warm water and soap are all that is necessary. Apply the Jap-a-lac to the *pipes*, the *seat* of the *toilet* and the *woodwork* on the *bath tub*. If the *enameled* tub has grown *rusty* or has *worn out*, also give that a coat, or if you have a *tin or zinc* bath tub, *Jap-a-lac* will turn it into an *enameled* bath tub. This is *one* of the *many* uses for which Jap-a-lac is *intended*.

You Can't Keep House Without

JAP-A-LAC

Made in 18 Colors and Natural (Clear)

Renews Everything from Cellar to Garret

For [illegible] floors, for restoring linoleum and oilcloth; for wainscoting rooms; for coating tin or zinc [illegible] for beautifying woodwork of all sorts; for coating pantry shelves and kitchen tables; for varnishing pictures (when thinned with turpentine) and gilding picture frames and radiators; for restoring [illegible] For decorating flower pots and jardiniere stands; for re-painting trunks; for re-staining [illegible] and for a thousand and one uses, all of which are described and explained in [illegible] and are yours for a little request on a post card.

For sale [illegible] Look for the name of *Glidden* as well as the name Jap-a-lac. It is your safeguard.

The Glidden Varnish Company

Cleveland, Ohio **Toronto, Ontario**

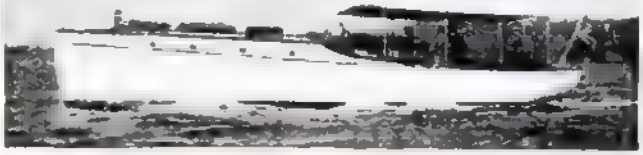
[illegible] Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

You will always be proud of your "Elco"

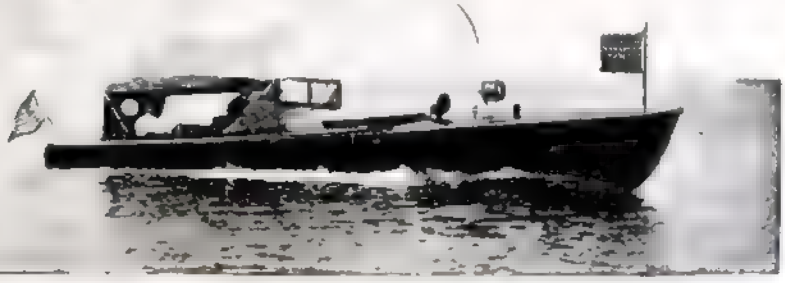
Elco MOTOR BOATS

RELIABILITY · PERFECTION
· ULTIMATE ECONOMY ·

54 ft. Elco de Luxe Undoubtedly the most luxurious of motor boats. Ass'ring Gasoline Engine Speed 15 Miles



46 ft. Elco Cruiser Sleeps Seven 70 horse power Standard Gasoline Engine. Designed for ocean cruising



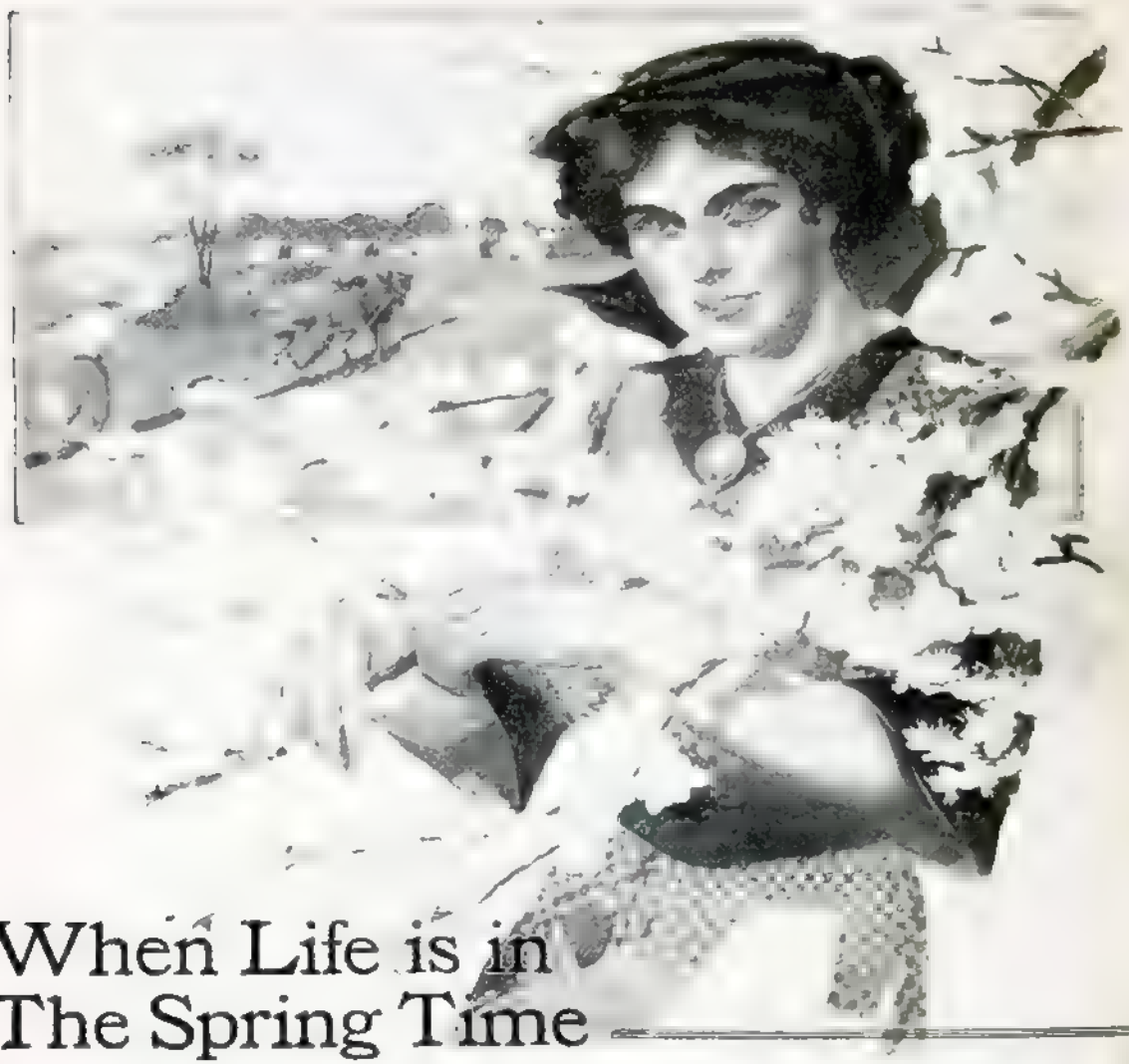
35 ft. Elco Express. "Will serve you on the water as the automobile does on land" Speed 24 miles guaranteed

Write for new catalogue.

Address Elco *167 Avenue A,* 27 minutes from Liberty and 23rd St. ferries C. R. R. of N. J. *Bayonne, N. J.*

Chicago Office: 1205 Michigan Avenue

Visit our exhibit at the Motor Boat Show, February 21st to March 6th, at the Madison Square Garden.



When Life is in The Spring Time

Health and strength seem ever present. But there comes a time in the life of all of us when the up-building powers of Barley-Malt and Saazer Hops as found in

ANHEUSER BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine

becomes absolutely necessary. It feeds the life cells—renews in the bloodless and poorly nourished a feeling that **new life beats strong within them.**

Declared by U. S. Revenue Department A Pure Malt Product and not an alcoholic beverage. Sold by druggists and grocers.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH ST. LOUIS, MO.

Keeping Trouble Out of the Kitchen.

Her pudding is burnt. When hurried and overworked, the woman in the kitchen is sure to have disasters.

Cakes will "fall," pies will bake unevenly, and puddings will burn.

Everything that keeps trouble out of the kitchen helps woman's work.

JELL-O

does that. It **never burns.** It doesn't have to be cooked. It never goes wrong. It saves time as well as trouble.

A Jell-O dessert can be made in a minute. A package of Jell-O and a pint of boiling water are all that is needed.

Jell-O desserts are pure and delicious, and beautiful in the seven different colors.

Seven delightful flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

Ten cents a package at all grocers'.

The beautiful Recipe Book, "DESSERTS OF THE WORLD," illustrated in ten colors and gold, will be sent free to all who write and ask us for it. A splendid book.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.

An Everyday Help In the Home

Run your sewing machine, freeze ice cream, operate the washing machine, grind the knives and polish silver, turn the coffee mill or food chopper, ventilate and cool the kitchen. Do all these things with a

Western-Electric Motor

You can use Western Electric Motors wherever there is an electric light socket. They are simple, inexpensive and economical. There are a hundred and one daily uses for Western Electric Motors in your home. They cost no more to operate than an ordinary electric light.

Western Electric Motors are of the highest quality and especially adapted for household use.

There is a Western Electric Motor agent in your town. If you do not know him, write us, and we will send you his name and address.

Every housewife—every man who has a thought for his wife's comfort—should write our nearest house for descriptive booklet No. 7949.

The Western Electric Company Furnishes Equipment for Every Electrical Need

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburg, Atlanta, Montreal, Chicago, Indianapolis, Cleveland, Minneapolis, Toronto, Winnipeg, Manufacturers of the 5,000,000 "Bell" Telephones, Vancouver, Saint Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Dallas, Omaha, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Salt Lake City, London, Antwerp, Berlin, Johannesburg, Sydney, Tokyo, Paris

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

CONSERVATION *for* POLICYHOLDERS DECISIVELY EXEMPLIFIED *in the* POSTAL LIFE-INSURANCE COMPANY

INSURANCE IN FORCE MORE THAN $50,000,000

FULL LEGAL RESERVE AND SURPLUS FOR THE PROTECTION OF ALL POLICYHOLDERS

When you come to think it over—

It isn't necessary or advisable to deal with an *agent* when you want to arrange life-insurance

From first to last, the *agency* way costs you extra money.

When you want to find out about a policy for *any* purpose—to protect the family, educate the young folks, for endowment, for business use—the *rational* way is to deal *direct* with the POSTAL LIFE.

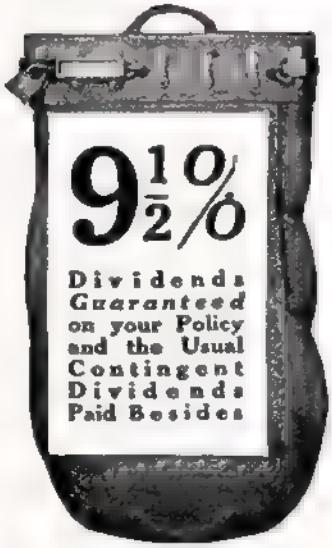
You thus escape commissions, branch-office expense, collection fees, etc., and get *full official information* which is in *black and white* and binding on the Company.

The POSTAL LIFE-INSURANCE COMPANY is the *only non-agency Company in America*—the only Company that wholly eliminates agency-expense: the result is *genuine conservation in life-insurance.*

The saving is *decisive* and *permanent*, making the net cost of your insurance in the POSTAL LIFE *lower than in any other company*

It is always good business to cut out the middleman when you *can*, but you can't always do it

In arranging a POSTAL Policy, you *can* cut him out and save



money for yourself just as hundreds have done and are doing in constantly increasing numbers.

The POSTAL LIFE is even now a *large* Company with insurance in force as stated: it has policyholders in every State of the Union and in Canada, including Americans residing in foreign countries.

And these policyholders are its *friends:* they are *satisfied* and always speak good words for the Company when occasion serves

Why not write to the POSTAL?

It has ample capital and resources to meet every demand *now* and *in the future;* it issues all the standard forms of legal-reserve insurance, and all its policies are approved by the critical New York State Insurance Department.

Here are four features (and there are others) that strongly commend the POSTAL LIFE to those who have carefully looked into it:

1. **GUARANTEED DIVIDENDS: 9½% paid to policyholders annually from savings because of the elimination of agency-expense.**
2. **CONTINGENT DIVIDENDS: Made up and paid annually from other sources, these dividends being *in addition* to the guaranteed dividends and larger than other companies pay.**
3. **LIBERAL OPTIONS AND VALUES: Enabling you, among other things, to add to the face-value of your Policy a larger amount of *paid-up insurance* than is possible in any other company.**
4. **OPTIONAL PREMIUM PRIVILEGE: You may deposit premiums monthly, quarterly, semi-annually or annually as desired and without consulting the Company.**

In your letter be sure to state:

1. *Your Occupation.*
2. *The exact date of your birth.*

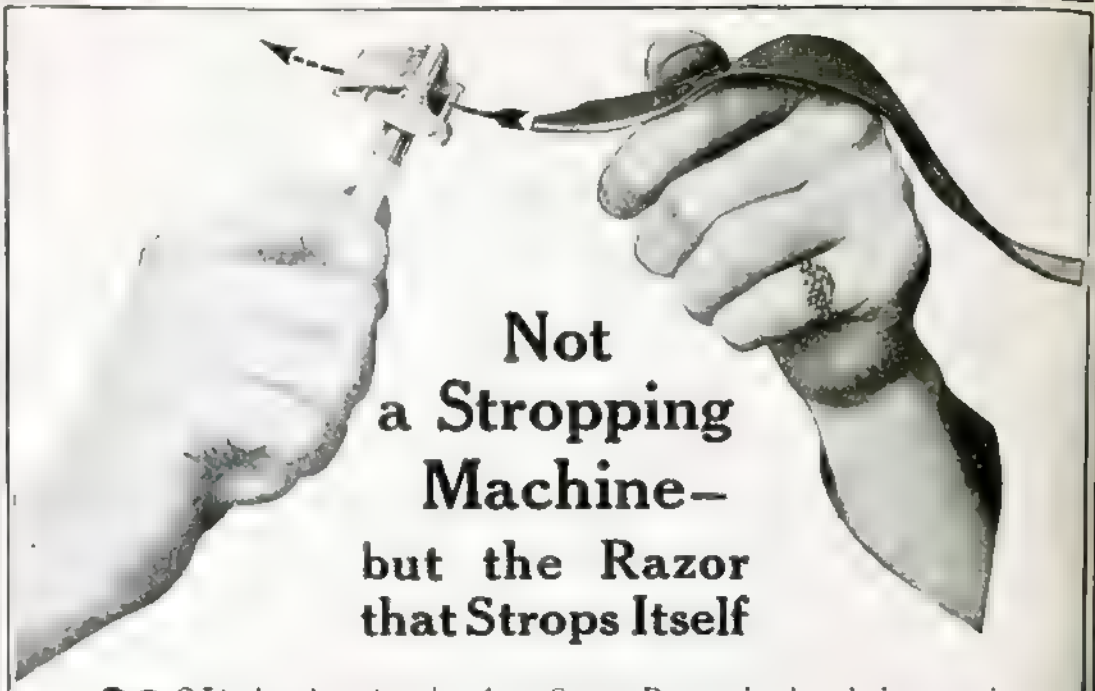
It will pay you to find out what the Company will do for you *personally.* Just write and say: "*Mail me personal particulars about insurance as per advertisement in Everybody's.*"

Postal Life-Insurance Company

35 Nassau Street

New York

When you write, the Postal will send no agent to visit you; it dispenses with agents



Not a Stropping Machine—

but the Razor that Strops Itself

YOU simply take the AutoStrop Razor in hand, just as it is, and slip the strop through it.

You don't take anything apart—nor unscrew anything—nor adjust anything.

You flip the razor back and forth a few times. A child can do it. You slip it off the strop and shave, with an edge that "takes hold" and cleans off the beard with no more sensation than if the head barber were shaving you.

HEAD BARBER SHAVES GUARANTEED BY CONTRACT

If it doesn't shave you like a head barber's edge, get your money back from the dealer. No trouble. Our contract protects him.

$5 is all. You get a silver-plated self-stropping razor, 12 blades and strop, in attractive case. Economical, for a single blade lasts six months to a year, thus giving you years of shaves for $5.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Company, 343 Fifth Ave., New York; 61-67 Simcoe Street, Toronto; 61 New Oxford Street, London

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

To Think
Fire Insurance is to
Think *Hartford*
BECAUSE the **Hartford** is today the best known fire insurance company in America. It is not only the most widely known of all insurance companies, but its reputation for fair dealing is as high as its fame is wide. Its popularity is but the result of its hundred years of splendid service to the insured.
No loss has ever been too great for the **Hartford's** strength; none too small to receive prompt attention.
When you need fire insurance, tell your agent or broker to get you a policy in the **Hartford.**
Sometimes you will be asked to accept a policy in a company which the agent says is "just as good as the **Hartford.**" But not knowing about this "substitute" what you know about the **Hartford,** why not get what you ask for?
Insist on the Hartford
Agents Everywhere
THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.
HARTFORD CONN.

HOUSE PLANS FREE

WHAT would you have to pay for a set of House Plans costing up to CRAFTSMAN prices—$15? Yes, probably $20 or more. Do you want such a set of working drawings ABSOLUTELY FREE? We have 110 plans to choose from—besides we publish two each month in our magazine—THE CRAFTSMAN—all subject to your choice.

How can we afford such a set of plans ABSOLUTELY FREE? By a theory—to THE CRAFTSMAN for one year—a magazine that years of such costs other men dollars. Any well developed boy or woman of ordinary intelligence or industry, will enjoy it so much that after a year's experience the interest will be permanent. Study CRAFTSMAN house plans for ten minutes—and you too will be a convert to their idea of comfort, simplicity and beauty. These houses represent all that is modern and artistic. Try getting a set of REAL HOUSE PLANS elsewhere and see what they will cost you.

Send us cents at once for a copy of 24 CRAFTSMAN HOUSES—this book gives exteriors and floor plans of 24 Craftsman houses costing from $1500 up. We will also send free, a most interesting 32-page booklet entitled "THE CRAFTSMAN HOUSE."

To interest you in the "Craft Idea," I will make you the following remarkable offer if you answer at once:

THE CRAFTSMAN for a Year	$3.00	ALL FOR $3.75
"CRAFTSMAN HOMES"	2.00	
Your Selection of 110 House Plans		

Also write at once for our Premium Cut slogans, showing you how you can secure many Craftsman articles Free.

EDGAR E. PHILLIPS, THE CRAFTSMAN
Circulation Manager, Room 192. 41 West 34th St., N. Y. City.

Safe as a Savings Bank—6% Interest

First mortgage bonds on improved, income-producing, selected Chicago real estate, with a margin of security in no case less than *one hundred per cent.*

The Straus Building

Home of S. W. Straus & Co.

Thousands of dollars of bank and trust funds are invested in these securities—millions of dollars more are held by small investors.

And during 29 years no investor has ever lost a dollar of principal or interest on securities purchased of us.

The issues are all serial in form, reducing the principal each year without releasing any of the security.

The bonds are quickly convertible—our repurchase proposition is good at any time.

Write us today for descriptive literature and full particulars. Whether you have $100 or $10,000 to invest, it is to your interest to investigate these securities thoroughly.

S. W. Straus & Co.

(INCORPORATED)
MORTGAGE AND BOND BANKERS
[Established 1882] 257 Straus Building, Chicago

$8,000 to $10,000 YEARLY

Make Money Out of Others' Fun

Pleasing the Public Pays Big Profits and owners of our outfits can frequently make from $8,000 to $10,000 a year. We make special offer in the Riding Gallery line from a hand-power Merry-Go-Round to the largest grade Carousell. Easy to handle—dollars and dollars. Big money-making additional attractions. Big paying business. Just the thing for one man who can't stand indoor work. A great outdoor business.

Just the business for the man who has some money and wants a good paying business that will be the best advertising. Our goods are the most appealing, newest running and most attractive that are manufactured. They are simple in construction and require no special knowledge to operate. If you want to get into a money-making business, write today for catalogue and particulars.

HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO.
Park Amusement Outfitters
300 Sweeney Street, N. Tonawanda, N. Y., U. S. A.

Price $12.00 AT FACTORY

This Cabinet made of Oak finished golden 44 long 20" wide has drawers, extension slide, roll front, paper rack, etc., as shown. We can at low price to introduce our **Office Furniture**—Desks, Chairs, Tables, Files, Book Cases etc. Ask for priced and illustrated Catalog No. 218

—WE MAKE GOOD—

Upholstered Furniture

Turkish and Odd Rockers, Parlor and Library Suites, Davenports and Couches in Oak and Mahogany. Frames warranted and regular Coil Springs best possible way which buy—every piece guaranteed. Ask for prices at Catalog No. 218

E. H. STAFFORD MFG. CO., 242 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

best grade cedar canoe for $20

We sell direct, saving you $20.00 on a canoe. All canoes cedar and copper fastened. We make row and sail styles, also power canoes. Write for free catalog giving prices with exhibit's profit cut out. We are the largest manufacturers of canoes in the world. DETROIT BOAT CO., 111 Belvidere Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Musselman Coaster Brake

"The Armless Wonder"—smallest, lightest, simplest and strongest bicycle brake made. The *original* Armless Automatic Brake—*imitated* by many—*equalled* by none. Weighs 25 ounces. Sold by all high-class dealers, or write us, giving dealer's name, and we will advise you and send you booklet "The Miami's Story," FREE. Also made for Motorcycles.

THE MIAMI CYCLE & MFG. CO.
Licensed Coaster Brake Mfrs. 26 Grand Ave., Middletown, O.

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DIAMONDS
ON CREDIT

WRITE FOR OUR HANDSOME 100-PAGE CATALOG

containing over 2,000 illustrations of Diamonds, new designs, mountings, our own designs, Watches, Artistic Jewelry, Silverware, Novelties. Every article priced 10 to 25 per cent lower than others charge for equal value. We are direct importers, and pay no customs, no duty and no intangible tax. Send us a fine Diamond or Watch on approval, all charges prepaid. If satisfactory, keep it and send us one-fifth of the price, balance in eight equal monthly amounts. Write for Catalog today. Send for free copy of our new booklet "Historic Diamonds."

LOFTIS BROS & CO. ESTD 1858

THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL DIAMOND AND WATCH CREDIT HOUSE
Dept. C31, 92 to 98 State St., CHICAGO
Branches Pittsburg, Pa., & St. Louis, Mo

Big Bargains in Diamond Rings

No. 256 ..... $45
$4.50 a Month

No. 157 $37
$3.50 a Month

No. 251 $ 60
$3 a Month

No. 250 ..... $125
$12.50 a Month

No. 214 ... $32
$3.00 a Month

No. 249 $50
$5 a Month

PARIS GARTERS

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

LOOK *for Name* PARIS *on every Garter*

25¢-50¢

A. STEIN & CO. *Makers*
533 Center Ave.
CHICAGO, U.S.A.

Own a Summer Home at Less than Cost to Rent

Rent of a cottage or board at a summer hotel one season will pay for a Kenyon House, which will last a lifetime. Why rent when you can own? Get a Kenyon House—then where and when you please. Ideal for vacation, woods, camp, etc. All-year-round or for sleeping porch. Can be used as garage, tool house, or for outing of a permanent home. Cool in summer—warm in winter.

Kenyon TAKE DOWN HOUSE

Strong, cozy, comfortable, economical. Shipped ready to put up. Can be taken down when not wanted. Portable as a trunk. Not a tent, but a house. Frame of selected hardwood. Walls consisting of Kenyon Heavy Duty Fabric. Weather proof, vermin proof, fire resistant, sanitary. Easy to erect. Anyone can put up. All sizes and styles. Cost from $65 up. Can be seen at National Sportsmen's Show, Buffalo, N. Y., March 25th to April 2nd.

Fully Guaranteed for 3 Years

and sold on 10 years with a 10 per cent. Write for handsome new catalog and our low [illegible]

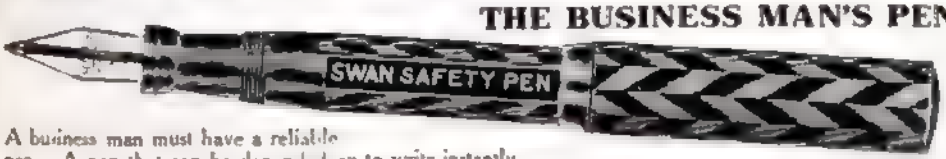
Dealers Wanted

[illegible] Write us today.

THE R. L. KENYON CO.
Dept. 25 Waukesha, Wis.

"THE SWAN"

THE BUSINESS MAN'S PEN



A business man must have a reliable pen. A pen that can be depended on to write instantly without stopping, skipping, or flooding. The "SWAN SAFETY FOUNTPEN" with "Ladder Feed" and "Screwdown Cap" writes instantly and can be absolutely depended on at all times.

Sold by all jewelers and stationers. Illustrated list on request

Prices, $2.50, $3.50, $4.00, $5.00 and up to $50.00

MABIE, TODD & CO. The Makers

17 Maiden Lane, New York
124 [illegible] Street [illegible]
Mabie, Todd & Co., Ltd.

209 State Street [illegible]
[illegible]

Please mention Everybody's Magazine when you write to advertisers.

Grow Chestnuts Like This For Profit

Covers a 50c piece

You can get bigger profits per acre from Sober Paragon Chestnuts than from any other crop.

Hardy, rapid, symmetrical growth; luxuriant foliage; spreading boughs; clean trunk; stateliness.

These qualities combined and developed by science to a degree that closely borders perfection, in the new

SOBER PARAGON
Mammoth, Sweet Chestnut

Crop, Fall of 1910, brought $48,000, orchard only *8 years old.*

The only large **sweet** chestnut in the world.

Bears the second year. The nuts average 1 to 2 inches in diameter—and 2 to 3 nuts in a burr.

United States Pomologist, G. B. Brackett, says "The Sober Paragon comes the nearest in quality to the native chestnut of any of the cultivated varieties that I have examined. It is of large size, fine appearance and excellent flavor."

Testimony from growers, commission merchants, Forestry Experts, etc., given in our **free booklet,** together with prices and particulars.

We own exclusive control of the Sober Paragon. This copyrighted metal seal is attached to every genuine tree when shipped.

Write today for the booklet.

OTHER NUT TREES, Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Roses, Shrubs, etc.,

Our 1911 illustrated Catalog and *Planting Guide,* with prices—*Free.*

GLEN BROS., Glenwood Nursery

41th Year. 1702 Main Street, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Corns Go

in Two Days. The Pain Stops Instantly

You can end your corn troubles at once and forever by using Blue-jay plasters. There is no other right way to do it.

It is applied in five seconds, and the pain instantly ends. In 48 hours the corn comes off. Until then you forget all about it

It is so sure, so effective, so convenient and harmless that people remove five million corns every year with it. Nothing else has one-fiftieth the sale, because nothing else acts like Blue-jay.

Note the Picture

A Is the harmless red B & B wax that removes the corn

B Is soft felt to protect the corn and keep the wax from spreading.

C Is the toe band, narrowed to be comfortable.

D Is rubber adhesive. It fastens the plaster on.

Blue-jay
Corn Plasters

15c and 25c per Package

Sample mailed free.

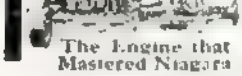
Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

Sold by all Druggists.

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York

Makers of Surgical Dressings, Etc. (97)

FERRO



The Engine that Mastered Niagara

Write for free Ferro Book and helpful advice about boats and engines.

THE engine is the deciding factor in buying a motor-boat. We not only furnish the world's standard two-cycle boat-motor, but can help you obtain the best boats built for all purposes.

The Ferro Machine & F'dry Co.

13 Hubbard Ave. Cleveland

Agents in Principal Cities and Ports.

CLASS PINS

AND BADGES FOR COLLEGE, SCHOOL, SOCIETY OR LODGE.

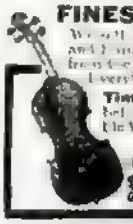
Either style with any three letters and Figure, one or two colors of enamel, Sterling Silver, 25c each, $2.50 doz.; Silver Plated, 10c each, $1.00 doz. Send for free Catalog. Special designs also made for any School or Society, at attractive prices. Send ideas for estimate.

BASTIAN BROS. CO., Dept. 47U, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Too Much Florida Land has been sold

to people who have never seen it. Write Brooksville Board of Trade for BOOK OF FACTS, describing different kinds of Florida soil. We have no land to sell but want settlers and investors to develop richest district in Florida, according to State Dept. of Agriculture; not pine land, not sand but high and rolling with rich dark top soil and clay subsoil. No fertilizer, irrigation or drainage necessary. Raises 80 bu. corn per acre. Best for citrus fruits, truck and staple crops. An industrious man, with $500 to $1,000 capital, can be independent here. 900 ft. above sea, no swamps or marshes. Ideal climate, schools, churches, towns, good roads, all conveniences. Home seekers and investors please investigate. We need you and will help you. **Board of Trade, Box 227, Brooksville, Florida**

FINEST VIOLINS on 30 DAYS' TRIAL



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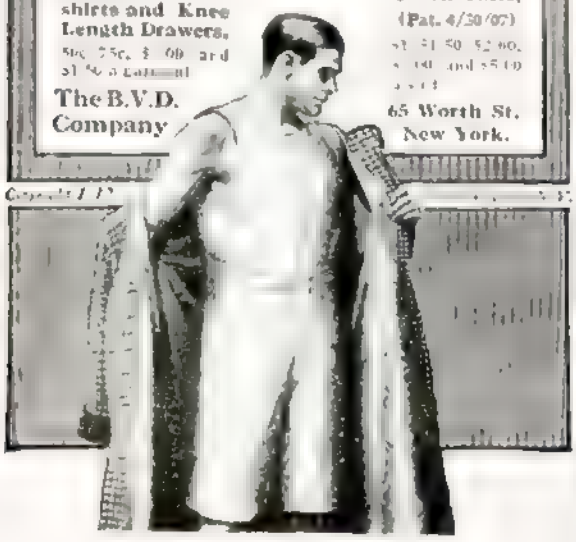

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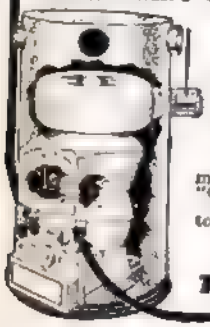

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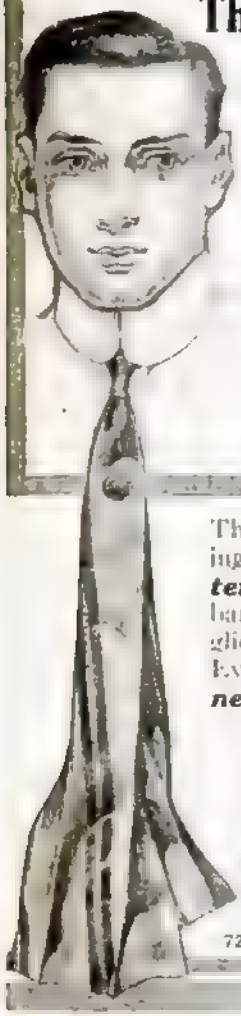

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The Tools You Need. The simplest, purest and correct methods for cleansing, bathing and caring for the hair in each style.

The Face and Its Blemishes. How washing only seems to remove some pores and how to reduce them—thoroughly, thoroughly. The dangers of the "steam method."

The Hair. The three parts of the scalp. How often shall I wash my hair? Advice of the hairdresser of the rich. What causes it and how to treat it. A remarkable, clear explanation of baldness.

Spring and Summer. Things to do now to prepare the skin to withstand the havoc of deep summer and the quickest method of tanning and freckles and what a few days to take them disappear. All the best of the new Oils.

Fall and Winter. Fall dirt and a special exposure. How to harden the skin to withstand the winter winds. Creams and lotions to use. Cold cream and its uses.

Winter Ailments.

The Bath. The modern idea of the bath. The effect of the right bath on the complexion. What one period from each day should be devoted to.

The Baby and the Young Child. The skin of the baby and the care of it. The baby's bath. Oils and powders. Is it safe to use powder? Hints on how to keep baby's skin clear and free from irritation. How to overcome chafing.

A Personal Talk. Avoid [illegible] Deep interior [illegible] Individual [illegible]

SPECIAL OFFER

The Woodbury preparations have been in use for over a third of a century.

If you have never used them we will send you a sample set for 4c. It consists of Woodbury's facial soap, Woodbury facial cream, Woodbury facial powder for 4c.

Special Week may refer for Woodbury's Book we will send [illegible] of the Woodbury preparations above absolutely Free.

Mail Your Coupon Today

Write for it today

The book is handsomely bound; printed on [illegible] paper, illustrated in color and black [illegible]

The Andrew Jergens Co.
Dept. H
Cincinnati

Mail this coupon today

The Andrew Jergens Co.
Dept. H. Cincinnati, O.

Name [illegible]

Address [illegible]

City [illegible] State [illegible]

Woodbury's Facial Soap For sale by dealers everywhere.

Housekeeping Is a Business

to which business methods should be applied. The progressive housekeeper solves her washday problem with a

ROCHESTER ROTARY WASHER

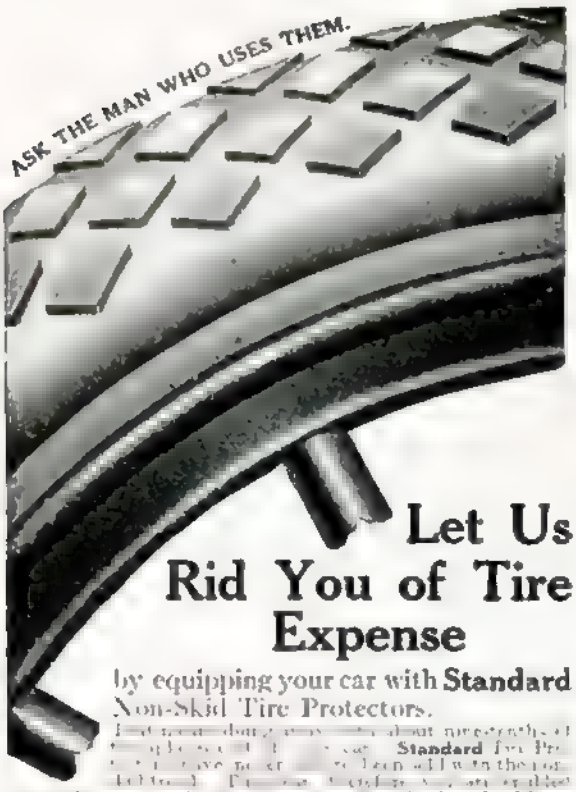
This washer cleanses more thoroughly than any other known device: it eliminates rubbing and the consequent wear and tear on the clothes; and it requires but little effort and time to do the washing in the home.

We have an interesting booklet that tells why you need a washing machine, and why, in particular, you need a

ROCHESTER ROTARY WASHER

ROCHESTER ROTARY WASHER
Write for our booklet today
and mention whether you prefer hand, water power, gas engine or electrical equipment

ROCHESTER ROTARY WASHER CO.
460 Cutler Building, Rochester, N. Y.



Let Us Rid You of Tire Expense

by equipping your car with **Standard** Non-Skid Tire Protectors.

[illegible] **Standard** Tire Protectors [illegible] **Standard** Non-Skid Tire Protectors [illegible] **Standard** Tire Protectors [illegible]

Standard Non-Skid Tire Protectors

(or Standard Plain Tread if Preferred)

[illegible]

Write today for catalog [illegible]

Standard Tire Protector Company

405 So. Water Street, Saginaw, Mich.

ASK YOUR HABERDASHER TO SHOW YOU THE HANDSOME NEW LINE OF

CHENEY SILK CRAVATS

ALL-SILK, TUBULAR REVERSIBLE AND PIN-PROOF. FOUR-IN-HANDS IN THIRTY-TWO PLAIN COLORS AND TWENTY-SIX CHANGEABLE EFFECTS --A VARIETY OF STRIPES AND FANCIES. BOW TIES IN TWENTY-TWO SHADES—PLAIN AND CHANGEABLE. SOLD BY MEN'S FURNISHERS EVERYWHERE. PRICE 50 CENTS. ALL OUR CRAVATS ARE MARKED CHENEY SILKS IN THE NECKBAND. ASK TO SEE THE NEW BENGALINES.

CHENEY BROTHERS, SILK MANUFACTURERS
SOUTH MANCHESTER CONN

Any Road Any Grade Any Speed

The man who owns an R. S. Motorcycle can ride any place a wheel can travel. Boulevards, country roads, hills, all are smooth sailing. He can go like the hurricane or loaf along like a zephyr. The simplest, lightest, coolest motor ever developed. A score of features make the 1911 R. S. the choice of every thinking motorcyclist. Write for catalog. Agents wanted.

READING STANDARD CO.

Makers Renowned Reading Standard Bicycles

402 Water St., Reading, Pa.

R-S

You Can Dress Well On $1.00 A Week

MEN'S FASHIONABLE CLOTHES MADE TO ORDER

[illegible] LATEST NEW YORK DESIGNS

We will trust any honest man anywhere. We guarantee a perfect fit. Send for our samples and book of latest New York fashions free.

EXCHANGE CLOTHING CO., (Inc.)

"DEPARTMENT E"

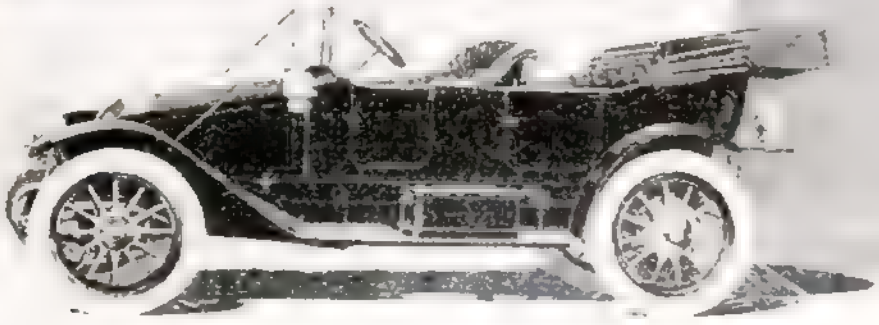
[illegible]

239 B'way, through to No. 1 Park Place, N. Y. City

ON CREDIT BY MAIL

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2

Franklin



"Never again for a water-cooled car; Franklin air cooling is best."
—Hiram Percy Maxim

Here is an engineer of world wide fame, the inventor of the Maxim Gun Silencer, for years the designer of a prominent water-cooled car.

He gives up water cooling and adopts the Franklin because it gives service that no water-cooled car can give. He says:

"I tried out a Franklin for a year, put it through all sorts of stunts and was firmly convinced that air cooling was best.

"During one of the hottest days in summer I drove it 150 miles. If it was ever going to get hot it was right then. Far from it. It performed as steady as a top and took one of the worst hills in the country, on high gear.

"The Franklin air-cooled motor is quick in response to the throttle. The greatest efficiency is attained because the motor is uniformly warm.

"Another thing—with the air-cooled automobile there is a reduction in the weight of the car. Light weight means a saving on tires. This is one of the strong points of air-cooled machines.

"All makers will some day come to the air-cooled way of thinking. There are the best of reasons for the change."

Designers of water-cooled cars admit that water circulating systems give trouble. Radiators, no matter how well designed, are delicate things. With an air-cooled automobile the radiator, water pump and piping are eliminated.

Two "sixes" and two "fours" make up the Franklin line. Prices range from $4500 for the luxurious six-cylinder, seven-passenger, forty-eight-horse-power Model H to $1950 for the ever popular four-cylinder Model G, the most favorably known small car built.

Write for the booklet "Hiram Percy Maxim Air-Cooled Convert". It is an intensely interesting interview with Mr. Maxim, given out in his home city and reprinted from Hartford Daily Times, December 31, 1910.

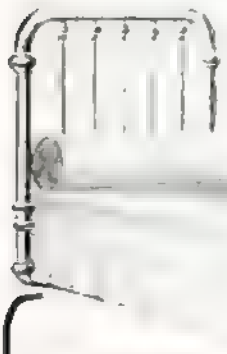
If you are interested in motor car construction we want to send you our catalogue. Will you favor us with your mailing address?

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY Syracuse N Y

Is your next suit or overcoat to be a "Stein-Bloch"?

The Stein-Bloch Co. Wholesale Tailors

This is the Label



$19.50 BRASS BED

On Approval

Freight Prepaid

BISHOP'S (GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.) [illegible] all brass [illegible] $19.50, [illegible] and worth [illegible] Cotton-fill Mattress complete for $29.50 [illegible]

It [illegible] Bed at 6 [illegible] for our [illegible] of [illegible] book, postpaid for 10 cents.

Bishop's Book of Correct Styles [illegible]

Send 25 cents in stamps for the book on approval [illegible] We will [illegible] and [illegible] to [illegible]

We ship **On Approval** and **prepay freight** to all points [illegible] to [illegible] We refer by [illegible] any Grand Rapids Bank.

BISHOP FURNITURE CO., 24-36 Ionia St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

DUPONT BRUSHES

Look for the ELEPHANT on every Brush.

THE finest toilet brushes made—being made of the best "stock" and "backs" procurable, put together by the most skilled hands, in an absolutely clean and sanitary factory, the largest and most complete in the world. Obtainable in hand-dressed pure bristles, *real ebony*, bone pearl, ivory, for the hair, teeth, face, hands, etc. If not at your dealer's write us.

E. I. DUPONT & CO.
N. Y. Office, 43 W. 33rd St.

DUPONT PARIS

AIR GAS! Latest Invention!

Standard Vacuum Gas Machine makes gas at [illegible] cents! Uses 96% ordinary air! Cheapest, safest, most [illegible] for lighting, heating and cooking! Adds an even [illegible] of city gas, without any of its drawbacks! Non-poisonous, non-asphyxiating, non-explosive and modern! Machine always ready! [illegible] can be made for 1c per 100 cu. ft.! 25 times cheaper than acetylene! Cheaper than kerosene lamps, electricity or city gas! Saving will pay for the machine in a few months! Agents wanted everywhere in the United States and abroad!

Standard-Gillett Light Co. 10 A, Michigan St., Chicago, U. S. A.

Moving Picture Machines Make Big MONEY

Stereopticons

A wonderful opportunity to make big money [illegible] Nothing like the profits [illegible] Machines, lodges, theatres, etc. We show you how to conduct the business, furnishing complete outfit. Many [illegible] wherever necessary. If you want to make $50 to $100 a week right from today and [illegible] Catalogue Free. Duplicators of Moving Picture Machines, Post Card Projectors, Talking Machines, etc.

CHICAGO PRODUCING CO., 225 Dearborn St., Dept. 182, Chicago

You Have a RIGHT to Independence!

You have a right to independence, but you must have an *honest* purpose to *earn* it. Many have purpose, ambition and energy, but thorough direction and intelligent help must be supplied. My instruction supplies the first, and our Co-operative Bureau fulfills the second. Large numbers have availed themselves of both, succeeding to a remarkable degree. Investigate without prejudice, this opportunity to

LEARN THE COLLECTION BUSINESS

[illegible] that the collection business as I [illegible] other profitable business [illegible] No capital [illegible] [illegible] may be [illegible] without investment of [illegible] for the asking.

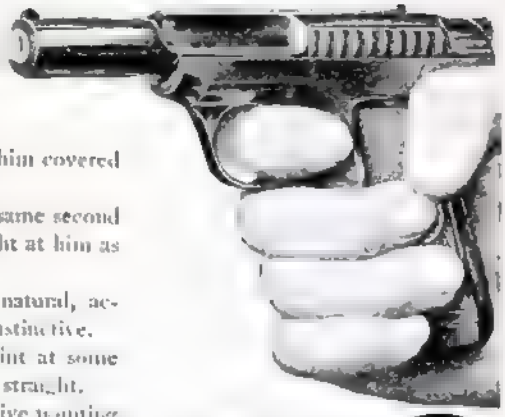
"POINTERS ON THE COLLECTION BUSINESS"

[illegible] a great deal more. Write for it *now*.

W. A. SHRYER, President AMERICAN COLLECTION SERVICE, 29 State Street, Detroit, Mich.

[illegible] Magazine [illegible] Turn to page 2

There he is — the burglar



YOU no sooner think: "There he is!" than you have him covered point-blank, with the easy aiming Savage Automatic.

You don't have to pay attention to your "aim." The same second you see the intruder you point the Savage Automatic straight at him as you would point your finger.

"Aiming" an old-fashioned revolver is an awkward, unnatural, acquired trick, quickly forgotten. While *pointing* is natural—instinctive.

You know the finger is quick as a thought. Try it. Point at some object. You point at once, by instinct, and invariably point straight.

Put burglar fear out of your home by putting this instinctive pointing Savage in. Get one at your dealer's—not after the burglar has visited you—but today.

GUN FIGHTER BOOK FREE

Send your dealer's name on a post-card and get "Bat" Masterson's book, "The Tenderfoot's Turn," by the famous Dodge City ex-Sheriff, free.

New Savage Rifle Book

[illegible] Savage Arms Co., 44 Savage Ave., Utica, N.Y.

10 Shots Quick

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

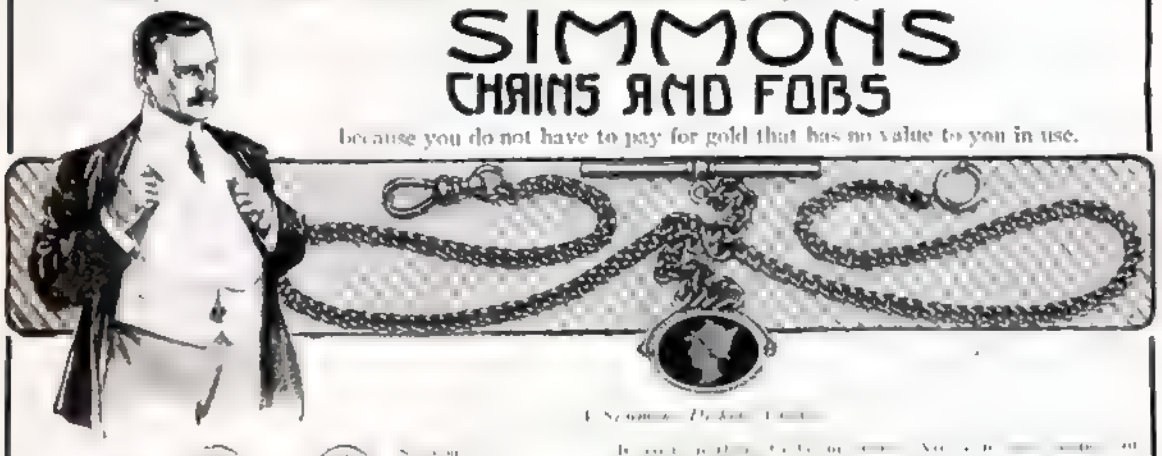
YOU CAN BE UP-TO-DATE IN THE CHAIN YOU WEAR

You need not tie up money in a solid gold chain in this age of changing fashions

You can easily afford to observe the niceties of custom demanded today if you buy

SIMMONS CHAINS AND FOBS

because you do not have to pay for gold that has no value to you in use.



R. F. SIMMONS CO., 179 No. Main St., Attleboro, Mass.

Send us your name [illegible]

Name..... Address.....

There's no lie on the label

There's no LYE in the can

"The kind that is NOT lye-peeled"

Look for this signature on every can

GOOD GROCERS EVERYWHERE

CARRY IN STOCK

Hunt's Quality Fruits

"The kind that is NOT lye-peeled"

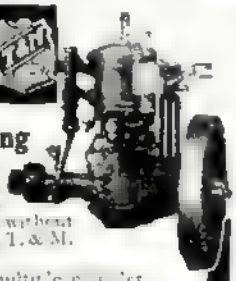
The California canned fruit packed without the use of chemicals in their preparation.

"WE CAN THE FLAVOR AS WELL AS THE FRUIT."

If your grocer cannot supply you, send us **$7.50** and we will send you, charges prepaid, to any point in the U. S. reached by rail, an assorted case containing 24 cans of **Hunt's Supreme Quality California Canned Fruits**, the finest canned fruit in the world.

HUNT BROS. CO.
GENERAL OFFICE
112 Market Street, San Francisco

T & M MARINE ENGINES



Start Without Cranking

Quick reversing type—easy starting—speeds about [illegible] and economical—[illegible] of fuel. Built in [illegible] and to run without [illegible]. Ask any T. & M. owner for proof of these facts.

2 to 120 H. P.—single or multiple engines for [illegible] duty—the right engine for [illegible] craft up to 65 ft. Write for catalog and name of nearest dealer.

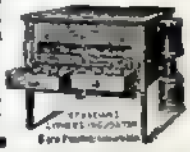
TERMAAT & MONAHAN CO.
Dept. O. Oshkosh, Wis.

Money In Poultry

Write today for our big, Free Year Book—tells all about America's billion dollar industry—how to raise poultry and market eggs at big profits—212 pages—illustrated. It describes and illustrates

CYPHERS INCUBATORS AND BROODERS

The world's Standard, genuine non-moisture; fire-proof; insurable; guaranteed. Made for practical poultrymen and women who want a *real* incubator. Don't buy any incubator till you have read this book—free to you on postal request. Address



CYPHERS INCUBATOR CO.
Dept. 119, Buffalo, N. Y.
Chicago, Ill. New York City, N. Y. Boston, Mass.
Kansas City, Mo. Oakland, Cal.

No Metal Touches the Skin

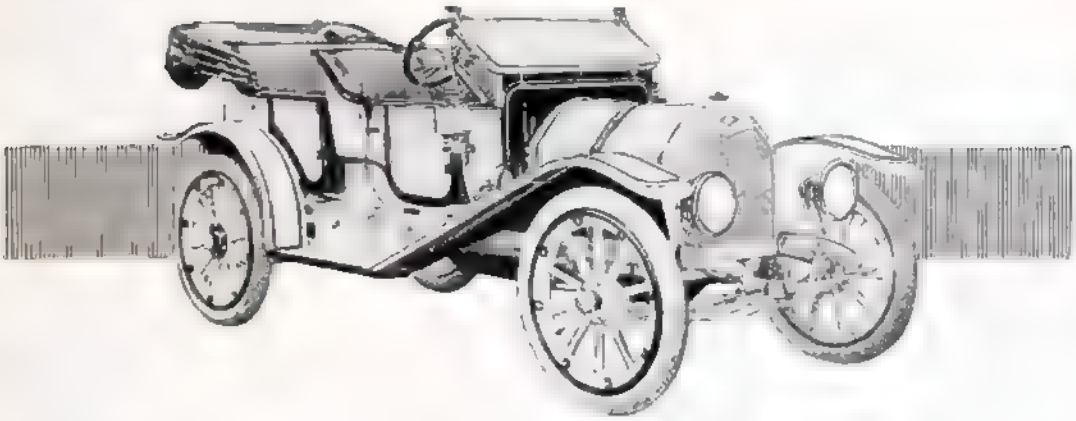
Brighton Garters

The New Form of the Old Favorite

25¢ everywhere or by mail

Pioneer Suspender Co. Philadelphia

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2



Before You Put A Penny In A Motor Car

get all the facts. Make your comparisons. See how secure your investment is going to be. What are its **safeguards** and why? Go over it with a fine tooth comb. See how it is built and what it is built of. Examine the painting, the body, the engine, the gasoline tanks, the mechanical parts, the whole equipment. See that you are getting all the very latest practical improvements that have been invented right down to the present day. See that your money goes to a car that will hold you profit and pleasure for years to come. See that you get a car that is ready in 1911 or by virtue of its character, construction and conception

$1500 Abbott-Detroit $1500

THE Abbott-Detroit owner is included in the Abbott-Detroit policy to such an extent that he participates in all our achievements as long as he drives one of our cars.

This is the surest indication of our own consciousness, our fixed purpose to continue to build for permanence, to always live up to the high standards set by the $1500 motor car that is a revelation of perfections—the Abbott-Detroit.

"The Book of Abbott-Detroit" shows the car, all models, explains the policy and is full of excellent illustrations. Let us send you a copy.

MODELS AND PRICES Five Passenger Touring Car $1500; Four Door Five Passenger Touring Car $1550; Four Door Roadster $1500; Four Door Demi Limousine (Limousine detachable) Closed Coupe, $2350. All include Standard Equipment f. o. b. Detroit, Michigan

Abbott Motor Company

108 Waterloo St., Detroit, Michigan

CARBORUNDUM
Sharpening Stones

Every Knife in the House
A Sharp Knife—

Carvers, bread knives, kitchen knives—always in prime condition without trouble or expense if you have

A Carborundum Knife Sharpener

A solid stick of Carborundum; octagonal in shape, handsomely mounted, with genuine staghorn handle, and put up in neat satin lined box.

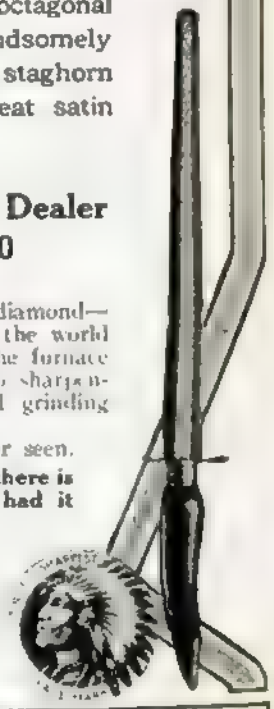
From Your Hardware Dealer or by mail, $1.00

Have you ever seen Carborundum? It's as hard and as sharp as a diamond—and as long lasting. It is made in the largest electrical furnace in the world at a heat so intense that it would melt granite. It comes out of the furnace in the form of beautiful crystals and is then crushed and made into sharpening stones and grinding wheels for every possible sharpening and grinding requirement.

It is the most remarkable sharpening agent that the world has ever seen.

If you have a tool to sharpen of any kind from a razor to an axe there is a Carborundum Stone to do it quicker and better than you ever had it done before.

Ask your hardware dealer or write for the book.



THE CARBORUNDUM COMPANY
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

Exchanging a Habit for a Habitation

By

FRANKLIN O. KING

The most Independent man in the World to-day is the Farmer—the Producer. Upon his land he grows Everything necessary for himself and his Family—at the Lowest Cost of Production.

Ask the Automobile Manufacturer who bought the majority of his Cars during 1910, and He will tell You—The Farmer. Ask the Piano Maker where he is shipping his instruments by the Carload, and he will tell You—The Country Towns.

The Remedy for the Evils existing in our overcrowded Cities to-day is the Movement—BACK TO THE SOIL. The City Toiler—the Workingman—The Clerk—The Office Man—all must look to the SOIL for the Opportunity to Break Clear from the Eight O'Clock Bell, the Tyranny of the Boss, and the Diminishing Chance.

This is a Subject that interests You, Personally, and I want to ask You a Personal Question: How much better off are You than Last Year, or the Year before That? Perhaps Your Wages are a little higher, but haven't your Expenses more than kept pace with that Increase? Aren't you paying a little more for your Clothes and your Meals, and don't you smoke more Expensive Cigars and More of them than Formerly? If it isn't Cigars, it may be something else—some more Expensive Habit.

Seventeen Matagorda County Oranges in One Cluster

A Man Begins To Go Down Hill at Forty, and the time may come when a Younger Man—perhaps a Cheaper Man—will fill your Job. The Man-Who-Looks-Ahead will prepare himself for that time by getting a Home. My advice to You, therefore, is to Get a Home while You are able to do so—and Begin Now.

I would further advise you to Get a Home in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas where you can grow Three Big Crops a Year on the same Soil

* *

Please send me your Book, Independence on Ten Acres,

Get a Home where nearly everything produced in Temperate and Sub-Tropical Climates is grown in the greatest Profusion, and where Irrigation and Fertilization do not eat up the Profits your Hands Create. Come where Health, Prosperity, and Happiness await You and where you can soon look the whole World in the Face and say: "I Owe No Man a Dollar."

I believe you could save Twenty-Five Cents a Day if You Tried. I know you would TRY if you could realize One-Half the Opportunities offered by the Virgin Soil and Delightful All-The-Year-Around Climate of the Texas Gulf Coast.

If You knew that Men are realizing $1,000 per Acre growing Oranges in our Country, or that our Growers of Strawberries and Early Vegetables clear a net Profit of $300 to $500 per Acre, I feel sure You would make the Effort. Remember—Our Early Vegetables get to Northern Markets in Mid-Winter and Early Spring, when they command Top Prices.

There are three essential elements to be taken into account in the Purchase of Land—namely: SOIL, CLIMATE, and TRANSPORTATION. I sincerely believe that nowhere else on Earth do these Three Elements so combine themselves to the Grower's advantage as in this Texas Gulf Coast Country. We have Three big railroad systems—The Santa Fe—The Frisco—and the Southern Pacific tapping our holdings. The Santa Fe passes right directly through our Tract, and the others are close by. The Soil is indescribably Fertile, and the Climate is Superior to that of either California or Florida—Winter and Summer, owing to the Constant Gulf Breeze.

Ours is the Fairest and most Liberal Proposition ever offered by a Reputable Land Company. Our Contract embodies Life Insurance, and Accident Insurance, and should you die, or become totally disabled, Your Family would get the Farm without the Payment of another Penny. We will also Refund Your Money, at 6% Interest, if You should be dissatisfied, according to the Terms of Our Guarantee.

Write for the Book. Fill out the Coupon in the first column, with your name and address plainly written, and mail it to the Texas-Gulf Fruit Land Company, 420 Royal Insurance Building, Chicago, Illinois. The Book will cost you Nothing. Read it carefully, and then use Your Own Good Judgment.

"EVER IN THE PUBLIC EYE"

THE STANDARD FOR HONEST HOSIERY AT HONEST PRICES
FOR MORE THAN 33 YEARS

Shawknit TRADE MARK

SOCKS FOR MEN

25¢ 35¢ 50¢ PER PAIR

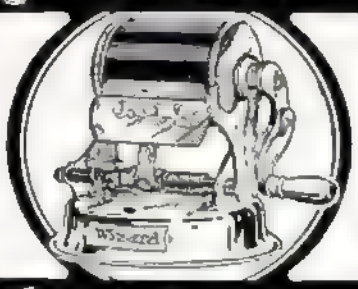
MADE IN COTTON — MERCERIZED LISLE — LINEN — MERINO AND ALL WOOL CASHMERES.
ALL WEIGHTS FROM HEAVY TO EXTRA LIGHT GAUZE

"SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE · IT SHOWS ACTUAL COLORS"

DEALERS CAN BUY FROM US DIRECT

IF YOUR DEALER WILL NOT SUPPLY YOU - WE WILL SEND OUR SOCKS TRANSPORTATION CHARGES PREPAID UPON RECEIPT OF PRICE TO ANY ADDRESS IN THE U.S. SHAW STOCKING CO., 72 SHAW ST., LOWELL, MASS.

Wizard



Stropper

Wherein the Wizard Differs

Here's ONE important feature. The best of safety razor blades will, at times get so dull, that HONING is absolutely necessary. It is then the **Wizard Stropper** shines over all others. By merely reversing the strop-side to the hone-side you have an absolutely perfect honing machine. It takes but a second to make the change—and will double the life and usefulness of your blades. You cannot afford to throw away your dull blades.

Ask your dealer first—if he does not sell the WIZARD, send us $3.00. Give brand of your safety razor.

Send to-day for free booklet "Keen on Doing it Right"

A. F. MEISSELBACH & BROS., Mfrs.
Established a Quarter Century
11 Prospect Street Newark, N. J.

Crooked Spines Made Straight

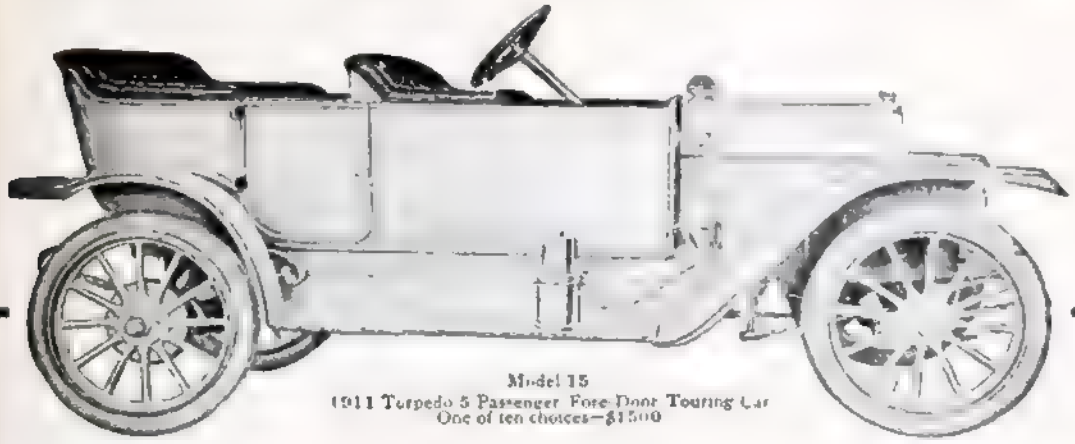
Use the Sheldon Method 30 Days at Our Risk.

YOU need not venture the loss of a penny. No matter how serious your case, no matter **what else** you have tried the Sheldon Method will help you and probably **wholly overcome** your affliction. We are so sure of this that we will make a Sheldon Appliance to suit your special condition and let you decide, after 30 days, whether you are satisfied. We make this unusual offer simply because the 16,000 cases we have treated **absolutely prove** the wonderful benefit the Sheldon Method brings to spinal sufferers young and old.

There is no need to suffer longer or to bear the torture of old-fashioned plaster, leather or steel jackets. The Sheldon Appliance gives an even, perfect and adjustable support to the weakened or deformed spine and brings almost **immediate** relief even in the **most serious cases.** It is as easy to put on or take off as a coat, does not chafe or irritate, is light and cool. The price is within reach of all who suffer. You owe it to yourself or the afflicted one in your family, to **find out** more about it. Send for our book **free** at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO., 204 3d Str., Jamestown, N.Y.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.



Model 15
1911 Torpedo 5 Passenger Fore-Door Touring Car
One of ten choices—$1500

At one thousand dollars or up you can choose a Crow-Elkhart to just suit your better judgment—from 10 styles, none sacrificed on standards of power—service—design or size

STYLES and prices of 5 handsome 1911 models, with choice of 10 body designs, are now made to exactly suit the desire of each individual purchaser. Just the car to suit you can be found at any Crow-Elkhart dealers. 1911 improvements include all latest most desirable features, both in construction for permanent satisfaction in service and appearance. This is the car that made a world's record for $1500 cars—190 miles in 184 minutes at Indianapolis, July 4, 1910, and is a prize winner in every class for the user under all conditions of service requirements.

Crow ELK-HART

Prospective purchasers are requested to write for catalogue and full particulars. Dealers are advised to write at once for specially attractive proposition to represent us in a few exclusive territories now open.

M. E. Crow
President

I Promise You as Purchaser or Dealer—That the Crow-Elkhart Line in [illegible] will be found quite equal [illegible]

Please send me your Crow-Elkhart [illegible] and full information on the Crow-Elkhart Line.

Name

Address

CROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY

General Sales Offices: Rector Building, Chicago, Ill. **Factory, Elkhart, Indiana**

In the old days when we were selling "the trade," one of our shrewdest customers made this experiment:

He purchased a quantity of *one* of our brands and put the cigars up in *two* different packages.

One package he put up in tinfoil, in a box of fine appearance, and labelled them two for a quarter.

The balance of this same brand he put up in a plain box, in crude fashion and tagged them at 5c. each.

The two for a quarter cigars were big sellers. The five cent ones stayed in the case.

The smoker was stung—is stung.

When we originated the "direct from factory to you" plan in the cigar business, we secured the custom of thousands of wise smokers who were glad to *know* that they bought upon a basis of mutual good faith.

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Photo, Londres

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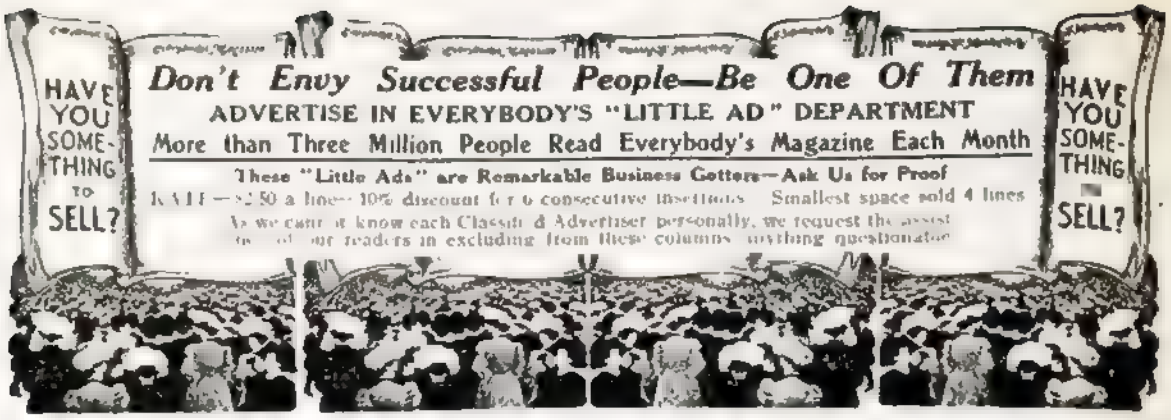
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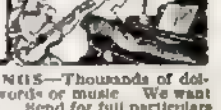

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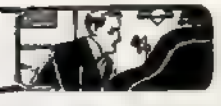

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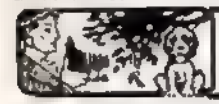

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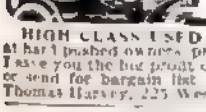

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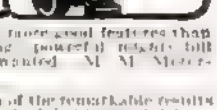

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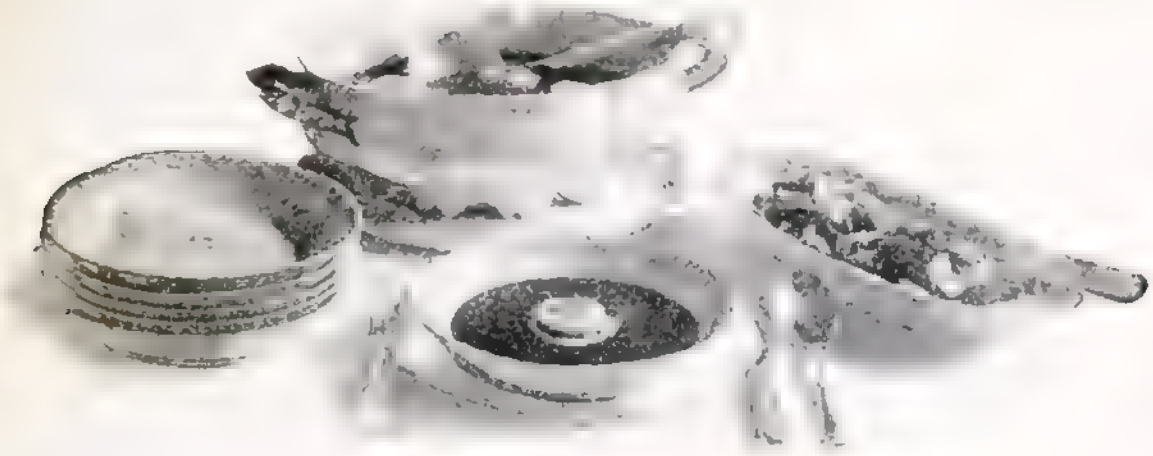

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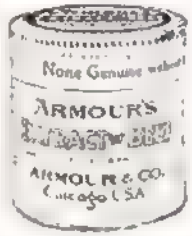

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50 Branches

The Philip Carey Mfg. Co.,
38 Wayne Ave.
Cincinnati, Ohio

Send Roofing Sample and booklet to

Name .....

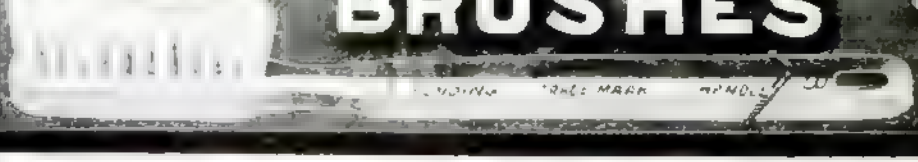
Address .....

The Carey Roof Standard
CAREY'S FLEXIBLE CEMENT ROOFING

RUBBERSET
TRADE MARK
TOOTH BRUSHES

AT ALL STORES

PRICE 35¢



The latest events in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

IN A TIGHT PLACE but they'll WIN because they have

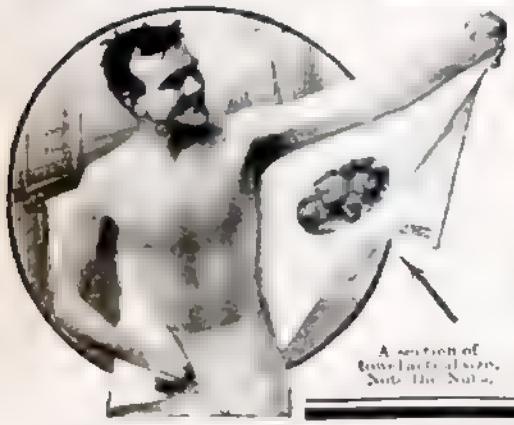
Colts

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO. HARTFORD CONN.

Catalog No. 20 shows COLTS that will protect YOU.

Send for a copy—it's free.

A new picture—the COLT Revolver Girl—mailed for ten cents to cover postage and packing



A section of towel (actual size). Note the Nubs.

Once over to get the water off. Then the rub-down. *That's* the way with the Rubdry Bath Towel. It takes half the time and gives twice the glow and tingle.

The New RUBDRY BATH TOWELS Bath Towel

Guaranteed for 1½ years.

Get a pair of New Rubdry Bath Towels—from your dry-goods man, druggist or men's furnisher or send direct to us. 50c each [illegible] Rubdry.

1 Sample Washcloth—4c. to pay postage
Demonstration chart free for the asking.

RUBDRY TOWEL CO., 175 So. Angell Street, Providence, R. I.

TWO 1911 STILLWELL BUNGALOW BOOKS

ONE HUNDRED FAMOUS CALIFORNIA HOMES which you can build. Photographs, Floor Plans, Descriptions and Cost to Build.

"REPRESENTATIVE CALIFORNIA HOMES"—Price 50 Cents

50 Bungalows, Cottages and Concrete Residences—one and two story houses of five to ten rooms costing $1,500 to $6,000. The latest practical ideas in home planning—no freaks or extremes.

"WEST COAST BUNGALOWS"—Price 50 Cents

50 one story Bungalows costing $500 to $2,000—25 less than $1,250. An entirely new book of pictures and plans never before published and the only collection of genuine low cost Bungalows.

E. W. STILLWELL & CO., 2186 Heeno Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

$13.25 FREIGHT PAID

Weis

Solid Oak

(Golden or Weathered)

LETTER FILE

Files 20,000 Papers

Drawers *roll* on roller bearings. Adjustable follow blocks hold papers vertically for quick and easy reference. Constructed entirely of *Solid Oak*—mechanically perfect. Practically indestructible. Handsomely finished, matches finest office furnishings. Birch Mahogany, $14.50. Ask your dealer.

FREE Catalog "D"—64 pages of filing and time-saving office devices. Booklet "Filing Suggestions" solves your filing problems. Catalog "F" shows *beautiful, inexpensive Sectional Book cases* (two styles).

FREIGHT PAID East of Mont., Wyo., Colo., Okla. and Texas. Consistently low prices beyond.

The Weis Manufacturing Co.

30 Union Street, MONROE, MICH.

New York Office—[illegible] Street.

OUR 1911 Edition [illegible] with a name of [illegible] much. The plans are all [illegible] Book, $1.00 with [illegible] YE PLANRY BUILDING CO., Dept. X, 212 Mercantile Place, Los Angeles, Cal.

WHEEL CHAIRS

A Wheel Chair is often an invalid's greatest comfort. We offer over 75 styles of these easy rolling chairs and Invalid Rolling Chairs with latest improvements. Ship direct from factory to you, freight prepaid, and sell on

THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL.

Liberal Discounts to all sending for free Catalogue NOW.

GORDON MFG. CO., 160 Madison Ave., Toledo, O.

Latest Style Red Cedar Chest

Direct From Factory.

No Dealer's Profit.

On 15 Days' Trial

Moth-Dust-Damp-Proof.

[illegible] SALES could [illegible] PREPAY [illegible] other [illegible]

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 83, Statesville, N. C.

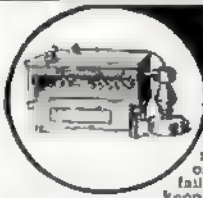
BIRD MANNA

Makes Canaries Sing—restores their health and feathers. 'Tis the great secret of the Andreasberg. Sold by all druggists. Mailed for 15c. in coin or stamps.

A BOOK ON CAGE BIRDS

150 pages, 150 illustrations, a plate of fancy canaries in the natural [illegible]. Full information as to song and rare canaries. How to breed them for profit. Hints on their diseases and how to cure them. All about Parrots and how to teach them to talk. A most complete book on the subject. Mailed for 15c. or both for 25c.

PHILA. BIRD FOOD CO., 400 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



BUCKEYE $6 50 EGG INCUBATOR

Simple, self-regulating, complete. Guaranteed to hatch every hatchable egg. Sold on 40 days trial with money back in case of failure. 150,000 in use. If your dealer doesn't keep them write to us. We'll send you our catalogue and two books, "Making Money the Buckeye Way" and "51 Chicks from 50 Eggs," Free.

THE BUCKEYE INCUBATOR CO., 508 W. English Avenue, Springfield, Ohio

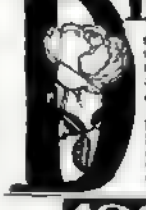
Makers of Buckeye Portable Poultry Houses. Sold Cheaper Than You Can Build Them.

Vick's Special Offer

Test Vick Quality Seeds with this Special Offer—

1 pkg. Poppy, Miss Sherwood, pink; 1 pkg. Phlox, Drummondii Grandiflora, mixed colors; 1 pkg. Summer Cypress, light green, turning to crimson. All three packages for 10 cts. and a FREE Copy of our "Garden and Floral Guide for 1911." Write for it today.

JAMES VICK'S SONS 411 MAIN STREET, ROCHESTER, N.Y.



DINGEE Roses

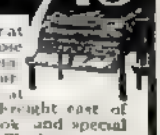
are the best. *On their own roots.* Express charges paid under a special plan. Growing plants delivered *FREE*, no matter where you live. Satisfaction and safe arrival guaranteed. 60 years' experience. Write for 1911

"Dingee Guide to Rose Culture"

Leading Rose Catalog of America—105 pages. Mailed *FREE*. Describes and [illegible] pages over 2,000 varieties of Roses and other desirable plants, also how to grow them; also best Bower and Vase-flowering [illegible]. Established 1850. 70 greenhouses.

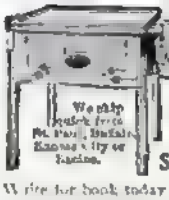
THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., Box 34, West Grove, Pa.

100 Egg $7.15



A Genuine Reliable Incubator at less than price asked for those cheap [illegible] boxed non-walled machines. Perfect reliable hot air heating and ventilating system at Lowest Cost of all. We Pay Freight east of Denver. Send for our Free Book and special offer or better yet, Send Order Today.

Reliable Incubator & Brooder Co., Box B-140, Quincy, Ill.



We ship quick from Ft. Worth, Buffalo, Kansas City or Racine.

$7.55 BUYS BEST 140-Egg Incubator

Double cases all over; best copper tank; nursery, self-regulating. Best 140-chick hot-water brooder, $6.85. Both ordered together, $11.50. Freight prepaid (E. of Rockies). No machines at any price are better.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

Write for book today or send price now and save time.

Belle City Incubator Co.

Box 137 Racine, Wisconsin

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

FERRY'S SEEDS

To grow the finest flowers and most luscious vegetables, plant the best seeds. Ferry's seeds are best because they never fail in yield or quality. The best gardeners and farmers everywhere know Ferry's seeds to be the highest standard of quality yet attained. For sale everywhere.

FERRY'S 1911 Seed Annual
Free on request
D. M. FERRY & CO.,
Detroit, Mich.

Every Fowl A Money Maker

I want to send every live poultry raiser my **BIG FREE CHICKEN BOOK.** Contains more real chicken information than a whole library full of most poultry books. Tells how to limit your feed expense and still get **more and better eggs and chicks.** Eggs hatch **better chickens, more chicks live,** sell for **more money. 90 pages, all interesting. Send for it today. It is Free.**

Henry Steinmesch, Pres., 211 Steinmesch Bldg., St. Louis

BEST BIRDS, BEST EGGS, Lowest Prices

All leading varieties pure-bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys. Largest Poultry Farm in the world. Fowls Northern raised, healthy and vigorous. Fowls, Eggs and Incubators at lowest prices. Send for our big 132-page book, "Poultry for Profit" full of pictures. It tells you how to raise poultry and run Incubators successfully. Send 10 cents for the book, to cover postage.

J. W. MILLER COMPANY, Box 360, FREEPORT, ILL.

WANTED: 5000 Squabs Daily

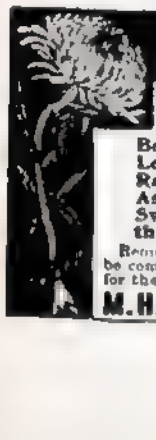
by only one N. Y. commission firm. See what they say in National Squab Magazine (monthly), specimen copy from us Ten Cents. Read also in our big, Pill Free Book how to make money breeding squabs, how to get $6 a doz., how to start small and grow big.

PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO., 308 Howard St., Melrose, Mass.

SHOEMAKER'S BOOK ON POULTRY

and Almanac for 1911 has 224 pages with many colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their prices, their care, diseases and remedies. All about **Incubators,** their prices and their operation. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It's an encyclopedia of chickendom. You need it. **Only 15 cents.**

C. C. SHOEMAKER, Box 950, Freeport, Ill.



Special Seed Offer

Try our seeds this year. They will more than please you. For only 10c in U. S. stamps or coin we will send a regular full size packet of

Beet, Improved Blood Turnip,
Lettuce, May King,
Radish, Scarlet Turnip, White Tipped,
Aster, Queen of the Market, mixed,
Sweet Peas, Finest mixed, and a copy of the best Catalogue we ever issued.

Remember these are regular size packets and should not be compared with those sent out in some collections. Send for the catalogue anyway. It's free and better than ever.

M. H. BRUNJES & SONS, 1581 Myrtle Ave., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Poultry Truths

After all, it's the TRUTH, the plain unvarnished practical *facts* about poultry-raising, that you want, not theories advanced by writers who too often have "an axe to grind."

Mr. S. B. Twining, a leading authority on practical poultry-raising for profit, has written a valuable book that gives readers the benefit of his life-long experience—a plain, honest statement of *facts*. Every phase of poultry business is covered, including Capon Culture. Capons sell for 30c. to 40c. per lb. in city markets.

Poultry Truths is being sold on its merits—no connection with any publication or advertising scheme.

You'll find it profitable to read this book. No other book contains so much practical, reliable advice. **$1.00** Per copy Postpaid

Send for Your Copy Today

AFTON FARMS
Box 1b1, Tarrlers, Pa.

Burpee's

The Leading American Seed Catalog for 1911

"THE SILENT SALESMAN" of the World's Largest Mail-Order Seed Trade tells the *plain truth* about the Best Seeds that can be grown,—as proved at our famous FORDHOOK FARMS,—the largest Trial Grounds in America. Handsomely bound with covers lithographed in nine colors it shows, with the six colored plates, Seventeen Choicest Vegetables and most Beautiful New Flowers.

It is a SAFE GUIDE to success in the garden and should be consulted by every one who plants seeds. It is mailed FREE to all who appreciate QUALITY IN SEEDS. Shall we mail YOU a copy? If so, kindly *name this magazine* and write TO-DAY!

W. Atlee Burpee & Co.
Burpee Buildings, Philadelphia

MULLINS
Steel Motor Boats

This year Mullins Steel Motor Boats have established a new record in value for the money. For 1911 you can get 16 and 18 ft. models at $115 up and 24 and 26 ft. at $400 up. This is a

Revolution in Prices!

All the style, all the true worth for which Mullins Steel Boats have been noted are yours to-day in these models—at low cost! *Hulls of steel*, resistant qualities, rig duty and long life such as old-fashioned boats never knew. Metal-covered keel—*a boat's back bone*—withstands almost limitless punishment. Like all Mullins Steel Boats, *cannot sink*. Possess all leading features of richest Mullins boats—air-tight compartments, power plant under cover, ONE MAN CONTROL, Silent Under Water Exhaust—and *start like an automobile*. Carry more with comfort and safety, than any other boats of their size. Catalogue FREE.

THE W. H. MULLINS CO., 104 Franklin St., Salem, Ohio

MENNEN'S
"FOR MINE"

Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder

keeps my skin in healthy condition.

Sample Box for 4c. stamp.

GERHARD MENNEN CO.
Newark, N. J.

Trade Mark

LIGHT YOUR AUTOMOBILE LAMPS WITH ELECTRICITY

GRAY & DAVIS DYNAMO SYSTEM FOR ELECTRIC LIGHTING

Provides mechanically constant current. Lights all your [illegible]

GRAY & DAVIS
AMESBURY, MASS.

This is the Dynamo.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE
Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet. It relieves instant swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain remedy for Ingrowing Nails, Sweating, Callous and Tired, Aching Feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold everywhere 25c. **Do not accept any substitute.**

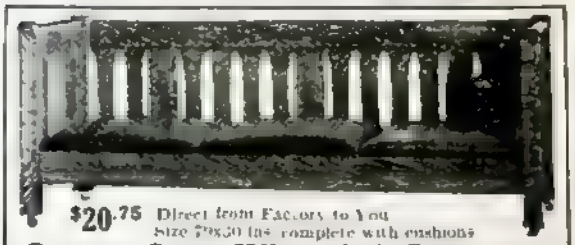
FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail.

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS, the best medicine for Feverish, Sickly Children. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

Trial package **FREE.** Address

ALLEN S. OLMSTED, LeRoy, N. Y.

"In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease."



$20.75 Direct from Factory to You
Size 7'6x30 ins. complete with cushions

Quarter Sawn White Oak Davenport
Dealer's Price $48

Put completed sections together and make this big saving. Write for Catalog (mailed FREE) showing 200 pieces, also New Willow-Weave Furniture

SECTIONAL COME-PACKT FURNITURE

Compackt Furniture Co.
306 Edwin St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

An Anchor to Windward

THE man who saves with an eye to future need must eliminate all risk as far as possible and investigate thoroughly his proposed investment

A good investment to investigate is the six per cent Realty Bond of the New York Central Realty Company issued in denominations of $1000, $500 and $100. It offers a high grade of security, a liberal cash availability and an interest earning of 6%

Write for booklet illustrating the methods of the Company, describing its bonds, their redemptive privileges and advantages over other Realty securities

EVERYBODY KNOWS US

New York Central Realty Co.

Suite 1167, 1328 Broadway, New York

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS $1,827,706.81

To be healthy and vigorous, children need the freedom of movement promoted by the

Velvet Grip

[RUBBER BUTTON]

HOSE SUPPORTER

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

It is desirable because it is *right* in every way. Keeps the stockings neat and unwrinkled. Easily managed by small fingers

Sample Pair, Children's size state age 16c postpaid

Look for the Velvet Grip [illegible]

Sold by Dealers Everywhere

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, Boston, U. S. A.

Wanamaker's

New York Spring & Summer Catalog is now being mailed.

It is an excellent Guide Book of New York and Paris wearing apparel, and other merchandise. for Women, Children and Men.

We pay postage, anywhere, on mail shipments of $5 or more.

See Catalog for Freight and Express Free Delivery Terms within the United States.

Ordering by Mail, from a House of Character, is a Good Plan.

Just write us, TODAY: "Please send FREE CATALOG No. 11"

John Wanamaker

New York

Children like Sanitol. They will brush their teeth eagerly if you provide Sanitol Tooth Powder. The flavor delights them the antiseptic properties clean and preserve their teeth.

SANITOL

ARE YOU GOING TO BUILD?

People have saved thousands in construction, gotten greater rental returns, more comfort, ABSOLUTE SAFETY FROM FIRE and very often a much improved design, who, before finally deciding upon plans or beginning to build (anything, be it big business building, hotel, church, theatre, school, etc., or modest home) have submitted their ideas or their plans to

F. W. FITZPATRICK
Consulting-Architect
"Station F," Washington, D. C.

Others have merely insisted that their architects have their plans revised and approved by that expert and without additional cost to the owners Either way the fee is utterly insignificant considering the advantages to both owner and architect.

(Mr. Fitzpatrick is recognized as one of the highest authorities on construction; he excels in design, many architects all over this country, Canada and Mexico submit their most important work to him; big construction companies consult with him; for years he was an expert in the United States Government Service and is now the Executive Officer and Consulting Architect of the International Society of City Building Commissioners.)

It is well worth your while to write and find out—without cost to you—just how he can serve you.

A letter must be neat appearing in these days. Be certain of neat results from the very first impression to the very last; neat, clean, clear, distinct letters—use

Star Brand Typewriter Ribbons

Guaranteed to make 75,000 impressions of the letters "a" and "e" without clogging the type so as to show on the paper.

Made in black, blue, purple, green, red and brown for both record or copying; and for all typewriters, adding machines and copying machines. Made in exact widths and *extra* lengths. They are the longest lived ribbons—don't fade or dry under any weather condition—don't fringe at the edges or double up in the middle—don't fade in the original document or the copies. Guaranteed in every respect—or ribbon changed if not so. *Used in every Government department in Washington.*

Write for Free Booklet and investigate Star Brand Ribbons—for sale at most dealers or any can get it for you—look for the name—Star Brand.

Multi Kopy Carbon Paper—best carbon paper made—write for sample sheet free

F. S. WEBSTER CO., 343 Congress St., Boston, Mass.
Address letters to Home Office
SALES OFFICES: New York, 396-8 Broadway; Chicago, 211 Madison St.; Los Angeles, 928 Walnut St.; Pittsburg, 432 Fourth St.

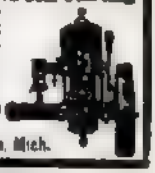
Boat and Engine Book MAILED FREE

Just like a 30-Footer only smaller

Do not think of Buying a Launch or Engine until you see our Handsome Book

WHICH EXPLAINS FOUR WONDERFUL LAUNCH BARGAINS

Only $121 for this complete 16-ft. Launch—3 H. P., guaranteed self-starting Engine, weedless Wheel and Rudder. Result of 30 years' experience. Money back if not as represented. Write for free catalog today. Special Bargains in Waco reversible, self-starting engines to those building or buying their own hulls. Engine controlled by one lever. Full size Boat Designs furnished free to purchasers of Waco Engines.



C. T. WRIGHT ENGINE CO., 1105 Canal St., Greenville, Mich.

Get A Profitable Business
of Your Own Operate the **"Circling Wave"**

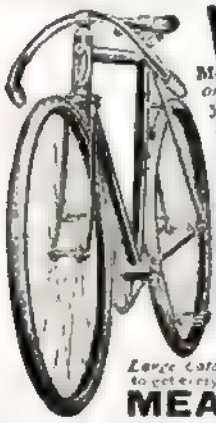
the catchiest amusement riding device in use. You will make big money from the start. For moderate price and catalogue write.

ARMITAGE & GUINN
27 Mill St., Springville, Erie Co., N. Y., U. S. A.

Tricycles for Cripples and Chairs for Invalids

Complete catalog sent on request. Write for it to-day.

WORTHINGTON CO., 415 Cedar St., Elyria, Ohio



WANTED—RIDER AGENTS IN EACH TOWN

and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1911 Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. *Write at once for full particulars and special offer.* **NO MONEY REQUIRED** until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, anywhere in the U. S. *without a cent deposit* in advance, *prepay freight*, and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL** during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle you may ship it back to us at our expense and *you will not be out one cent.*

LOW FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above the actual factory cost. You save $10 to $25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at *any price* until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of factory prices and *remarkable special offer.*

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the *wonderful low prices* we can make you. We sell the highest grade bicycles at lower prices than any other factory. We are satisfied with $1.00 profit above factory cost. **BICYCLE DEALERS,** you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES—A limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at $3 to $8 each. Descriptive bargain list mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at **half usual prices. DO NOT WAIT**—but write today for our *Large Catalogue* beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. Write it now.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. P-43, CHICAGO, ILL.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

The Kind of Investment

You are Looking for Carries With It

Safety—Convertibility—Attractive Income

This is the investment we all are anxious to obtain. Why spend your time looking for it when it can be so easily obtained? Buy

Bonds of Our Country

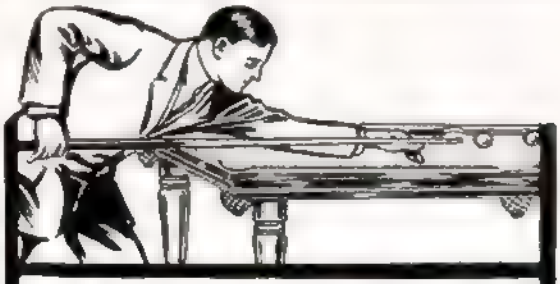
and you will have this desirable investment. They are PAYABLE FROM TAXES, which insures their payment, yield attractive income and are readily convertible into cash. We have many issues that are EXEMPT FROM TAXES.

FREE—Our booklet, "America's Safest Investment," tells you in plain words why these bonds are the investment you are looking for, and will be sent free on request. If you are an investor, you need this book. Send for it today.

The New First National Bank

DEPARTMENT T.

Assets Over $6,000,000. **Columbus, Ohio**



BURROWES BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES

$1.00 DOWN

Puts into your home any Table worth from $6 to $15 [illegible] Larger Tables [illegible] $25, $30, $35 etc., on easy terms. All cues balls, etc., free.

Become an Expert at Home

The BURROWES HOME BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE is scientifically built Combination Table, adapted for the most expert play. It may be set on your dining room or library table or mounted on legs or stand. When not in use it may be set aside out of the way.

NO RED TAPE—On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and we will refund money. Write to-day for catalogue.

E. T. Burrowes Co., 66 Spring St., Portland, Maine

AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION TRAVELERS' CHEQUES

Pay All Bills

with "A. B. A." Cheques, when you travel in America, Europe or any other part of the World. They are the *safest, handiest, most satisfactory* form of travel funds—"the perfect international exchange."

Write to Bankers Trust Company, 7 Wall Street New York, for interesting booklet, "The Cheque for International Use," and information as to where you can obtain the cheques in your vicinity.

BUY THEM FROM YOUR OWN BANKER

OR IF HE CANNOT SUPPLY THEM APPLY TO BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

THE ROYAL ARCANUM

offers to its members

Social Enjoyment
Fraternal Assistance
Insurance for the Family

Membership can be secured only in a Council of the Royal Arcanum in the United States and Canada. A cordial Brother to welcome you. Certificates are issued of

$1000, $2000 or $3000

payable to legally designated beneficiaries, at a nominal cost. Over **$138,000,000 has been paid to 52,000 such beneficiaries in the last 33 years.**

Assessments Moderate and Payable Monthly

Any Man [illegible] years of [illegible] ... *widely established Secret Fraternal Society, quick help in accident, sickness or distress, and protection to his loved ones.* [illegible] for particulars by applying to any Local Council of the Royal Arcanum

ALFRED T. TURNER, *Supreme Secretary*

Box E. Station A., Boston, Mass.

Its constituent jurisdictions [illegible] Council of Kansas, Missouri, Illinois, South Carolina [illegible] Grand Council districts in Alabama, Arkansas and Texas.

For Verandas, Porches, Lawns, Indoors
The Perfect Couch for Outdoor Sleeping

A Rowe Hammock has hung for eight or ten summers (the owner doesn't remember which) on a porch within two hundred feet of the Atlantic Ocean. Last season a visitor referred to it as "your new hammock." Forty years' experience show that Rowe's Hammocks give ten years of continuous out-of-door service. As far as the signs of wear go, you can't tell whether a Rowe Hammock has been used six months or six years.

It is made by sailmakers on the model we supplied for years to the U. S. Navy. It is made from duck that is 60 per cent. to 200 per cent. stronger than that in any other, and sewn with thread that is twice as strong. It has sewing and bracing that no other maker has learned the need of. It is handsome, but severely plain—no showiness, just solid merit.

Our Khaki canvas is permanent in color and will not soil clothing. Your home isn't all it should be until you own a Rowe Hammock.

A very few first-class stores are licensed to sell our hammocks. If not conveniently situated, you should buy direct from us. We pay delivery charges, and ship carefully packed, ready for hanging.

WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET

Small silk name-label on every Rowe Hammock.

E. L. ROWE & SON, Inc., Sailmakers and Ship Chandlers
561 Wharf Street, GLOUCESTER, Mass.

Packard

¶ If you go into the important matter of buying a piano with an open mind—and a determination to get the best at the fairest price—the chances are you'll buy a Packard

Packard pianos—and piano players—are sold by the better dealers everywhere—or direct by The Packard Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana. Send for Catalogue FF—and our liberal payment plan—to-day.

Don't Carry Water

You need never carry another pail of water or even go out of the house on stormy days. Put running water in your home—in the kitchen—bathroom—toilet—and have an adequate supply in the barn for watering stock—washing carriages, harness—for the lawn—garden—or for protection against fire—besides. A

Leader Water System

makes this possible. It eliminates the unsightly elevated water tank that freezes in Winter—or dries out in Summer. The compressed air in a ***Leader*** Steel tank does all the work. In your cellar or buried in the ground it **cannot freeze**, and it solves the water problem for you. A complete system costs $48.00 upwards and you can install it yourself, if you like.

Our beautifully illustrated book, "The Question of Water," will be found to cover the subject fully and should be in your hands. It will be sent on return of the coupon below.

Leader Iron Works, Decatur, Ill. and Owego, N. Y.
New York City Office, 15 William St. Chicago Office, Monadnock Block

Leader Iron Works, 4701 Jasper St., Decatur, Ill.
Send me free your book and catalogue of ***Leader*** Water Systems.

Name .....
Address .....
Town ..... *State* .....

HAY'S HAIR HEALTH

RESTORES COLOR

To Gray or Faded Hair

Removes dandruff and invigorates the scalp. Is not a dye. Satisfaction promised or money refunded.

Refuse substitutes. $1.00 & 50c bottles at Drug and Department Stores or Direct upon receipt of price and your Dealer's name if he does not carry or will not get it for you.

Six cents for postage secures sample bottle.

Philo Hay Specialties Company, Newark, N. J., U.S.A.

HAY'S SKIN-HEALTH OINTMENT

excellent for eczema, cuts, burns, bruises, wounds, sun-burn, chapped hands, chafing, chilblains, skin disorders. 25c tubes at druggists.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

M & M PORTABLE
HOUSES and GARAGES

Substantial, beautiful Summer and Winter Cottages and Bungalows. Inexpensive, complete in every detail. Save labor, worry and material. Wind and weatherproof. Built on Unit Plan, no nails, no carpenter. Everything fits. Anyone can set up.

We are the pioneer portable house builders. Have longest experience, most skilful labor, facilities, keep constantly on our docks, and in our yards and dry kilns,

50 Million Feet Seasoned White Pine

best weather-resisting timber known—enabling us to make quickest shipments and lowest prices.

Enclose 4 cents for our **handsome book of Plans and Designs** which also gives names and addresses of those who have owned and occupied our houses for years. Don't buy a Portable House till you know what the largest, oldest makers offer.

The Original, Reliable and Largest Manufacturers of Portable Houses
We Pay the Freight and Deliver our Houses to any R. R. Station in U. S.

MERSHON & MORLEY CO., 611 Main St., Saginaw, Mich. NEW YORK OFFICE: No. 1 Madison Ave., Room 8048C

"Bristol"
Steel Fishing Rods

"Stand up" where others quickly wear out or break, in tussling with the gamey fellows. Ask your angler friends.

FREE 144 page BOOK

On Finding the Fish with Garland. This Book, "Tricks and Knacks of Fishing," tells the ways of famous anglers and guides. Tells where, when and how to get the big 'uns. Filled with "tips" and information on all kinds of fishing. Send your rod number and dealer's name and we will mail book FREE. Catalog free. Write

Horton Mfg. Co.
51 Horton St., Bristol, Conn.

Do you live in your cellar?

Why not send *all* your heat *up-stairs* where you need it!

Cover your furnace pipes! Only takes a couple of hours—anybody can do it!

Diamond "*Strip*" Covering

is *Hair Felt*—the best known insulating material. Comes in a long strip, just the right width to go around the pipes. Shipped in a neat roll without breakage or damage.

No waste. No adjusting. Instantly applied. Makes a neat, finished job. Pays for itself in a short time in less fuel and a comfortable home. Average house cost $5

We also make coverings for Steam, Hot and Cold Water Pipes.

We have a special proposition to Dealers worth asking for.

Full particulars on request—Send quick, now, while it is cold.

Guyasuta Mfg. Co., Sharpsburg, Pa.

You are Sure of

Cabot's Shingle Stains

They have been the standard for more than twenty-five years and are specified by nine-tenths of the architects. Lower them from experience. Their colors are permanent and guaranteed fast. Their vehicle is Creosote, which thoroughly preserves the wood and they contain no kerosene or other cheapener. Why experiment with unknown stains when you are sure of Cabot's? If a shingle is used on your house, you are the loser.

Local agents get Cabot's Stains all over the country.
Send for samples and the name of nearest agent.

SAMUEL CABOT, INC., MANFG. CHEMISTS,
4 Oliver St., Boston, Mass.

The Ice Cake Shows

the principle of the air circulation in McCray Refrigerators. The cold air falls from the ice chamber and, as it gives up its frigidity, sweeps upward through the food compartment until over the ice again, where, as it becomes cooled and condensed, it falls and repeats the process. The ice being melted in this one-sided fashion gives graphic proof of this air current.

McCray Refrigerators

For whatever use you may have for perfect refrigeration there is a McCray model that is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction. A descriptive book is yours for the asking. No. A. H. Built-to-order for Residences, No. 87 Regular Sizes for Residences, No. 48 for Hotels, Clubs and Institutions, No 72 for Florists, No. 67 for Grocers, No. 59 for Meat Markets.

McCray Refrigerator Co.
278 Lake Street Kendallville, Ind.
Display Rooms and Agencies in all Principal Cities

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Best for three generations and still surpassing all imitations. Wood or tin rollers, dependable, lasting springs; shade raises or lowers at will and "stays put." "Improved" requires no tacks for attaching shade.

Inventor's signature on every roller.

Stewart Hartshorn

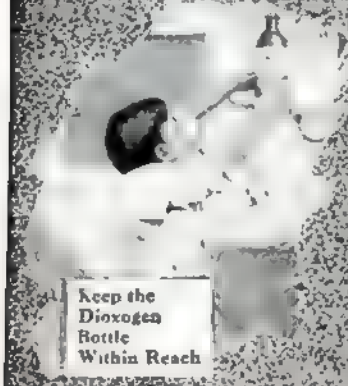
Look for it. Take none without it.

THE
Berkshire Hills Sanatorium

The only private institution of magnitude in the United States for the exclusive treatment of Cancer and other malignant and benign new growths. Conducted by a physician of standing. Established 32 years.

For the Scientific and Effective Treatment of
Cancer
Without Resorting to Surgical Procedure
For complete information address
BERKSHIRE HILLS SANATORIUM
North Adams, Massachusetts

Dioxogen



Keep the Dioxogen Bottle Within Reach

Teach your children to use Dioxogen when accidents happen. Applied to cuts, wounds, burns, bruises, etc., Dioxogen prevents infection; it is a thorough cleanser and germ destroyer; it prevents simple injuries from becoming serious; it is harmless, safe and *sure*. Write for free 2-oz. trial bottle with booklet describing many emergency and toilet uses.

The Oakland Chemical Co., 131 Front Street, New York

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

The Economical Paint

Gallon cost is now in favor of pure Carter White Lead paint.

Important, but this should not alone govern the selection of paint for your buildings. The area a gallon will cover, the cost of spreading, the beautiful appearance, the years of service and freedom from cracking and scaling should also be considered.

By any and every standard there is no better and no more economical paint than that made fresh at the time of the painting with

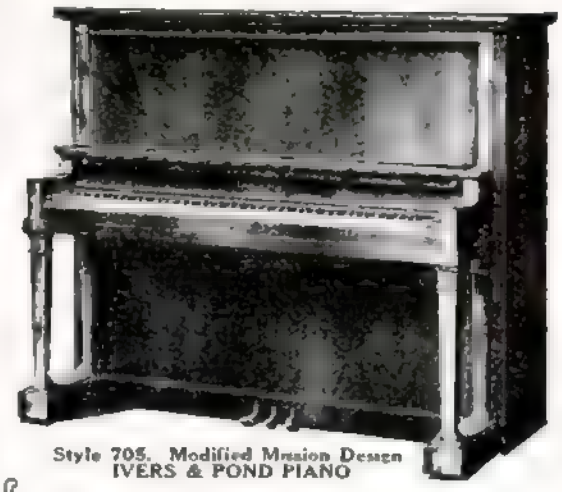
CARTER
Strictly Pure
White Lead
"The Lead with the Spread"

and pure linseed oil. If you are thinking of using any other paint, ascertain what your local paint dealer will have to charge for it now. Then get prices on Carter White Lead and pure linseed oil. A painter can tell you just what proportions are best for your particular work, but for comparison take 100 pounds of lead to 5 gallons of oil, with some tinting color and drier, which will make 8 gallons of the best paint in the world.

You will find that Carter White Lead paint will cost less by the gallon—so there is not even an apparent saving in first cost to induce you to use any substitute for Carter White Lead, and while adulterated linseed oil costs less than the pure, you can't afford to take the risk for the three or four dollars you might save on the cost of painting your house.

How to know good paint and how to have good paint at reasonable cost is told in our free book, *"Pure Paint."* Send for it before you decide about any painting. We will send with it the best set of color plates ever issued as a help in selecting colors for exterior painting.

Carter White Lead Company
12060 S. Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.
Factories: Chicago and Omaha



Style 705. Modified Mission Design
IVERS & POND PIANO

THIS charming upright in its extreme simplicity of design conforms to present-day taste. It expresses the best spirit of the styles now most in favor—the *"Mission"* and the *"Colonial."* In weathered oak it carries out the rugged severity of the former. In rich antique mahogany it harmonizes ideally with the latter. Write for our catalogue describing this and other attractive styles

IVERS & POND PIANOS

embody half a century's experience Their beautiful tone and sterling integrity of construction have made them the choice of nearly 400 American Educational Institutions and 50,000 discriminating homes.

OUR UNIQUE SELLING PLAN

by which we ship "on approval" and pay railway freights both ways should the piano fail to please is available wherever in the U. S. no dealer sells the Ivers & Pond. Old instruments taken in exchange Attractive easy payment plans available wherever you may live

Fill Out and Send This Coupon to

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.
163 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Please mail me your new catalogue and valuable information to buyers

Name _____

Address _____

REMEMBER THE NAME

Shur-on

EYEGLASS MOUNTINGS

Insist Upon Shur-ons

You must suffer the expense, annoyance and discomfort if you wear inferior eyeglasses.

Let us send you information that will protect you against substitution.

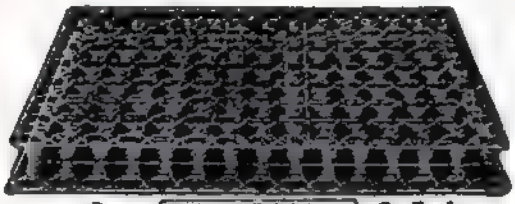
Properly adjusted, Shur-ons hold the lenses in correct optical position. Will not slip, slide, glance nor fall off.

Have your present lenses put in a Shur-on.

$3 and $5 without lenses.

E. KIRSTEIN SONS CO., Est. 1864, Ave. L, Rochester, N. Y.

Foster's IDEAL Spring



Brass Name Plate — "IDEAL" — On Each Foster IDEAL

Ordinary Springs Curve the Spine and Cause Insomnia and Backache.

Foster's IDEAL Keeps the Spine Straight, Ensures Healthy Rest.

SOLD ON 30 NIGHTS TRIAL

It is impossible for us to tell in an advertisement, how very good, and permanently satisfying our IDEAL Spring bed is. We can only say it is the best and most economical made.

Prove our claims by using a "Foster IDEAL Spring" 30 nights on approval.

Order from the nearest furniture dealer with the understanding that if it does not prove to be the most luxurious, most sanitary, neatest, strongest bed spring that ever cradled your tired body, you can return it within 30 days and get back the full purchase price.

First cost a little more than ordinary springs, but it outlasts several of the cheaper kind, being ***guaranteed for your lifetime,*** never sags, and is at all times the most inviting, comfortable bed made.

Write for IDEAL Spring Booklet and name of nearest dealer.

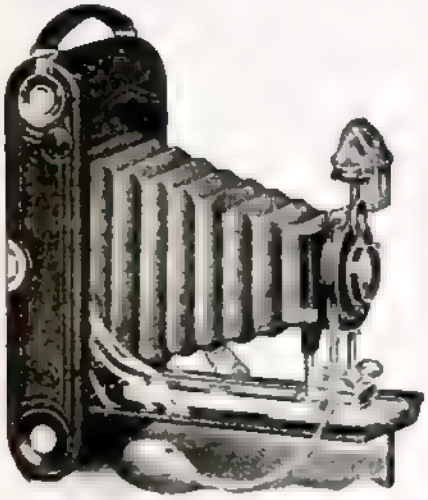
Foster Bros. Mfg. Co.

Utica, N. Y. St. Louis, Mo.

The [illegible] to Everybody's Magazine [illegible] Turn to page 2.

There are no dark days for those who use the

No. 3A SPECIAL KODAK



The high power of its Zeiss-Kodak Anastigmat lens (*f*. 6.3) in connection with the flexibility of Speed control in the Compound shutter make snap-shots possible on days where a time exposure would be necessary with an ordinary camera.

The 3A Special makes pictures of Post Card size, 3¼ x 5½ inches, using Kodak Film Cartridges. It has a rack and pinion for focusing, rising and sliding front, brilliant reversible finder, spirit level, two tripod sockets and focusing scale. The bellows is of soft black leather, and the camera is covered with the finest Persian Morocco. A simple, serviceable instrument, built with the accuracy of a watch and tested with painstaking care.

Price, $65.00

Kodak Catalogue free at the dealers or by mail

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

Still Greater Improvements for 1911

WE believe you will now find Indestructo Trunks, Bags, Suit Cases and other luggage very near to perfection. The 1911 Model Indestructo Trunk is canvas covered. This, with the new, doubly reinforced corner construction and the additional bands around the body gives you an even stronger trunk with no additional weight. The new trimmings are "Government Bronze" as specified by the U. S. Government, assuring the longest wear and no discoloration. The trays are all wood and the entire trunk is even more beautifully finished throughout than heretofore.

You also have a broader range of styles and sizes — covering all traveling needs — including Men's, Women's, Steamer Trunks, Hat Trunks, Trousseau Trunks, Ex-

INDESTRUCTO

All Insured Free For Five Years

The unequaled strength of Indestructo construction leads us to originate free luggage insurance. You will find Indestructo Bags, Suit Cases, Hat Boxes, Thermos Cases, Golf Bags, etc., insured just as we have always insured Indestructo Trunks.

In hand luggage we offer a most comprehensive line including the widest variety of styles and sizes at practically all prices. The bottom of every Indestructo Bag is made of 3-ply Indestructo veneer instead of the paper board found in all other makes. This feature is of the utmost importance because it prevents the sagging which draws bags of other makes out of shape.

They retail from $5.00 up. Send for printed matter giving full information and name of nearest dealer.

Luggage For Every Traveling Purpose

NATIONAL VENEER PRODUCTS COMPANY
STATION C 7
MISHAWAKA, INDIANA

DEALERS NOTE
Indestructo Quality backed by the Indestructo Trade-Mark and Indestructo guarantees, make it to your interest to write today for our proposition.

You buy both for appearance and utility when you select silver bearing the mark

1847

ROGERS BROS.

XS
TRIPLE

Unsurpassed in beauty, unapproached in durability, it is

"Silver Plate that Wears."

Send for illustrated Catalogue "C-20"

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY
(International Silver Co., Successor)
Meriden, Conn.
New York
Chicago
San Francisco
Hamilton, Canada

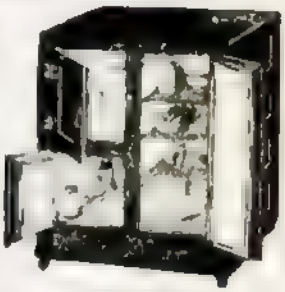
Opal-Glass-Lined

Oak Refrigerator $31.75

Freight Prepaid

You get the highest grade Solid Oak Wickes New Constructed Refrigerator **lined with Opal Glass,** "better than marble," for only $31.75—*freight prepaid.*

You buy the Wickes Refrigerator direct from the factory at actual factory prices. You save all the dealers', jobbers' and department store profits. You get the Wickes at the price asked everywhere for ordinary "enameled" refrigerators for which you have to pay the freight in addition.



MEASUREMENTS
Height, 45 in. Width, 36 in. Depth, 21 in. Ice Capacity, 100 lbs.

The Wickes New Constructed No. 230

is made of solid oak, to last a lifetime—perfectly joined, and as beautifully finished as a piano. The food compartment and door are lined throughout with OPAL GLASS, 7-16-in. thick. Our exclusive construction gives you double refrigeration from every ounce of ice. Opal glass makes the WICKES absolutely sanitary.

Your money refunded if the WICKES is not exactly as represented. See and use this high-grade refrigerator in your home.

Send for Free Beautiful Art Catalog

It shows you the famous Wickes Refrigerators of all sizes—inside and out. Guaranteed and sold by

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
263 Wabash Avenue, Chicago 29-35 West 32nd St., New York

We prepay the freight to every point East of the Rockies. West of the Rockies only the freight from Denver is added.

You Want This Card

Because it will represent you better, or do more for you than any other card, in getting some desired interview. The famous

Peerless Patent Book Form Card

is the exclusive choice of the man of distinction everywhere. **It is one of the evidences of his distinction.** You cannot appreciate or understand the uniqueness of this card without a visual examination of it. The fact that you are not now using it, if you are not, is accounted for solely by the further fact that you have not examined it. Examine it forthwith. Send for a sample tab today and detach the cards one by one and note their perfectly smooth edges—their absolute perfection. It is the card you want.

Appearance of our neat card in case

The John B. Wiggins Company
Engravers, Die Embossers, Plate Printers
22-24 East Adams Street, Chicago
New York Office, 350 Broadway

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2

Whenever the Club Meets—

KNOX
PURE · PLAIN
SPARKLING
GELATINE

will satisfactorily solve the problem of "what to have for refreshments." A single suggestion:

NUT FRAPPÉ

[illegible] for Knox Sparkling [illegible]

Beautiful Recipe Book Free

Revised edition of "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People" containing recipes for Desserts, Salads, Puddings, Ices, Ice Cream and Candies—illustrated in colors. Just send us your grocer's name

CHARLES B. KNOX CO
104 Knox Ave. Johnstown, N. Y.
Branch Factory: Montreal, Can.

VOSE PIANOS

This **VOSE** style of **Home Grand** is a splendid grand piano, suited for any home and sold at a reasonable price. The **tone, touch** and **magnificent wearing qualities** of the

Vose Pianos

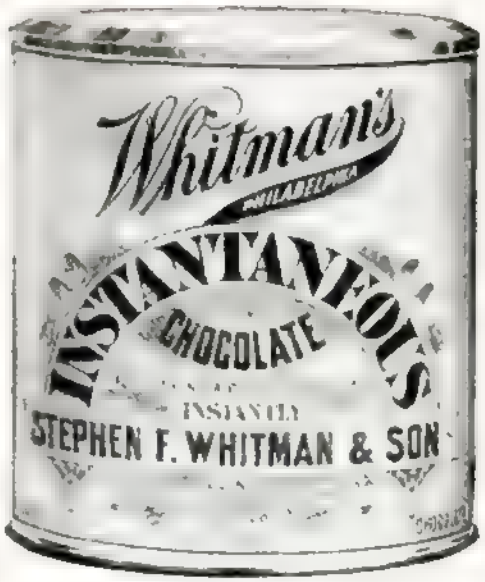
are only explained by the exclusive patented features and the **high-grade** material and superb workmanship that enter into their construction.

We deliver, when requested, direct from our factory free of charge, and guarantee perfect satisfaction

Liberal allowance made for old pianos. Time payments accepted.

FREE—If you are interested in pianos, write us for our [illegible] illustrated catalog that gives full details

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.,
1009 Massachusetts Ave. **Boston, Mass.**



FIRST AID for chilly folks. INSTANTANEOUS cheers and comforts, warms and strengthens. Made in a jiffy—*de-light-ful!*

Whitman's

Instantaneous Chocolate

Simply mix in boiling milk. Gives the most pleasing results, also, in the home preparation of desserts. Sold by dealers in fine food products and at the selected stores with the green signs:—

Whitman's

If you cannot buy Instantaneous conveniently send 40 cents for a half pound can, postpaid Send 10 cents for sample tins, postpaid.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Makers of *Whitman's* Fussy Package for Fastidious Folks.

ORIGINAL—GENUINE

HORLICK'S

Delicious, Invigorating

MALTED MILK

The Food-Drink for all ages.
Better than Tea or Coffee.

Rich milk and malted-grain extract, in powder. A quick lunch. Keep it on your sideboard at home.

Avoid Imitations — Ask for "HORLICK'S" — Everywhere

CRESCA FOREIGN DELICACIES

Strange, rich, savorsome dainties, gathered and packed in the Cresca way in many an Old World land. We shall be glad to send, on receipt of 2c stamp for postage, our color illustrated booklet "Cresca Foreign Luncheons," which gives full particulars, menus, and receipts by famous chefs. We wish every fine housekeeper to have one.

CRESCA COMPANY, Importers, 356 Greenwich St., N.Y.

CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR

FULL SIZE PIECES — 2lb and 5lb Boxes! — (Blue Label)

HALF SIZE PIECES — 2lb Boxes only! — (Red Label)

[illegible] Magazine [illegible] Turn to page 2.

IN UTTER DESPAIR A MOTHER BUYS HOLSTEIN COWS' MILK FOR BABY

Mrs. F. P. Greene, of Montello, Mass., is one of the many thousands who know from experience the value of Pure-bred Holstein Cows' Milk. Here is her good word. Write her if you like.

"At four months of age my baby girl weighed 9½ pounds. I was very much discouraged, as she had gained only half a pound since birth. I had tried several infants' foods, also cows' milk and condensed milk. Nothing agreed with her.

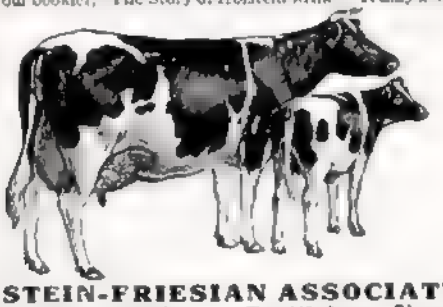
Further on in her letter, she shows what Holstein Cows' Milk did for her baby.

"I started my baby in on it, she is seven months old today and weighs 19 pounds. I am delighted with results and wish every mother with a poorly nourished baby would try Holstein Milk."

This mother, in utter despair, reading one of our advertisements wrote us and found she could buy the milk at 9 cents a quart within ten minutes' walk of her house.

We are constantly receiving such testimonials. The reason is very plain and simple. Holstein Cows' Milk is [illegible] and is easily digested and assimilated. It also imparts to the consumer the great vitality and vigor of the breed.

Your physician should endorse it. If he cannot, send us his name and address, and we will help you to get it in your own town. Send for our booklet, "The Story of Holstein Milk." It may help you.



HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN ASSOCIATION
6 E American Building, Brattleboro, Vermont

Booklet "ORIGINAL MENUS" Illustrated in Colors, tells what to have for Breakfast, Luncheon, Dinner.

Mailed free on request

TOMATOES Red ripe, carefully selected, washed in clean water, then cooked just a little, that the natural flavor is retained, delicately seasoned with pure spices, put up in sterilized bottles, that is

BLUE LABEL KETCHUP

Made by skilled and experienced chefs working in spotlessly clean kitchens, to which the public is *always* welcome.

Blue Label Ketchup *keeps* after it is opened.

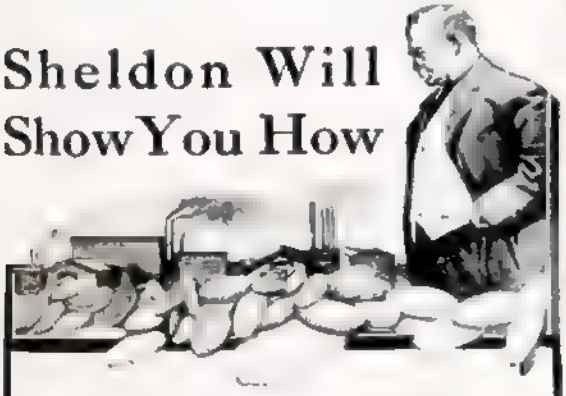
Contains only those ingredients recognized and endorsed by the U. S. Government.

When you buy fruits and vegetables you want the fresh, natural flavor. We use only the finest materials and prepare them so carefully that you will be agreeably surprised with the results. Ask your grocer for Curtice Brothers Co.'s Canned Vegetables, Fruits, Meats, Jams and Jellies.

Blue Label Soups (20 varieties) ready to serve after heating—are just as high class as Blue Label Ketchup.

CURTICE BROTHERS CO.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Sheldon Will Show You How



More money, bigger salaries, bigger profits, are all the result of better salesmanship. If you will spend a few minutes of your spare time with Sheldon to master the fundamental principles of how to sell your product or your services to best advantage in the best market, you can immediately put yourself on the way to more money.

Salesmanship Is the Secret

Sheldon wants to point the way for you to a better understanding of business laws—he wants to send you a Free Copy of The Sheldon Book if you will agree to read it.

This book is a key to the Sheldon Courses in Salesmanship, Business Building and Man Building. You can place yourself in reach of a copy merely by a request. Make it now and learn more about a royal road to more money. Write today for your Free Copy.

THE SHELDON SCHOOL
1141 Republic Building, Chicago, Illinois

All over America
White Rock
The MOST POPULAR WATER

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

It is easy to get the right globe for every electric light, because I make over two thousand kinds. I make all shapes. My catalogue tells about them. It is free.

I also make a lamp chimney for every size and style of burner. My chimneys are made of Macbeth "Pearl Glass"—and they all bear my name. They will not crack from heat. They give an evenly balanced draft, perfect combustion and clear light.

Write me for my Index and find out what chimney to get for your lamp.

MACBETH,

Macbeth-Evans Glass Co. Pittsburgh

Chicago 178 East Lake Street
Philadelphia 42 South Fourth Street
New York, 19 West 24th Street

PICTURES AND PLANS of 250 REAL HOMES

SAXTON'S NEW DESIGNS

234 pages with Art Cover. Best book published. Regular price, $1.00. Special Price for 60 days, 25 cents and 10 cents to cover cost of mailing.

GLENN A. SAXTON, Architect
Security Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

A WINEGLASSFUL—BEST BEFORE BREAKFAST

THE BEST "APENTA" NATURAL APERIENT WATER

BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS, BUDA PEST, HUNGARY.

The Cleaning Device for Every Home
BISSELL'S "Cyco" BALL BEARING Carpet Sweeper

Weighs but 8 pounds, operates by a mere touch, cleans thoroughly without injury to carpets or rugs, raises no dust, always ready, no burden to carry from room to room, is the only efficient cleaning apparatus that is offered at a price within the purchasing power of the masses.

BISSELL'S Ball Bearing Sweeper excels all other cleaning devices in the work it does in the sewing room, dining room or wherever there is a miscellaneous lot of litter to gather up. The "Bissell" picks up without effort what other cleaners cannot gather such as lint, large crumbs, matches, threads, tacklings, scraps of paper and cloth, etc., etc. The BISSELL gives the **Maximum Sweeping Efficiency at the Minimum Cost.** Prices $2.75 to $5.75. Send for booklet.

Buy now of your dealer, send us the purchase slip *within one week from date of purchase*, and we will send you GRATIS, a fine quality black leather case with no printing on it. (6)

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO., Dept. M, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Largest of Their Exclusive Carpet Sweeper Makers in the World

Turn to page 2

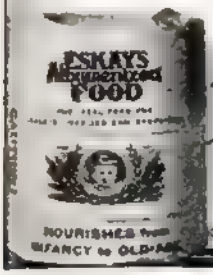
Vigorous Health Through a Sample of

Eskay's Food

Dear Sirs:—
I could only nurse my baby boy two months—after that he wasted to a skeleton and every one said he could not live. I tried many foods before I got your sample of Eskay's. It was the only food his stomach could retain.

Baby is now ten months old and as beautiful and hearty a little lad as you could find in a day's travel. I will recommend your food to all mothers.

Very gratefully yours,
Mrs. A. B. Biglin,
Scranton, Pa.



How to Care for the Baby

A generous FREE sample of Eskay's and our valuable book, "*How to Care for the Baby,*" will work wonders with your little one, too. Both sent upon request.

Eskay's Food added to fresh cows' milk makes the ideal substitute for mother's milk. It contains everything necessary for baby's perfect development.

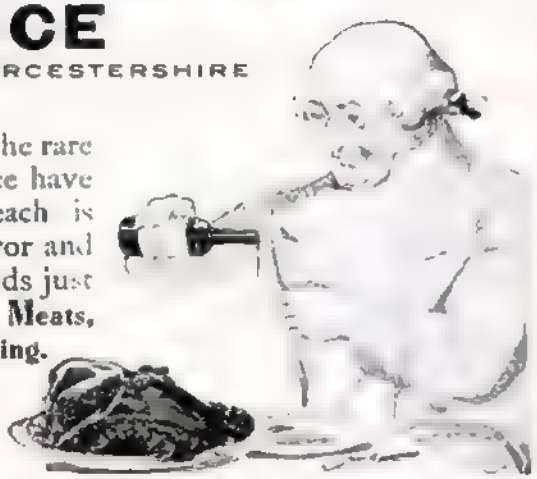
Smith, Kline & French Co. 1434 Arch St., Philadelphia

Our Grandfathers Used It

As a keen relish for many a dish. For nearly Eighty Years

LEA & PERRINS
SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE



Has been known in **Every Country.** The rare ingredients used in this distinctive sauce have special appetizing properties and each is absolutely essential to the perfect flavor and relish of this unique preparation. It adds just the savor needed for **Soups, Fish, Meats, Gravies, Game and Chafing Dish Cooking.**

Gives that Keen Edge to Appetite.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, New York

Try this Test

A wavering step may be the forerunner of a dangerous nervous condition which the use of Barrington Hall to the exclusion of other coffees may aid you to avoid.

Baker-izing improves coffee in three distinct ways

First—the coffee berries are split open by a special machine and the chaff is blown away as waste.

Coffee chaff can be seen in any other coffee when ground. It is an impurity and contains tannin. Brewed alone it is bitter and weedy. It doesn't help the coffee flavor, and is not good for the human system.

Barrington Hall
The Baker-ized Steel-Cut Coffee

Second—the coffee passes through steel-cutters in order to secure pieces of as nearly uniform size as possible—without dust. You can brew uniform pieces uniformly to the exact strength desired. No small particles to be over-steeped and give up bitterness and tannin. No large grains to be wasted by under-steeping.

Therefore, a pound of coffee *Baker-ized* will make 15 to 20 cups more than a pound of ordinary coffee—because you get all the flavor from every grain.

Coffee dust is the result of grinding, crushing in a mill. You can see it in the cup before you add the cream. It makes the coffee muddy, its flavor woody, and it is indigestible. You must find this dust in *Baker-ized* Coffee.

TRIAL CAN FREE

BAKER IMPORTING CO.
110 Hudson Street
New York, N. Y.

Name.....

Address.....

Stuyler's
pure
COCOA BUTTER

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE
OR SENT FREE UPON RECEIPT OF PRICE BY
Stuyler's 18th St. & Irving Place, NEW YORK CITY.

Try Some Real Bouillon

Not a watery solution with insipid taste, but *real* bouillon made from

"STEERO" Bouillon Cubes

Made by American Kitchen Products Co., New York

Steero Bouillon has a rich, appetizing, delicious flavor. [illegible] on a Steero Cube at the soda fountain [illegible] Box of 12, enough for 12 cups, sent for 25 cents, postpaid, if your dealer can't supply. Also sold in tins of 50 and 100 cubes, which are more economical for household use. **Write for Free Samples.**

Distributed and guaranteed by
Schieffelin & Co., 204 William Street, New York
Under the Pure Food Law, Serial No. 1

[illegible] Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

"Here I am wearing Kryptok Lenses"

KRYPTOK LENSES

"Here I am wearing Pasted Lenses"

Combine Near and Far View Without Seams

Note the Difference

The illustration to the left shows the entire absence of seams or lines on Kryptok Lenses. To all appearances Kryptok double-vision lenses are like single-vision lenses, yet they have two distinct focal points, one for distance and one for reading.

Kryptok Lenses *Improve* One's Appearance Over 200,000 People Are Now Wearing Them

The illustration to the right shows the *prominent seams* of old style or pasted double-vision lenses. Such glasses attract attention and suggest old age.

Take advantage of the great achievement of optical science embodied in Kryptok Lenses, and thus improve your appearance, your eye-sight and add to your comfort.

Your optician will supply you with Kryptok Lenses. They can be put into any style frame or mounting or into your old ones.

This is a Kryptok Double-vision Lens

Note the clear surface. No lines. No cement. Kryptok Lenses do not suggest old age. They are not ugly or freakish. They improve one's appearance.

This is a Pasted Double-vision Lens

Note the [illegible] The cement used to join for years [illegible] Pasted lenses do the same. They are unsightly [illegible] are old age and [illegible] one's appearance.

Write Us Today for Booklet

which completely describes Kryptok Lenses, and explains their greater beauty, efficiency and comfort. *Address*

Kryptok Company, 108 East 23d Street, New York

CORNELL COTTAGES

SECTIONAL PORTABLE

STRENGTH

[illegible] full force [illegible] hurricane [illegible] no damage [illegible] appar ently [illegible] were demolished [illegible]

SATISFACTION

[illegible]

Satisfied Customers "tell the story." If you need a practical, substantial building for any purpose, let us tell you what we can do for you.

ECONOMY

[illegible] about 25 [illegible] saved [illegible]

Fireproof Garages a specialty. **Illustrated catalog free**

WYCKOFF LUMBER & MFG. CO., 402 Green St., Ithaca, N. Y.

CHEER UP!
Dust every day with

LIQUID VENEER

WRITE FOR FREE TRIAL BOTTLE.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY, 75 Liquid Veneer Bldg., BUFFALO, N. Y.

TAKE IT OFF

AD-EL-ITE
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
PAINT & VARNISH REMOVER

Take off that shabby coat of paint or varnish with "Ad-el-ite" and make your old furniture or woodwork look like new. Harmless and does quick, perfect work. Refinish with our

ONE-COAT MISSION FINISH

A stain and finish in one coat. Many beautiful shades, giving that popular, rich, velvety Mission effect. Samples and finished panels FREE.

Ask your dealer or write us.

Dept. 48 CHICAGO

ADAMS & ELTING CO.

TYPEWRITERS
FACTORY REBUILT

We save you money on all makes of typewriters and give a guarantee for service and condition, as strong, as the original makers. We can do this for we operate the oldest, largest and best equipped factory in the world. Our "Factory Rebuilt Typewriters" are honestly and thoroughly rebuilt from top to bottom by skilled workmen.

You Can Save $25 to $50

By buying our "Factory Rebuilt Typewriters," and be sure of perfect satisfaction. The machines are highly polished, japanned and in fact—perfect in quality, condition and looks, and serviceable and efficient in every way. This "Trade Mark" guarantees for one year against any defect in workmanship or materials.

Write for illustrated catalogue and address of nearest branch store.

American Writing Machine Company
345 Broadway, New York.

BRIGHTEN UP Your Stationery in the OFFICE, BANK, SCHOOL or HOME by using WASHBURNE'S PATENT PAPER FASTENERS

75,000,000

SOLD the past YEAR should convince YOU of their SUPERIORITY.

Trade O. K. Mark

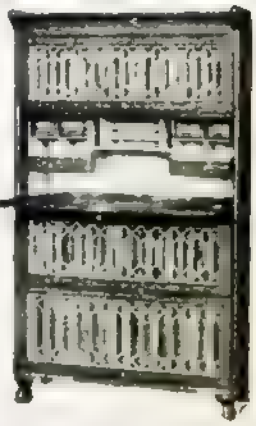
Easily put on or taken off with the thumb and finger. Can be used repeatedly and "they always work." Made of brass in 3 sizes. Put up in brass boxes of 100 fasteners each.

HANDSOME COMPACT STRONG No Slipping, NEVER

All stationers. Send 10c for sample box of 50, assorted. Illustrated booklet free. Liberal discount to the trade.

The O. K. Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A. No 18

GUNN SECTIONAL BOOKCASES



Let us solve your library problem at the least expense.
Get our new handsome catalogue L, illustrated in colors.

Our prices are lower than others

With quality guaranteed. Be sure you know about our Sanitary Clawfoot Mission and Standard styles, and what our exclusive features mean to you. Absence of nine hands, easily taken apart for economical moving, easily cleaned non-binding doors. Sold by dealers or direct.

Gunn Furniture Company 11 Victoria St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

[illegible] Magazine is a level. Turn to page 2.

also your furniture

A hardwood or a pine floor, or a piece of furniture will become as pretty as a picture if properly finished with

Old English Floor Wax

We specify Old English because it is the "highest quality" floor wax that can be made. It gives the richest and most durable finish to all floors, interior woodwork and furniture, because it contains more of the hard (expensive) wax, which makes a pound of Old English go farther and decidedly outlast most other finishes. Besides, you can easily touch up any worn spot without doing over the whole floor. Old English never gets sticky, never shows scratches from heels or furniture; easily applied and economical—a 50c. can covers a large room.

Send for Free Sample and Book

"BEAUTIFUL FLOORS, Their Finish and Care"

Read up on the *proper* way to take care of and to finish

New Floors;
Old Floors;
Kitchen, Pantry and Bathroom Floors;
Clean and Polish Hardwood or Pine Floors;
Care for Waxed, Varnished and Shellaced Floors;
Fill Floor Cracks;
Finish Furniture and Interior Woodwork, Etc.

A. S. BOYLE & CO., 1905 West 8th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

We recommend **"Brightenor"**—a wonder worker to *clean* and *preserve* all finishes—whether wax, varnish, shellac. **Sample free.**

A. S. BOYLE & CO.

Send Booklet and FREE sample.

Name .....

Address .....

My dealer is .....

KEY TO EASY HOUSEWORK

Don't keep doing the same things over day after day. Make your work STAY done. 3-IN-ONE oil cleans and polishes piano cases, fine furniture and all veneered or varnished surfaces, easier, quicker and better than any furniture polish on earth. It gives a bright, lasting finish. Just a little rub occasionally with a soft cloth brings back the original lustre. 3-IN-ONE polishes and KEEPS bright all bathroom fixtures, kitchen furniture, brass railings, door plates, etc. A touch here and there just once in a while keeps everything spick and span—a whole day's work done in a few hours. Try it once.

FREE Write at once for sample bottle and valuable booklet. Both free for name of your dealer. A library Slip in every package.

3-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY

49 Broadway **New York City**

Here is my NEW Cigar

The Shivers' Club Special Cigar is only a few months old. Yet my customers have taken a quarter of a million—two hundred and fifty thousand of these cigars—without any advertising beyond one very simple announcement. They would not have done this unless they felt sure that there was not a better cigar in America at anything like the price.

Shivers' Club Special Exact Size and Shape

The Club Special is 4¼ inches long and is "fatter" than my Panatela, the larger burning surface thus giving it a somewhat fuller, richer flavor.

The entire filler of the Club Special cigar is real Havana grown in the best section of Cuba. The wrapper is imported from the Island of Sumatra. It is hand-rolled by expert men cigarmakers in my model factory at Philadelphia, and sold direct—thereby saving the profits that two middlemen would add to its price.

MY OFFER IS—I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Club Special cigars to a reader of Everybody's Magazine, express prepaid. He may smoke ten of these cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased with them and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

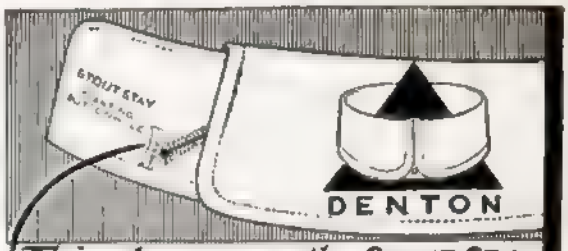
I ask only a trial of this new cigar—a trial which involves no expense whatever on your part.

Of course, this Offer applies equally to my celebrated Panatela cigar.

In ordering, please use business stationery or give reference, and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS

913 Filbert Street **Philadelphia, Pa.**



This shows you the **STOUT STAY**

that prevents TRIANGLE buttonholes from tearing out or wearing out and doubles the collar's life because of this Stout Stay; the five plies of collar material; the eyelet three-thread loop—make a triple wall of defense against laundry assaults.

The Slanting Buttonhole is easy to button and needs no diagram to tell you how.

Write for sample buttonhole showing the Stout Stay and Booklet "Key to Correct Dress."

Triangle Collars are correct style and the same price as any 2 for 25c collar. If your dealer hasn't them, send us his name and 50c for 4. In Canada 3 for 50c.

DENTON—2½ in. high—A new style—Very popular.

VAN ZANDT, JACOBS & CO., 602 River St., Troy, N.Y.

Triangle 5-PLY Collars

"The Collars of Quality"

MOVING WEST?

Don't sell your Household Goods. **Ship them at Reduced Rates** in Through Cars, avoiding transfer, to and from all Western States. Write **today** for colored maps and full information

TRANS-CONTINENTAL FREIGHT COMPANY
510 Bedford Bldg., Chicago.
610-29 Broadway, New York.

PINE FOREST INN

Summerville, S. C.

NOW OPEN. Most attractive Winter Resort in the South. Absolutely dry climate. Located in the heart of Pine Forest. Rooms en suite, with private bath. All modern improvements, including Elevator. Special attention given to table and service. Pure water from Artesian Well on Grounds. Elegant 18 Hole Golf Links; none better. Tennis, Bowling, Billiards, etc. Our own Livery; best Saddle and Driving Horses.

For rates and further information, address A. H. BUCK, Manager, or F. W. WAGENER & Co., Owners, Charleston, S. C.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

"I FEEL SO MUCH SAFER

in a boat with a ROPER SAFETY PROPELLER"

"So do I; it has already saved me from several bad accidents. I feel free to go at full speed, even in a crowded harbor. It's a great thing in shallow water, too."

Protection against collisions of all kinds is only one of the many splendid features of the

ROPER SAFETY PROPELLER

It enables you to regulate the speed of your boat without touching the engine. In addition, the unique Roper principle prevents your engine from racing, flooding or stopping. You can change instantly from full speed ahead to full speed astern, run slow, fast or hold her stationary, simply by moving a single lever.

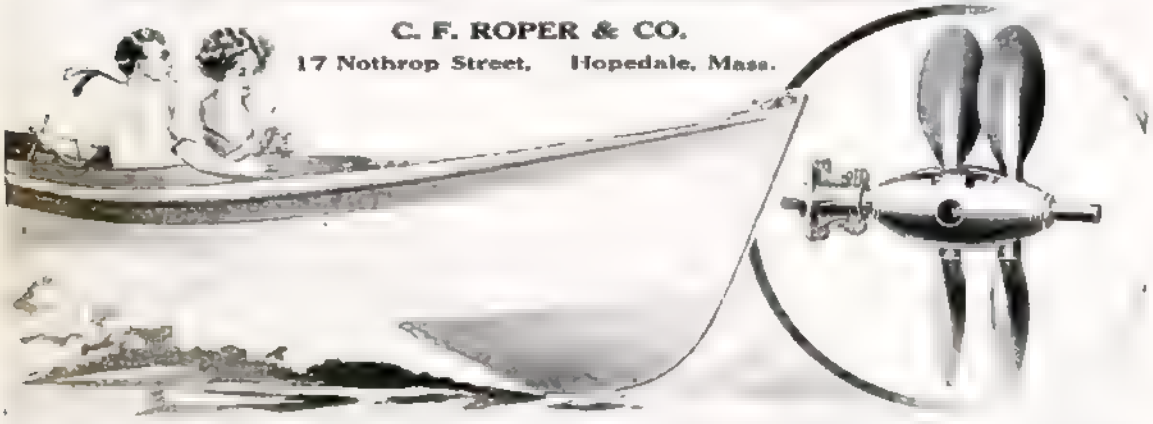
The Roper Safety Propeller has more exclusive features than any other propelling device on the market. There's nothing else like it, *at any price*. Simple in mechanism, simple in operation. Why not equip *your boat* with the latest and best propeller? The Roper will double your power of control and the pleasure of running your boat.

Our Motor Boat Speedometer is a winner, too. ***Send today for our new booklet.***

Agents in the following and other leading cities

BOSTON, Mass., Keeshan-Wetherell Co.
CHICAGO, Ill., James M. Watt & Co.
NEW YORK, N. Y., H. G. Squires, Sons
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Carman & Bowers
SEATTLE, Wash., Campbell Hardware Co.
ASTORIA, Ore., Astoria Gas Engine Hospital
PORTLAND, Ore., Roberson Machinery Co.
SAN FRANCISCO, Calif., [illegible]
MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., [illegible]
DULUTH, Minn., Kelley Hardware Co.
SPOKANE, Wash., Ware Bros. Co.
NEW ORLEANS, La., Woodward Wight Co., Ltd.
COLUMBUS, Ohio, Lane Bros. Machine Co.
JACKSONVILLE, Fla., George F. [illegible] Co.

C. F. ROPER & CO.
17 Nothrop Street, Hopedale, Mass.



DAISY Air Rifle

The straightest shooting most highly perfected air rifle made. Every boy should have one. The Daisy Special, 1000 shot Magazine Repeater is the finest machine made at any price. Handsome blued barrel, shoots like the latest magazine hunting rifle, accurate to a hair, price $2.00. Buy from your dealer—or we will send prepaid on receipt of price. Interesting literature free.

DAISY MFG. CO., 284 Union St., Plymouth, Mich.

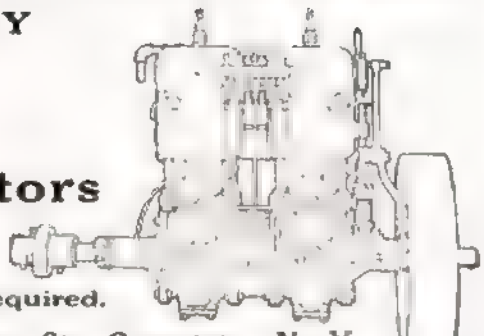
QUALITY AND ENERGY

in every ounce of

TUTTLE

Modern Marine Motors

Our long experience is valuable—it's at your service.



Write for our catalog. Name power required.

TUTTLE MOTOR CO., 149 State St., Canastota, N. Y.

BUY DIRECT FROM CALIFORNIA

Cawston Ostrich Feathers

RECEIVED SEVEN FIRST PRIZES

Omaha Buffalo Portland Seattle
Paris St. Louis Jamestown

California's matchless climate and Cawston's twenty-five years' experience and superior methods of manufacturing insure perfection.

We raise our own ostriches. We pluck the plumes, dye, curl and manufacture them in our factory on our farm.

Cawston male feathers have life, lustre, strength and beauty not found in other feather goods. They retain their curl and wear for years.

Your old feathers are valuable. Send them to us and we will dye, recurl and make over into willow plumes.

Illustrated Catalogue Mailed Free

CAWSTON OSTRICH FARM Established 1886

P. O. Box 51, South Pasadena, California

Free delivery—money returned if not pleased.

Why Don't *You* Give Nature a Chance

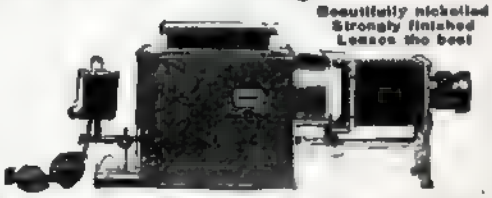
You can see and try the "Rex" before buying.

Quit fighting Nature. Co-operate with her. Treat Disease in Nature's way—go direct to the seat of trouble, by using a "Rex" Electric Vibrator. Leading Doctors everywhere use and recommend Vibration. Have the perfect "Rex" Vibrator in your own home and get all the benefits of Vibration at a mere fraction of the cost of professional services.

Our Free Book Tells Why—Write Today

THE ROYAL SPECIALTY CO.
5112 St. Clair Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

The Illustrator Magic Lantern



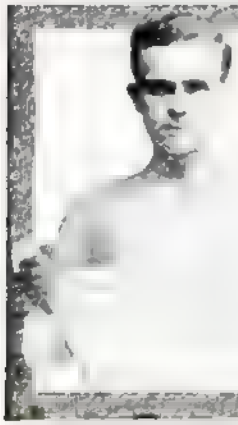
Beautifully nickelled Strongly finished Lenses the best

Our Illustrator Lanterns are used by the leading Lecturers, by the Largest Universities, Colleges, and Schools. Complete Price Lists mailed on application. This lantern accommodates Electric Arc, Incandescent, Lime, and Alco-Radiant Lights.

POST CARD MAGIC LANTERN

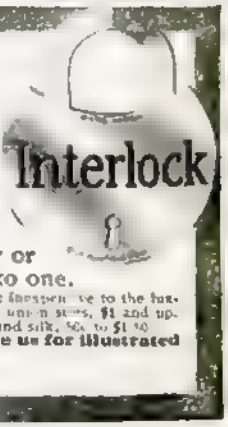
It shows on a screen the image reflected from a post-card or any other picture or flat object. Prices $4.50, $13.50, $25.00, $40.00.

WILLIAMS, BROWN & EARLE, Inc. Dept. 3. 918 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.



Lucky man!—you who are protected from the searching March winds by

Interlock

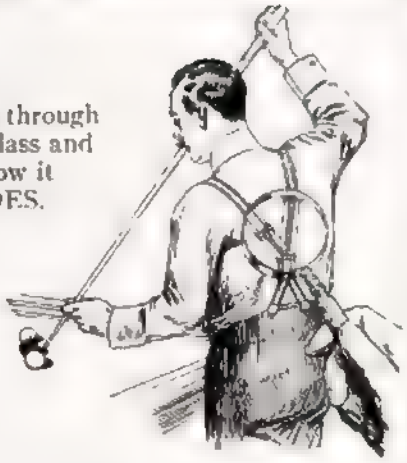


the lightest-for-warmth underwear

Soft and smooth next your skin, and not bulky or burdensome. Two gauzy-ribbed fabrics linked into one.

Made in cotton, mercerized cotton, and merino; of various grades from the inexpensive to the luxurious; garments. **For Men and Boys**—shirts or drawers, 50c and up; union suits, $1 and up. **For Infants**—shirts, pants, and sleeping garments; cotton, merino, wool and silk, 50c to $1.50. Look for Interlock on the garment-label or the metallic knit-in bed. **Write us for illustrated booklet and sample.**

General Knit Fabric Company, Utica, N. Y.



Massé

YOU cannot make a shot like that with straining shoulders.—Wear

Plexo

Suspenders,

for the man of action, and you will never feel any shoulder strain.

As in this picture the glass magnifies the size of the sliding cord—so will Plexo Suspenders increase your comfort. They "give" to every movement and are light and easy as none at all. Plexo Suspenders are strong, too,—very durable, and mighty good-looking.

Get a pair of your own haberdasher or of us,—50 cts.

Knothe Brothers

122 Fifth Ave., New York

Write for our booklet telling how men of action of olden time kept their trousers up. It will interest you. Free of course.

"Onyx" Hosiery

Trade

Mark

"ONYX" stamped on a hose means—

**THE MAKER'S BEST EFFORT—
THE BUYER'S BEST JUDGMENT.**

These two sentences state the simple truth and explain the ONYX Spirit.

Our best efforts [illegible] for twenty years have produced the ONYX Quality which appeals to your Best Judgment.

Do not attempt the impossible. Better hose **cannot** be found than the World Famous ONYX Trade-Mark

We deserve [illegible] ONYX Quality which will [illegible]

990 S. [illegible] 50c per pair.

400 K. Women's "ONYX" Dubl-Top" Black, White and Tan Silk Lisle with "Doublex" Splicing at Heel and Toe, feels and looks like silk, wears better. 50c. per pair.

400 G. The Gauze weight of this celebrated number with all its merits 50c per pair

OUTSIZE HOSE

120 S. [illegible] 50c per pair

SILK HOSE FOR WOMEN

106. Women's Pure Thread Silk Hose, the extraordinary value—best made in America [illegible] $2.25 per pair.

FOR MEN

E 325 [illegible] "The Satisfactory Hose" 50c per pair

Lord & Taylor

Wholesale Distributors New York

NO THREE O'CLOCK FATIGUE

A Full Day's Work at Early Morning Speed

is assured when the Monarch is used

Its featherweight touch lessens the work and the cost per folio—makes the work so much easier for your operator that she puts more in the day's work for you.

Monarch *Light Touch*

is an advantage in dollars and cents. Send for Monarch Literature, it thoroughly explains Monarch construction

Try the Monarch, and you will at once learn that its superiority actually rests in the machine itself and not merely in what we say about it.

Representatives Wanted. Local representatives wanted everywhere, also a few more dealers for large territories. Write for details and attractive terms.

The Monarch Typewriter Company,

Executive Offices Monarch Typewriter Bldg., 30 Broadway, New York

Canadian Offices Toronto and Montreal

Branches and dealers throughout the world

Well Begun. An old firm, a friend of ours, sends us a letter received from a new firm just starting into business, which contains this line: "You see by this letter that we have started our business career with the best of everything, including

Old Hampshire Bond

Our advertising saved this firm from having to "buy experience" with poor paper. These people wanted all their furniture and equipment to be the best, and they wisely chose their stationery so that every letter they sent out would be an advertisement for their house.

Let us send you the Old Hampshire Bond Book of Specimens. It contains an extensive assortment of letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of Old Hampshire Bond.

Write for it on your present letterhead. Address

Hampshire Paper Company

South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts

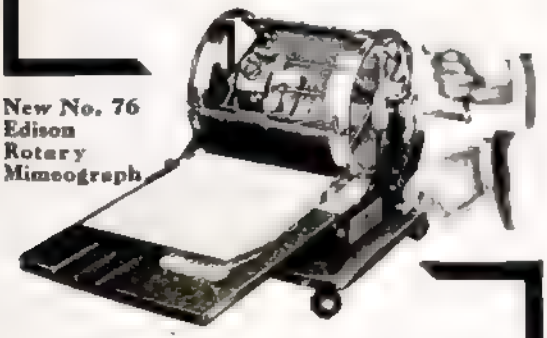
The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively.

Advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3

Cut Down Your Office Expenses

If you use Circular Letters, Notices, Price Lists, Instructions, Bulletins, Office Forms, etc., you can minimize the printer's bills and save a vast amount of time, trouble and worry if you

Buy an Edison Mimeograph



New No. 76 Edison Rotary Mimeograph

The new model, with inking fountain, is the simplest, most rapid, practical, and economical duplicating machine in existence. It will duplicate any thing that can be done with a pen, pencil or typewriter. Write

A. B. Dick Company

736-738 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.
Branch: 15 Murray Street, New York.

Individual Libraries Easily Re-Arranged

The construction of **Globe-Wernicke** Bookcases by sections makes it easy to re-arrange them artistically whenever new furniture is added to a room, or a different setting is desired.

Globe-Wernicke Elastic Bookcases

come in every desired style and finish of oak and mahogany to harmonize with any scheme of interior decoration. Exact duplicate sections always obtainable, at uniform prices—freight prepaid everywhere.

"The World's Best Books"

contains noted scholars' lists of the 5, 10, 25, 50 and 100 "best books" for children and adults.

"Of untold value in choosing books for a library."
—*Minneapolis Journal.*

Send the coupon below for this unique book, also the **Globe-Wernicke** Bookcase catalogue, and brochure "Individual Libraries," both beautifully illustrated.

The Globe-Wernicke Co.
Dept. F.
Cincinnati, U. S. A.

The Globe-Wernicke Co.,
Dept. F. Cincinnati, U S A

Consider Your Shoes

and Make Sure that they are

GOODYEAR WELT

Shoes made on Goodyear Welt Machines are marked by comfort, durability and style.

They are *Smooth Inside*; because no thread penetrates the insole to tantalize the foot.

They are equal to shoes sewed by hand in the essential qualities you require, and can be bought at ⅓ the price.

Only good material can be used in shoes made on the rapid machines of the Goodyear Welt System.

Write today for the following booklets which will be sent you without cost:

1. Contains an alphabetical list of over five hundred shoes sold under a special name or trade mark made by the Goodyear Welt process.
2. Describes the Goodyear Welt process in detail and pictures the sixty marvelous machines employed.
3. "The Secret of the Shoe—An Industry Transformed." The true story of a great American achievement.
4. "An Industrial City." Illustrated description of the great modern factory of the United Shoe Machinery Company at Beverly, Massachusetts.

United Shoe Machinery Company, Boston, Mass.

Hyomei for Croup

In every home where there is a child subject to attacks of croup Hyomei should be kept constantly on hand.

Send for a doctor by all means, but in the meantime **pour a few drops of Hyomei into a bowl of boiling water and allow the child to breathe the soothing healing vapor that arises. This method will give almost instant relief.**

For Catarrh, Coughs, Colds, Croup, Asthma and Catarrhal Deafness use HYOMEI. Money back if not satisfactory.

Complete outfit (including hard rubber inhaler) $1.00.

Extra bottles, if afterward needed, 50 cents at Druggists everywhere or direct by mail

A small trial bottle of Hyomei will be sent free on request.

BOOTH HYOMEI CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

Typewriter Superiority

What is it? Merely doing the same thing easier, better and longer than the other machine. Also some things the other machine will not do at all.

Where did you ever see Ribbon Reverse, for instance, to equal that of the

L. C. SMITH & BROS. Typewriter

ALL THE WRITING ALWAYS IN SIGHT

Immediate, absolutely automatic, with never a hitch or delay. Not an ounce of additional key-tension or ribbon strain.

The entire mechanism is that way. Feeds on single stroke of key. Try tabulating a column of units—the ribbon *moves!* No pounding in one spot till the ink is all gone and a hole worn in the ribbon. And no burrowing to apply a new ribbon. It's an outside operation—a matter of a moment. Bichrome and mimeograph features. Everything you could desire, and all in the simple, direct fashion of L. C. SMITH & BROS. inbuilt operating devices.

Of course you send for the book. **L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER COMPANY,** *Head Office for Domestic and Foreign Business,*
SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A. **Branches in all large cities.**

50¢ per Pack

A Little World of Art-Beauty is Revealed in

CONGRESS CARDS

GOLD EDGES. IVORY AND AIR-CUSHION FINISH.
LARGE INDEXES—IDEAL FOR BRIDGE

OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES
SENT FOR 15 CENTS IN STAMPS
THE U.S. PLAYING CARD CO. CINCINNATI, U.S.A.

BICYCLE CARDS

LARGE INDEXES. IVORY OR AIR-CUSHION FINISH.
Card Players Appreciate the Splendid Dealing and Wearing Qualities of Bicycle, the Most Durable 25 cent Card Made.

25¢ per Pack

U·S·Express Building, New York
Equipped with DAHLSTROM Products

"Buildings As They Should Be"

SO much money is spent in erecting modern buildings that it is almost inconceivable to think that the *final*, absolute, fireproof, sanitary, artistic, permanent construction feature should be ignored.

¶ Briefly stated, this means the failure to replace with steel all inflammable interior materials—of which doors are but a part.

¶ Our business is the manufacture of these features and to influence owners and builders to insist upon, and make sure of their installation—Dahlstrom Metallic Doors and Trim. To you, then, we point out the hundreds of buildings representing the utmost in these respects, buildings that exemplify the vast possibilities in making interiors as fireproof and as lasting as exteriors.

¶ To show you a few of these—to explain by word and picture the results already attained in some of the world's most prominent, most artistic structures, we have issued "Buildings As They Should Be." If you are an architect, owner, builder or prospective builder, this book should prove of intense interest, should be an inspiration to the farsighted.

A copy of "Buildings As They Should Be" is yours for six cents postage.

Dahlstrom Metallic Door Co.

Executive Offices and Factory:

63 Blackstone Avenue Jamestown, N. Y.

Branch Offices in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, San Francisco, Seattle

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

"By George! I almost thought I'd forgotten to put on my suspenders. This Double Crowned Roller scheme is a wonder!"

THE KADY SUSPENDER

THE only suspender that ever got entirely away from being a yoke on man's shoulders. Why? Because it has the only device in the back that allows both sides to work up and down *absolutely without* friction and strain—the patented

DOUBLE CROWN ROLLER

This neat and almost invisible little patent, *the most imitated thing in suspenders,* is recognized to be worth $50,000, and every fresh imitation makes it worth more, because none can duplicate the *action.* Anyhow we wouldn't sell it for that or a lot on top.

But *you* can BUY it for your own use with a suspender that for style and wear can't be beaten—the KADY at 50c and 75c. It's easier to remember the Kady when next you buy suspenders than it will be later to forget the disappointment and discomfort of an imitation.

Twenty thousand dealers sell the Kady. If yours doesn't, write us for a near one who does.

THE OHIO SUSPENDER CO., Dept. B, Mansfield, Ohio

THE MIDGET GARTER

As far ahead of ordinary garters as the Kady is in the suspender field. Can't help but fit without adjustment—you don't know its there.

25c at Dealers

In the Better Built Homes You Find Alabastine Walls

Alabastine is more beautiful, durable and sanitary than any other wall coating. It permits more artistic and individual decoration than wall paper or paint and costs far less. It is too superior to compare with any kind of kalsomine. Costs a trifle more for the material—no more to put on—and has every advantage in appearance and durability. Lasts longer, does not chip, peel or rub off when properly applied and is absolutely sanitary. The soft water color tints are exquisite, refined and correct—and Alabastine walls can be kept in best condition at least expense.

Alabastine

The Beautiful, Durable Wall Tint

is specified by architects and decorators as the ideal foundation for all future decorating, for a new coat can be applied directly over the old without the expense of washing off the walls. Its efficiency has been proven for over a quarter of a century in city and country homes, churches, schools, hotels, stores, apartments and office buildings.

Alabastine costs but a trifle per pound, the cheapest sanitary wall coating material and as the easiest to use. Requires no expensive oil to mix—simply cold water to be used with an ordinary wall brush. For Five Pound Packages: White, 50c; Regular Tints, 55c. *Library Suffs in Every Package.*

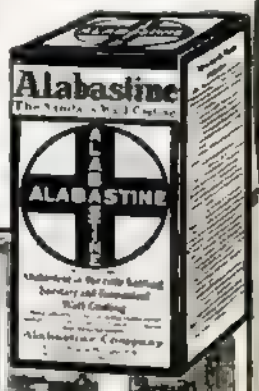
Our experts furnish—*free of charge*—special color plans and designs, also supply stencils to meet your individual needs. This exceptional service—only obtainable in the larger Art Centers—is offered freely to all Alabastine users.

Every practical painter and decorator should be on *Alabastine Map*. If yours is not with us for the name of one in your town who uses Alabastine with best results.

Alabastine Company

Grand Rapids, Mich., 431 Grandville Road

New York City, Desk 31—105 Water Street



The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

Pick Out Your Books, Choose To-day

Just one money-saving idea, from the 1653 topics in these nine brand-new books, will show you how to add dollars upon dollars to the value of your property. Send to-day. Your books are waiting. Know the facts that will make your work easier—and yield more money besides.

Here are other folks' experiences—how they got more results for less work. You can do as they did. Pick out your books *right now*. Perhaps never before has such a valuable and easily read set of farm books been published—*you need them—get them at once.* See descriptions in left hand column.

These nine books, printed from large type, and easy to read, are crowded with boiled-down facts that you can use every day. They tell not only how others have raised poultry and eggs, and made money at it, but how you can do it, too—how you can get bigger profits from your cows, whether you have two or twenty—how you can be sure you're getting a square deal in a horse trade—how you can grow more corn from every hill—how you can make a 10 x 20 garden yield as much as most folks get from a 20 x 40 plot.

All these things and many more are told. These books are the cream of the life experience of experts. They are absolutely authentic—or Farm Journal wouldn't offer them to you.

Get your set now; profit by all these other folks' efforts. They're enjoying the results of their money-saving efforts—so can you. Just use the coupon below.

Book No. 1
Tells how two men made **"$6.41 per Hen per Year"** — explicit directions followed by Edward and Gardner Couring the expert poultrymen. 230 subjects, 25 clear illustrations, all condensed into 64 pgs.

Book No. 2
The man that owns, uses, buys or loves a horse needs **"Horse Secrets,"** by Professor Alexander Department of Horse Breeding University of Wisconsin. Full of horse sense.

Book No. 3
From amateur to expert, and how you too can succeed in the egg business is told in the **"Million Egg Farm"** book. 238 subjects treated in detail, 37 cuts.

Book No. 4
One man sold a $10,000 cow for $65, because he had never seen one book **"Half a Ton of Butter per Cow per Year,"** Get it and know how much cows are worth.

Book No. 5
Michael K. Boyer *knows* the poultry business from A to Z. He spent years in gathering and testing these **"Poultry Secrets."** They are worth hundreds of dollars to you. 65 subjects covered completely, honestly.

Book No. 6
"A good garden saves doctor bills, drives away the blues, sweetens the home and puts gold in thy purse"—213 subjects covered by Jacob Biggle. Inimitably interesting and informing. 49 pictures.

Book No. 7
"Corn Secrets," by Prof. P. G. Holden, the cornbelt authority. 143 important points covered—104 illustrations. This is perhaps the most accurate corn manual written.

Book No. 8
Free courses in agriculture are fully described in our new first aid to prospective farmers, **"Shall I Farm"**. 232 subjects, a few good pictures, 64 pages, long wearing cover, complete index—a book full of common sense.

Book No. 9
"The Curtiss Poultry Book" covers 226 subjects, written by a pioneer in the poultry business. Six indispensable formulas for feed mixing.

Why You Need Farm Journal

Farm Journal is printed for those who want to know about flowers and vegetables, poultry, dogs and other pets, horse and cows, crops, good roads building and odd jobs, improvements around the place. It has home decorating hints, dressmaking helps, plans for an evening's fun, cookery suggestions—why there isn't anything worth while it doesn't have.

Farm Journal is the only paper of its kind in the world. It helps the amateur and the expert. It helps the man or woman who cultivates a square rod or a square mile.

Farm Journal believes in clean farms, new sharp tools, and the 101 little conveniences that go to make a happy family. Take advantage of the offer now.

What Readers Say:

EAST

Frank Wolfe, N. Y.—"Our people have learned to call Farm Journal the monthly sunshine."

A. S. Austin, N. Y.—"Once read Farm Journal is hard to do without."

M. E. W. King, Del.—"The books came all right. I like them and think I shall learn a great deal from the study of each one."

E. A. Secord, Mass.—"I received the Garden Book and Almanac all in very much pleased with them."

Mrs. C. M. Spalding, Conn.—"I have been an appreciative reader of Farm Journal for 25 years and have a paid up subscription for the next 15 years."

WEST

F. J. Carrol, Ohio—"Let me say that am most happily disappointed in Farm Journal. Expected to be strong, but discover it to be the only really helpful paper for farm that I have yet seen."

Mrs. Mary L. Perry, Ill.—"More in one dozen than most others in a year."

W. J. Hirschfeld, Ohio—"I consider your paper so valuable that no subscription price could be."

Robert L. Haddock, Minn.—"The October number just received. I would not take a dollar for it."

S. Mantz, Sask.—"Every home in the West should have Farm Journal."

SOUTH

W. H. Lamar, Tenn.—"Five farm papers come to our home, but Farm Journal is the best."

Andrew J. Shipley, Va.—"Farm Journal is not like any other farm paper, but far better and more interesting."

James Trotter, Tenn.—"I like Farm Journal for its plain facts."

How to Get the Three Books You Pick Out

Use the coupon to order [illegible] only one book, send only fifty cents. You get all these splendid helpful issues of Farm Journal in either case. **You can have all your money back, if not satisfied.** Add [illegible] book you pick.

REWARD FOR PROMPTNESS

A copy of the latest revised [illegible] of Poor Richard's Almanac, 48 pages, will be included with every $1 order received as long as the Almanacs last. Hurry your order along.

SPECIAL MONEY-BACK COUPON

Farm Journal, 1434 Clifton St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Enclosed is $1.00. Please send me books Nos. [illegible] and Farm Journal one [illegible] Almanac. I am to [illegible]

Name

P. O. R. F. D.

County State

Please mention Everybody's Magazine when writing to advertisers

"BUILD WITH *CYPRESS AT FIRST,* and *NEVER HAVE TO REBUILD.*"

CYPRESS AVERTS REPAIR BILLS

CYPRESS

CYPRESS DEFIES DECAY

VOL. 6 of THE CYPRESS POCKET LIBRARY, with COMPLETE WORKING PLANS of THIS

$1,650 FIVE ROOM BUNGALOW

built (*as all good Bungalows should be*) from

CYPRESS, OF COURSE

("AND NO SUBSTITUTES")

WILL BE ***SENT FREE*** *with our compliments TO ALL GOOD*

BUNGALOW FOLKS

Plans by LOWE & BOLLENBACHER, Architects, Chicago.

SPECIFICATIONS GO WITH WORKING PLANS and are SUFFICIENT for any competent carpenter TO BUILD FROM.

[illegible] to spend a dollar, the more important it is that you secure the longest possible life for your investment. The more you [illegible] important it is that your money shall represent a definite and permanent investment, and not have to be spent over again in [illegible] repairs. CYPRESS is "the one best bet" in the entire wood market for those who care what they get for their lumber money. CYPRESS "lasts forever." CYPRESS DEFIES THE ROT-INFLUENCES which destroy other woods. CYPRESS does not warp or [illegible] or swell like most woods. It takes paint or stain perfectly. Whether for MANSION, PASTURE-FENCE OR "LITTLE [illegible] OF BACK-STEPS" [illegible] — IF YOU BUILD WITH CYPRESS YOU BUILD BUT ONCE."

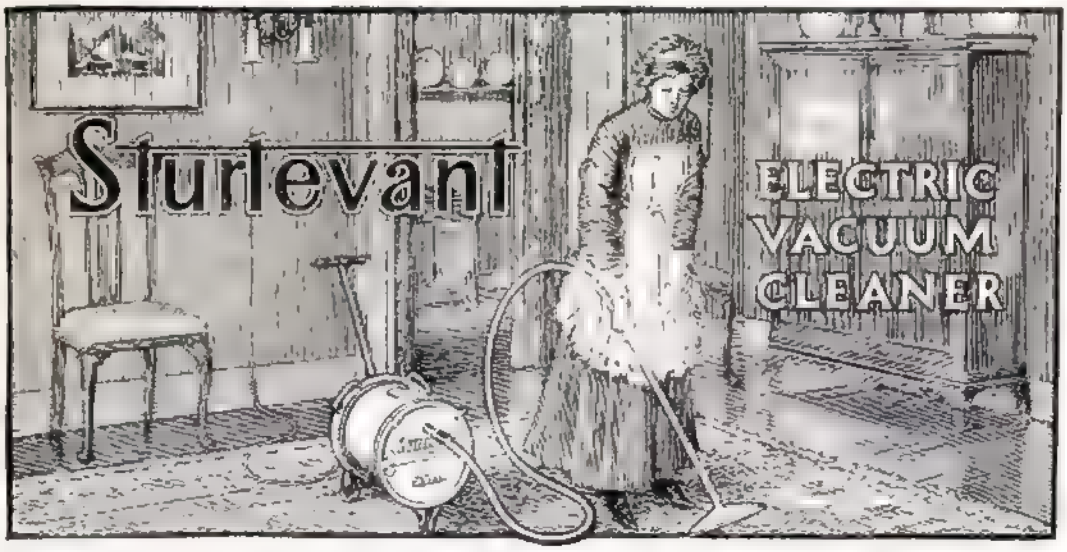
ASK our "ALL-ROUND HELPS DEPT." *any* question about Wood. Our reply will be frank. We recommend CYPRESS *only* where CYPRESS can *prove* itself "the one best wood" for *your* use.

SOUTHERN CYPRESS MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION

1200 HIBERNIA BANK BUILDING, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

We *produce* CYPRESS *but do not retail it.* INSIST ON IT NEAR HOME. *Wide awake Local Dealers sell CYPRESS; if yours does not, WRITE US, and we will tell you where you CAN get it.*

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.



The Sturtevant carries household vacuum cleaning to *an entirely new point* of simplicity and usefulness.

It makes absolute, hygienic, dustless cleanliness not only *possible* in the home, it makes it *easy*.

It solves completely the two most baffling problems in household vacuum cleaning:

It does away entirely with the useless and injurious EXCESS SUCTION that has been the serious objection to vacuum cleaning. It will not damage the most delicate fabric. Yet in PERMANENT THOROUGHNESS, it has never been equalled.

It has none of the complicated mechanisms — valves, gears, belts, diaphragms — that mean costly repairs and short-lived efficiency.

In using the Sturtevant, the machine itself is almost forgotten — one is conscious only of the amazing results.

A vacuum cleaner like the Sturtevant must inevitably be deemed as necessary to right living as a bath tub. It realizes a new ideal of cleanliness, of health, of comfort.

These things have been made possible by the great principle of high-pressure fan suction, the epoch-making advance in vacuum cleaning. No person should buy a vacuum cleaner without knowing the vital bearing of this principle on the practical efficiency of the vacuum cleaning process. *Our booklet gives this fact.*

SEND FOR BOOKLET 68

B. F. STURTEVANT COMPANY, Hyde Park, Mass.

50 Church Street, New York; 121 North Third Street, Philadelphia; 131 South Clinton Street, Chicago; 320 West Third Street, Cincinnati; 917 Pioneer Building, Pittsburg; Loan and Trust Building, Washington, D. C.; 1040 Old South Building, Boston; 421 Metropolitan Building, Minneapolis; 420 Schofield Building, Cleveland; 1108 Granite Building, Rochester, N. Y.; 300 Fullerton Building, St. Louis; 240 Norwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.; 36 Pearl Street, Hartford, Conn.

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER

The habit that cures.

ASK your physician what will cure you of chronic rheumatism, gout, gravel, or Bright's disease. If he is honest and frank with you, he will answer, "Nothing will cure you without a CHANGE IN YOUR HABITS OF LIFE".

Ask him if your habits as to *drinking* are important, and see if he doesn't answer, "Most important of all".

If he seems reluctant to tell you *what* to drink, say: "Doctor, if I got into the habit of taking a glass of BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER three or four times a day, how would it affect my health?"

Then listen carefully to his answer, and think it over.

Remember, BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER is not a *medicine*, it is a pure natural water. Drinking it is THE HABIT THAT CURES. Get an unquenchable thirst, drink it every hour, drink it to *excess* if you can.

Ask your doctor what the effect will be.

If you don't like to ask him this, write and ask *us* what eminent physicians have said about the effect of this "Buffalo drinking habit" on people who had your trouble.

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER is a natural mineral water, from the historic Buffalo Springs in Virginia. It is known the world over for its peculiar medicinal powers, especially in rheumatism, gout, gravel, diabetes, Bright's disease, gall stones, and all diseases caused by uric acid.

It is bottled in a modern sanitary plant right at the springs, just as it bubbles from the rock, pure and unadulterated, under the direction of a competent bacteriologist.

It is put up in new sterilized half-gallon bottles, which are *never refilled*. Each cork bears a SEAL with this TRADE-MARK stamped on it.

It is sold everywhere by leading druggists, grocers, and mineral water dealers.

If not on sale near you, write us, giving your dealer's name, and we will see that you are supplied.

Guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drug act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 15,055.

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER CO. BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

"My wife is trying to do too much. Her household work, social and charitable duties are running her down completely. Something must be done or I'm afraid she won't be her old time self much longer."

Every husband has faced this same problem: returning home at night to find his wife all tired out, nervous, irritable, unhappy—completely run down from overwork or the constant strain of social life. A situation like this demands

Pabst Extract

The "Best" Tonic

Physicians recommend it as the best tonic in the world to restore wasted nervous energy and rebuild the tired, worn brain and body back to normal health and strength. It is rich in every element needed to sustain life. A nourishing extract of pure barley malt made piquant by the spicy, appetizing tonic of the finest golden hops.

Pabst Extract is The "Best" Tonic to build up the overworked, strengthen the weak, overcome insomnia, relieve dyspepsia—to help the anaemic, the convalescent and the nervous wreck—to prepare for happy, healthy motherhood and give vigor to the aged. Your physician will recommend it.

Warning

Cheap imitations are sometimes substituted when Pabst Extract is called for. Be sure you get the genuine Pabst Extract. Refuse to accept a substitute. No "cheaper" extract can equal Pabst in purity, strength and quality.

$1000 Reward

for evidence convicting anyone who, when Pabst Extract is called for, deliberately and without the knowledge of his customer, supplies an article other than Pabst Extract.

The United States Government specifically classifies Pabst Extract as an article of medicine—not an alcoholic beverage.

ORDER A DOZEN FROM YOUR DRUGGIST
INSIST UPON IT BEING "PABST"

Library Slip, good for books and magazines, with each bottle.

Free booklet, "Health Dares" tells ALL uses and benefits of Pabst Extract. Write for it—a postal will do

PABST EXTRACT CO. DEPT. 15, Milwaukee, Wis.

WHATEVER YOUR PREFERENCE MAY BE IN THE MATTER OF EXTERIOR FINISH, BUILD YOUR WALLS OF

NATCO HOLLOW TILE Residence - Brick Faced

NATCO HOLLOW TILE

Fireproof, moisture proof, age proof, vermin proof, warmer in winter, cooler in summer.

YOUR plans may call for brick-veneer, stucco, pebble-dash, or some artistic combination of cobbles or stone work for exterior finish. No matter what the case may be, the principles of NATCO HOLLOW TILE construction apply equally well to all, and the cost need not exceed that of older forms of construction, such as straight brick, brick-and-wood, stone-and-wood or concrete. NATCO HOLLOW TILE, an adaptation of the *Terra Cotta Hollow Tile* supplied and installed by this Company for the fireproofing of America's greatest business and public buildings, represents the highest standard of modern construction for Residences, Hotels, Apartment Houses, Clubs, Schools, Garages and all buildings of moderate dimensions where *safety* and *serviceability* as well as *sound investment* are prime considerations.

So rapidly is NATCO HOLLOW TILE construction superseding older forms, that to ignore it now may mean that your building will belong to an obsolete class within ten years or less.

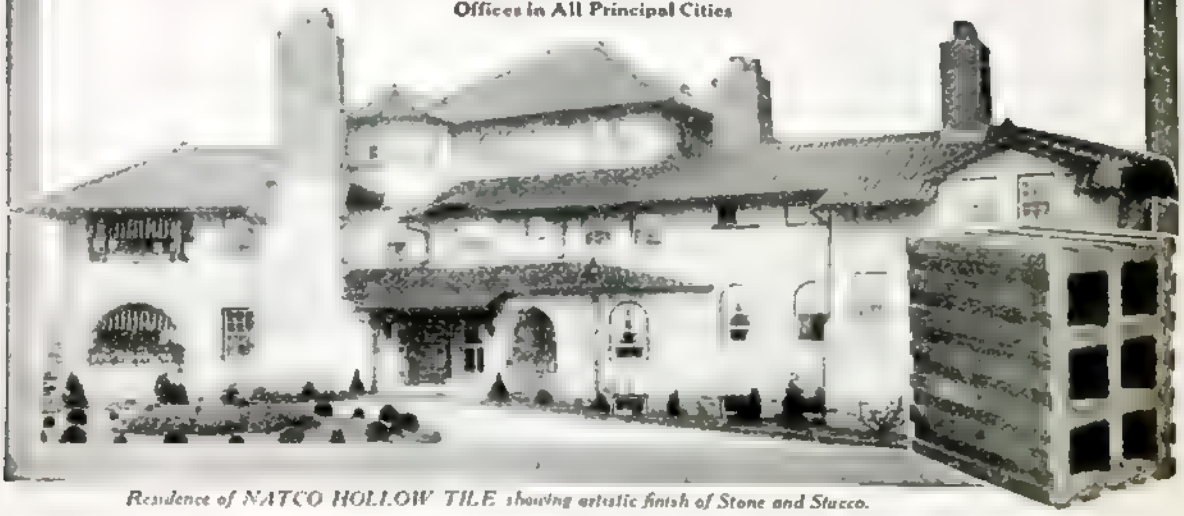
Every prospective builder should send for our 96-page book *"FIRE-PROOF HOUSES,"* mailed for 10c postage. Contains illustrations of numerous houses built of NATCO HOLLOW TILE, typical floor plans and technical drawings explaining every detail of Hollow Tile construction.

WRITE FOR THIS VALUABLE HANDBOOK TODAY. ADDRESS DEPT. B.

NATIONAL·FIRE·PROOFING·COMPANY

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Offices in All Principal Cities



Residence of NATCO HOLLOW TILE showing artistic finish of Stone and Stucco.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

THE ORIGINAL

SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SUSPENDER

The Best a Man Can Wear

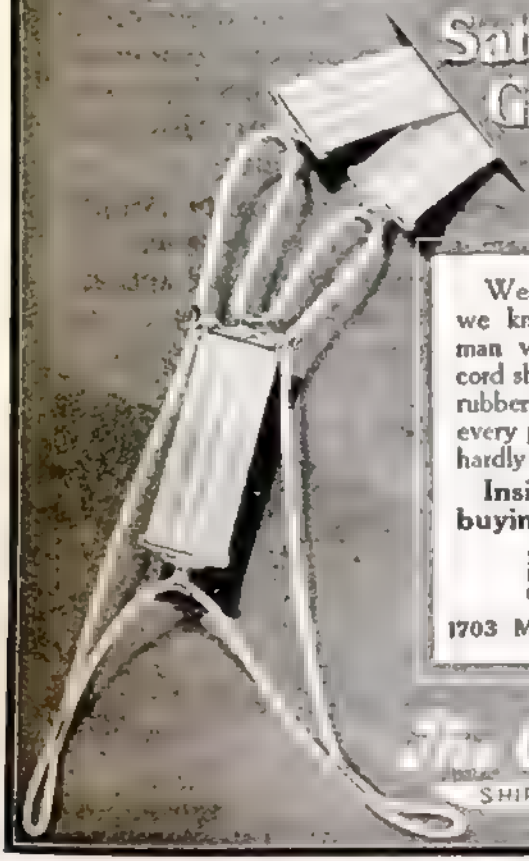
There are more "Shirley President Suspenders" worn than any other kind

Because they give the wearers perfect comfort

Because they outwear all others

Because their construction makes the trousers hang as your tailor intended

Satisfaction Guaranteed or money back



We have been making suspenders since 1875 and we know that President Suspenders will suit any man who gives them ten days' trial. The sliding cord shifts with every move of the body. The live rubber in the web and the perfect workmanship in every part make the ideal suspender which you are hardly conscious of wearing.

Insist on the Shirley Guarantee when buying suspenders.

Price 50 cents from all Dealers or from factory, light, medium or extra heavy, extra lengths for tall men.

1703 MAIN ST., SHIRLEY, MASS.

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co.

SHIRLEY GUARANTEED SUSPENDERS

NEW-SKIN

Instead of Court Plaster

YOU can use New-Skin for everything for which you would use court plaster, and for many other things as well, such as long scratches, banged knuckles, split lips, chafed hands, chilblains, wounds on the hand where court plaster would not stick on account of the wrinkling of the skin, chafed feet and blistered palms.

New-Skin dries in a few moments after being painted over the wound. It forms a tough, durable, flexible film that can be washed freely with soap and water.

It protects the wound and keeps out dirt. It does not interfere with the healing processes of nature, but simply protects them from outside interference.

NEW PACKAGE

New-Skin is now sold in a new easy-to-open package with a sanitary glass rod attached to the cork, instead of the brush. The stopper is covered with an aluminum screw cap that prevents evaporation and makes it possible for you to carry it around with you in your pocket or purse.

New-Skin is the only liquid court plaster that is sold in glass, making chemical action impossible and insuring perfect cleanliness.

NEWSKIN COMPANY
Dept. C BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

10c. and 25c. packages. At Druggists

Refuse Substitutes

Union Increases Use

When two groups of telephone subscribers are joined together the usefulness of each telephone is increased.

Take the simplest case — two groups, each with three subscribers. As separate groups there are possible only six combinations—only six lines of communication. Unite these same two groups, and instead of only six, there will be fifteen lines of communication.

No matter how the groups are located or how they are connected by exchanges, combination increases the usefulness of each telephone, it multiplies traffic, it expands trade.

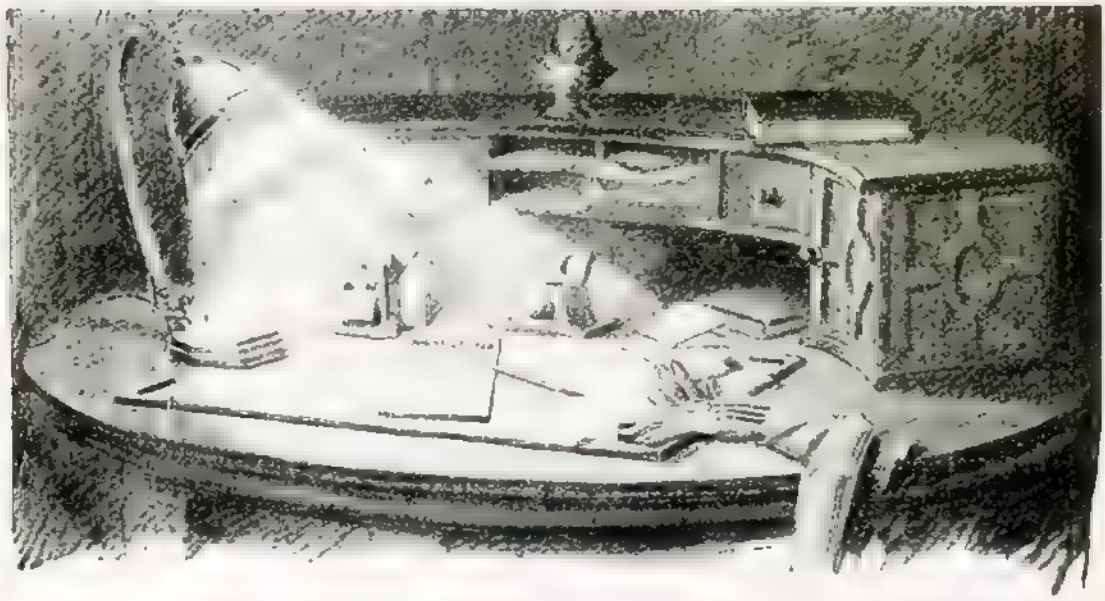
The increase is in accordance with the mathematical rule. If two groups of a thousand each are united, there will be a million more lines of communication.

No one subscriber can use all of these increased possibilities, but each subscriber uses some of them.

Many groups of telephone subscribers have been united in the Bell System to increase the usefulness of each telephone, and meet the public demand for universal service.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy ***One System*** ***Universal Service***



The Social "Night Letter"

Good form and good breeding demand prompt acknowledgment of social communications, and a consideration for the plans of others.

The Western Union provides a graceful means of meeting many exigencies of social life, combining the courtesy of a letter with immediate dispatch.

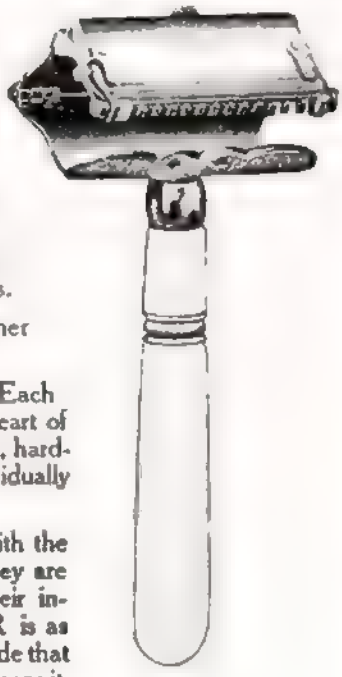
Fifty words may be sent in a Night Letter for the price of a ten-word day message.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY

"Prompt, Efficient, Popular Service."

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed [illegible] page 2.

STAR
Safety Razor



If You Didn't Shave With a STAR This Morning It's Our Fault—Not the Razor's

For thirty-five years we have been paying more attention to the making and perfecting of the STAR than to the selling of it. The result is a razor that meets every requirement of the man who shaves.

In the frame are self adjusting blade clips, large lather cup, hinged back for easy cleaning.

But we pride ourselves most upon the blades. Each is made from the finest steel—taken from the heart of the tempered metal. Each is forged, tempered, hardened, ground, honed and stropped individually and by hand.

Our men who do this work have lived with the STAR the better part of their lives. They are trained, experienced blade makers. Their interest in the high quality of the STAR is as great as our own. They give you a blade that takes a marvelous cutting edge—and keeps it.

From now on we shall advertise the product of the labor of these men. We shall tell men who shave about the STAR Safety Razor. If you are not using a STAR it's because you don't know about it—because you've never tried it. We are to blame. Not the razor.

If your dealer doesn't sell the STAR write us.
Price - as illustrated - $3.75.
Other styles from $1.50 to $20.

KAMPFE BROTHERS 8-12 Reade St., New York City

KAMPFE BROS

CONSERVATION

THE saving not only of national, but of personal resources is important.

Your greatest resource is health and the conservation of your health includes the preservation of your teeth by the regular use of such a dentifrice as

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Cleans preserves—polishes deliciously and antiseptically.

Different from other dentifrices in its *delightful* flavor and *double* efficiency. Not only a germ-destroyer, killing decay-germs *when you use it,* but also so lastingly antiseptic that it *keeps* the mouth in that sweet, clean, non-acid condition that counteracts germ-growth.

Delicious—Efficient

Colgate's is the antiseptic, anti-acid cream, delicious without the presence of sugar, efficient without "grit," and all that is beneficial without any injurious effect. The dentifrice which proves that a "druggy" taste is not necessary to efficiency.

You too should join this conservation movement for "Good Teeth—Good Health."

42 Inches of Cream in Trial Tube for 4 Cents

COLGATE & CO. (Est. 1806), Dept. E, 199 Fulton St., New York.

Makers of the famous Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap, Perfume and Talc Powder.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

"You Get the Job"

That is what the "live-wire," the man who has *training*—who is an EXPERT in his line—hears to-day from the *man who hires.*

Meanwhile the untrained men—not particularly efficient in any kind of work—are turned away with the words *"nothing doing."*

No matter what the job that is open, the modern employer wants the man who is *trained to fill it*—no others need apply.

So you see you MUST HAVE training. Don't think you can't get it—that you haven't time or money—*that* delusion will keep you in the ranks of the poorly paid, the inefficient.

You can get training—you can *win out*—get a better position—BIGGER PAY. That's what the I. C. S. are for—to help you. If you're able to read and write and have the gumption to want to *succeed*—the I. C. S. will come to you in your own home, in your spare time—absolutely without interfering with your regular, everyday work, and help you to become *trained*—efficient in the line of work you like best.

But you've got to have the desire to make something of yourself. If you have—*mark the coupon* and mail it for information on how to get out of the low-paid class.

Mark this Coupon NOW

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS,
Box 1289 SCRANTON, PA

Automobile Running
Mine Superintendent
Mine Foreman
Plumbing, Steam Fitting
Concrete Construction
Civil Engineer
Textile Manufacturing
Stationary Engineer
Telephone Expert
Mechanical Engineer
Mechanical Draftsman
Electrical Engineer
Electric Lighting Supt
Electric Wireman

Civil Service
Architect
Chemist
Gas Engines
Banking
Building Contractor
Architectural Drawing
Illustrating
Window Trimming
Show Card Writing
Advertising Man
Stenographer
Bookkeeper

Spanish
French
German

Name
Present
Street and No.
City

This to you, Mr. Retailer

We make our clothes for the most critical man in this country—

The fashionable New Yorker.

We sell them to him "over the counter."

We know, as only retailers can, just what *sells*.

We want more merchants in the larger towns who have a trade like ours,—critical, particular.

If you are such a one, write us.

Rogers Peet & Company

New York City

158 Broadway at Warren St. | 842 Broadway at 13th St. | 1302 Broadway at 34th St.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2 •

POMPEIIAN BRONZE
SCREEN CLOTH
LASTS AS LONG AS YOUR HOUSE

Don't specify any Screen Cloth till You investigate this

Ask your architect about Pompeiian or Golden Bronze Screen Cloth.

He will tell you it is the most economical barrier against flies and mosquitoes because it never has to be replaced. It lasts as long as your house.

He will tell you this screen cloth is 90 per cent pure copper. It cannot crack or rust even when left out doors all the year round. For copper is practically indestructible.

He will tell you, too, that you never have to bother to paint this enduring screen cloth. No meshes become choked through successive paintings.

It does not cast a shadow like dark painted wire cloth. All sunlight and air are admitted through its copper meshes. Even at a distance of 20 feet this screen cloth becomes invisible.

Your architect will tell you all these facts about Pompeiian and Golden Bronze Screen Cloth. Let him specify it for your new house.

And you home owners with rusty, cracked screen cloth, be prepared against the first inrush of flies. Tell your carpenter to refit the old screen frames with this new wire cloth. A removable "red string" along the selvage marks every foot of it, distinguishing this enduring screen cloth from copper-coated imitations.

If you do not know whom to write for the name of the nearest one who is. Your inquiry brings booklet on the uses of screen cloth — outdoor dining and sleeping rooms, [illegible]

Clinton Wire Cloth Co.

Established 1856 — 43 Sterling St., Clinton, Mass.

When the curtain is down—

Peter's Chocolate is the best candy to give your friends.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

American Woolen Co. of America

Wm. M. Wood, President

American men and women are the best dressed individuals in the world. The *American Woolen Company* has done much to make this possible by furnishing annually more than fifty million yards of cloth *at a price* that would be impossible on any smaller scale of production

The wool grower, the American Woolen Company, the cloak and garment manufacturer, the retail clothier and the wearer are partners. They all benefit by our unequalled facilities for buying raw material and by our wonderful systemized methods of producing dependable fabrics at prices representing the smallest margin of profit to ourselves.

Order the cloth as well as the clothes.

It is to your advantage to demand *American Woolen Company's* fabrics made by skilled American experts, American machinery, and American methods in 34 complete mills operated by 30,000 men and women at an annual payroll exceeding thirteen million dollars

American Woolen Co. of New York
SALES DEPARTMENT
American Woolen Building
18th to 19th Street, on 4th Avenue, New York
J. CLIFFORD WOODHULL, Selling Agent

Madam—

No matter what you have decided to serve for luncheon or dinner, do not fail to add Nabisco Sugar Wafers for dessert.

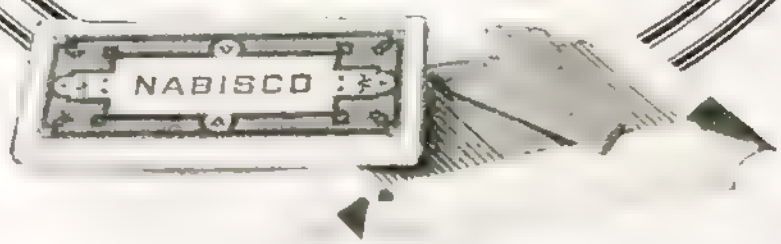
These dessert confections are so tempting and inviting that they not only make a good meal better, but ofttimes save a poor one.

Always fresh and delightful in flavor.

In ten-cent tins

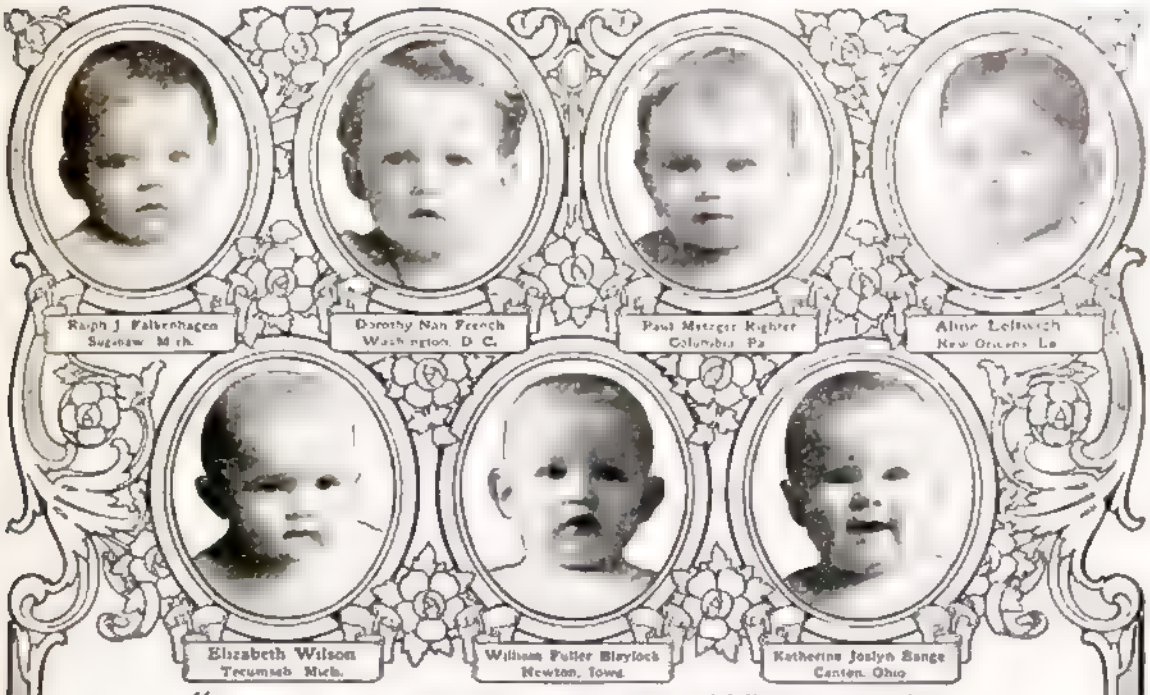
Also in twenty-five cent tins

CHOCOLATE TOKENS—similar to NABISCO, but with a delicious outer shell of rich chocolate.



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2



"We are advertised by our loving friends"—Mellin's Food Babies

Mellin's Food will Solve Your Problem

Your baby is a new problem in infant feeding. He is individual in his requirements. If he is to develop as he should he must have a food that not only contains all the elements required for his nourishment but one that may be readily adapted to his needs.

Mellin's Food is such a food. It will solve your problem.

Mellin's Food is to be used with fresh cow's milk. By simply varying the proportions of Mellin's Food, milk and water, according to our carefully prepared directions, you can exactly meet the individual needs of your baby.

Thousands and thousands of babies—all with individual needs—have grown up into strong, healthy children on Mellin's Food.

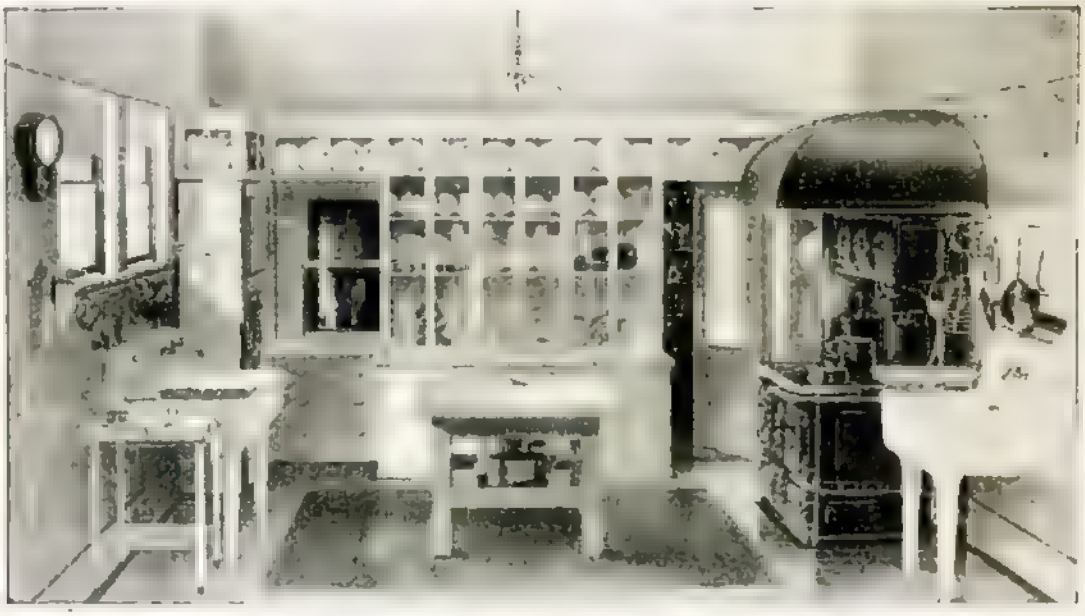
Why then should *your* baby worry along on a food that is not suited to him?

Be fair with your baby; start him on Mellin's Food *today* and put him in the class with the thousands of other healthy and happy Mellin's Food Babies.

We have a very helpful book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," which tells just the things you ought to know about feeding and caring for your baby. We shall be glad to send it to you, together with a Trial Size bottle of Mellin's Food, if you will write us.

Mellin's Food Co. - Boston, Mass.

MOTT'S PLUMBING



IN KITCHEN, PANTRY AND LAUNDRY

THIS illustration appears on page 68 of our booklet, "Modern Plumbing." It shows a well-appointed modern kitchen, in which Mott's Plumbing Fixtures are used. In this booklet various styles of kitchen and pantry sinks, laundry tubs and kitchen ranges are illustrated and described.

"MODERN PLUMBING" also exhaustively treats the subject of bathrooms. There are shown 24 modern bathroom interiors varying in cost from $74 to $3,000. So extensive is the Mott line of bathroom equipment, that it is easy to find Mott fixtures exactly adapted to your taste and needs.

Before you build or remodel ask for a copy of "MODERN PLUMBING:" sent on request with 4 cents to cover postage.

THE J. L. MOTT IRON WORKS

EIGHTY YEARS OF SUPREMACY 1911

FIFTH AVE. and SEVENTEENTH ST., NEW YORK

BRANCHES: Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Minneapolis, Washington, St. Louis, New Orleans, Denver, San Francisco, San Antonio, Atlanta, Seattle, Indianapolis and Pittsburgh.
CANADA: 138 Bleury Street, Montreal

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

WHILE Pompeian Massage Cream is used in several million homes by both husband and wife, yet in some homes men still think it is a woman's face cream, and again, women think it is a man's cream. Pompeian is for both, just as much as soap is for both. But Pompeian cleanses, refreshes, improves and invigorates the skin as no soap possibly can. There is no logical reason why either man or woman should have the cleaner or more wholesome skin.

We are all judged largely on first and general appearances [illegible], judged before we speak. Comparatively few people come to know our inner selves. Hence the value of appearance; hence the necessity of a fresh, healthy, wholesome skin. Such a complexion is in itself a good introduction for man or woman into either social or business circles.

You are judged before you speak! "Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian and have one."

POMPEIAN Massage Cream

Don't confuse Pompeian with "cold" or grease creams. Pompeian Massage Cream is entirely different in purpose, use and effect. It is [illegible] Pompeian. At [illegible] dealers.

Trial Jar and Art Picture, both sent for 10c. (stamps or coin) for Postage and Packing

All dealers 50c, 75c and $1

For years you have heard of Pompeian's merits and benefits. To get you to [illegible] we will send a "Pompeian Beauty" Art Picture, in exquisite colors, with each trial jar. This is a rare offer. The "Pompeian Beauty" is very expensive and immensely popular. Clip coupon now.

MAGAZINES & BOOKS FOR LIBRARY SLIPS ONE IN EVERY PICTURE

Cut along this line, fill in and mail today

The Pompeian Mfg. Co.
127 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

[illegible] find 10 cts. (stamps or coin), for postage and packing, for which [illegible] a trial jar of Pompeian and a "Pompeian Beauty" Art Picture.

Name [illegible]

Address [illegible]

City [illegible]

"Standard" GUARANTEED PLUMBING FIXTURES

A bathroom equipped with **"Standard"** Guaranteed Plumbing Fixtures makes the "luxury of the bath" a reality. They impart an atmosphere of refinement which reflects perfect sanitation, comfort and health. **"Standard"** Bathroom Fixtures are not an expense but an investment in permanent satisfaction and service.

All genuine **"Standard"** fixtures for bathroom, laundry and kitchen are labeled with the Green and Gold Label with one exception. There are two classes of our Guaranteed Baths, the Green and Gold Label Bath and the Red and Black Label Bath. The Green and Gold Label Bath is triple enameled. It is guaranteed for five years. The Red and Black Label Bath is double enameled. It is guaranteed for two years. If you would avoid dissatisfaction and expense install a guaranteed fixture. Guard against substitutes trading on our name and reputation. All fixtures purporting to be **"Standard"** are spurious *unless they bear our guarantee label.*

Send for a copy of our booklet, "Modern Bathrooms." It will prove a valuable assistance in the planning of your bathroom, kitchen or laundry. Many model rooms are illustrated costing from $78 to $600. This valuable book is sent for 6c postage.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Dept. G. PITTSBURGH, PA.

Offices and Showrooms: New York, 35 West 31st St.; Chicago, 415 Ashland Block; Pittsburgh, 1118 Walnut St.; Toronto, Can., 59 Richmond St., E.; Atlanta, 63 Peachtree St.; Boston, 32 Franklin St.; New Orleans, Cor. Baronne and St. Joseph Sts.; Minneapolis, 510 Second Ave., S.; Cincinnati, 36 West Fourth St.; Cleveland, 1276 Euclid Ave.; San Francisco, 1148 Mission St.; Kansas City, Mo., 1008-1012 Baltimore Ave.; St. Louis, 514 North Seventh St.; Detroit, 1206 Woodward Ave.; Pittsburgh, 439 Fifth Ave.; Seattle, 4 Main St.; Portland, 4 Morrison St.; Denver, 16 Boston Building.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

The Style Book

Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx

THE STYLE BOOK for Spring is a Southern number; the above illustration, by Samuel Nelson Abbott, shows Mardi Grass revels. The cover of the book is by Edward Penfield. You'll see represented in its pages the kind of clothes you like to wear.

Book will be ready about March 1. Send six cents

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago Boston New York

Get Exclusive Control

of Oliver Typewriter Sales in YOUR Locality!

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY is rapidly extending its Agency System to 100,000 towns and villages throughout the United States. ***Your town is on the list.*** Investigation costs nothing. It may result in securing for yourself the Local Agency for the fastest-selling typewriter in the world. We make an Exclusive Agency Contract that carries with it the absolute control of all sales of Oliver Typewriters in the territory assigned. Hundreds who hold these contracts make thousands of dollars a year. The ***agency*** is a ***business asset*** worth ***real money.***

Oliver Typewriter Local Agency Contract Is a Highly Profitable Franchise

To understand the money-making possibilities of an Oliver Local Agency, just bear in mind that it is ***an exclusive franchise*** — a legal document, officially signed by this Company — that allows you a profit on every Oliver Typewriter sold in the specified territory during the entire life of the arrangement, ***whether the sale is closed by yourself or by one of our traveling salesmen.***

If you were offered a franchise giving you a share of the tolls on every Telegram or Telephone Message sent or received in your territory—***wouldn't you cinch it?***

The Telegraph, the Telephone and the Typewriter are equally important agencies of public service.

If your application is received ***in time*** and your qualifications are satisfactory, you get the profit on all local sales of the greatest typewriter in the public service today.

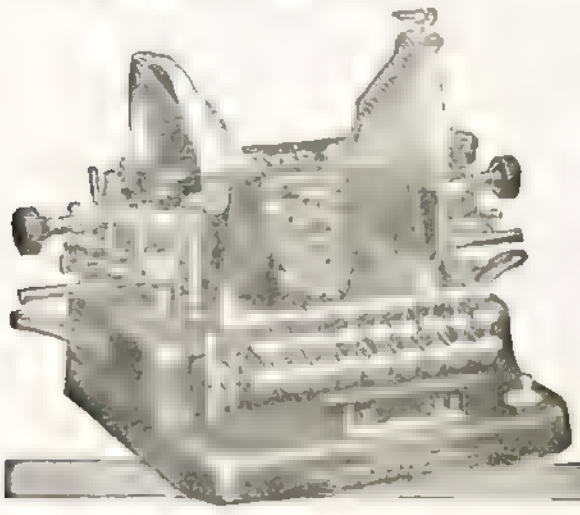
—A typewriter on which the patents alone are worth several millions of dollars.

A Giant Industry

The Oliver Typewriter Works are the largest in the world devoted exclusively to the manufacture of typewriters. Here you see ***acres*** of machinery, manned by ***hundreds*** of experts, turning out a ***finished typewriter every 3½ minutes.*** This stupendous rate of ***production,*** ever on the increase, is necessitated by the never-ceasing ***demand*** throughout the entire world.

Our manufacturing facilities have been heavily increased every year since our incorporation.

We invest a ***fortune*** in new machinery and new buildings ***every year.*** The secret of this amazing growth is ***in the machine itself.***



The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

The Oliver Typewriter has no counterpart. It is absolutely unique. It came in a blaze of glory, bearing aloft a ***torch***—the torch of "***VISIBLE WRITING.***"

Today, because of the Oliver, all standard typewriters are "visibles!"

The Oliver Typewriter delivers 100 per cent of ***efficiency.*** It has a wider ranger of ***practical uses,*** a more extensive battery of ***special conveniences*** than any other typewriter.

Primary Simplicity is the keynote of this "Symphony in Steel." It has ***hundreds of less parts*** than its rivals. This ***freedom*** from complication is the secret of its greater ***speed*** and ***endurance.*** It works with the smooth precision of an ***automatic machine.*** (80)

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

Territory Going Fast

File Your Application Now!

Work One Hour or Ten Hours a Day

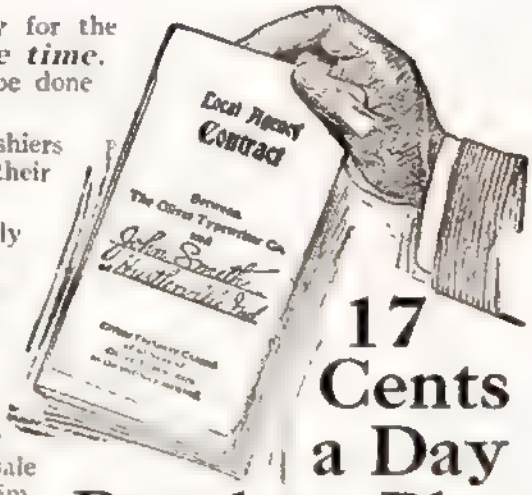
IN larger towns and cities the Local Agency for the Oliver Typewriter demands one's ***exclusive time.*** In smaller towns and villages the work can be done in ***spare time.***

Clerks, telegraph operators, accountants, cashiers of banks and other salaried men can ***retain*** their positions and take on this work ***in addition.***

Clergymen, doctors, lawyers, teachers—can easily make extra money out of the Local Agency.

Merchants, tradesmen, real estate and insurance agents, printers, newspaper editors, proprietors of hotels, stationery stores and others, will find the Local Agency for the Oliver Typewriter an extremely profitable adjunct to their regular business.

We don't want anyone to apply for the agency solely to secure a $100 typewriter at our wholesale price, but only where, if the agency is given him, the applicant intends not only to use and endorse the Oliver Typewriter ***but to co-operate with us in placing other machines in the territory assigned him.***



17 Cents a Day Purchase Plan

This convenient Plan of Purchase puts the Oliver Typewriter within easy reach of ***everybody.*** It makes a smooth path for the Local Agent. It ***rings the door bells*** of possible buyers. It actually ***opens the doors!***

Think of being able to offer ***the biggest hundred dollars' worth in America for SEVENTEEN CENTS A DAY!***

The Agent can ***buy*** and ***sell*** Oliver Typewriters for ***pennies!***

It's the most attractive Purchase Plan ever applied to ***typewriters.***

Its success is shown by the record-breaking sales rolled up by [illegible] Agents. The earnings of some of these agents exceed those [illegible]

Send Coupon or Letter for "Opportunity Book"

We are establishing Local Agencies just as fast as we find the ***right men.***

We have printed the "Opportunity Book" in order to give each inquirer the most ***accurate*** and ***adequate*** information. The book will tell you just what ***we know*** about the opportunity that awaits your grasp.

It paints no alluring pictures of success to be won without ***effort.*** It will not appeal to ***idlers.*** It's meant for those who ***mean business.***

Its message is to virile, aggressive men, who fully understand that splendid rewards in ***money*** and ***glory*** must all be honestly ***earned.***

Opportunity is looking you ***right in the eye.***

What are you going to do about it? Send for the book immediately. Cast your fortunes with our 15,000 Local Agents while the way is open. Address

Agency Department

The Oliver Typewriter Co.

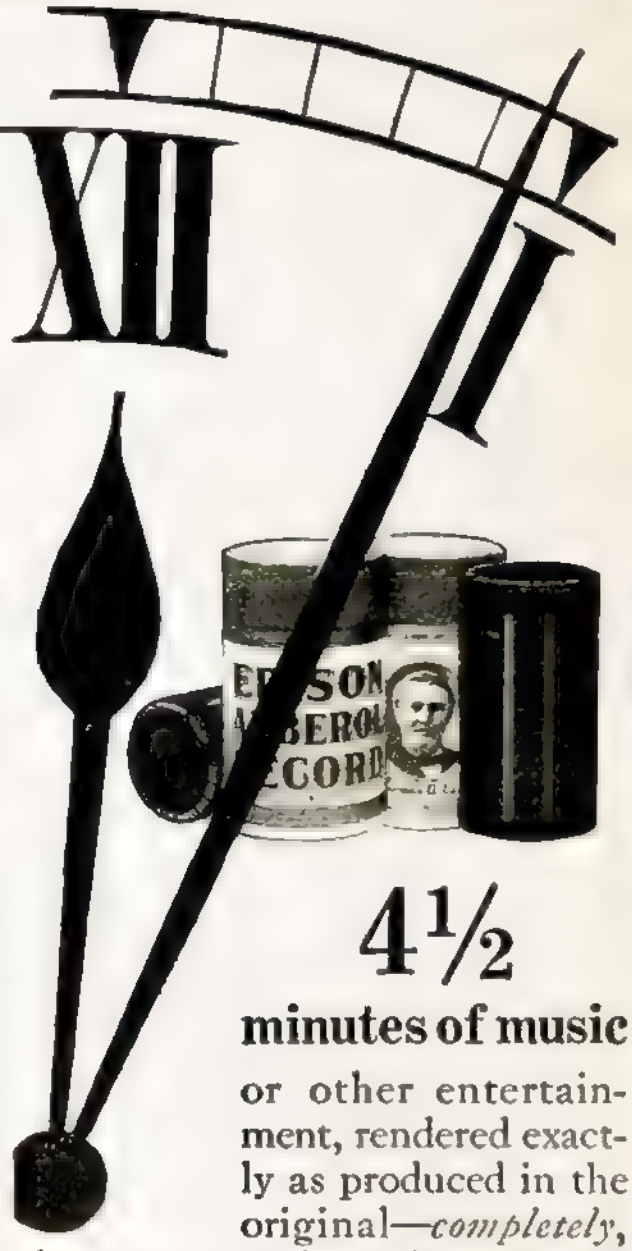
238 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO
238 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

Name

Address

What is an Amberol Record?



750,000 families already know by grateful experience!

More than 1,000,000 families thought that they had reached the limit of pleasure in home entertainment, when they purchased their Edison Phonographs—and they had, at that time.

750,000 of that million have found that limit of pleasure more than doubled in Amberol Records, Thomas A. Edison's greatest achievement in sound reproduction since he first invented the basic idea of the Phonograph.

4½ minutes of music

or other entertainment, rendered exactly as produced in the original—*completely*, without hurrying or cutting or change of any sort—as compared with two minutes of entertainment, formerly rendered.

[illegible] Everybody's Magazine are [illegible] Turn to page 2.

Every Edison Phonograph made today plays Amberol Records

and Standard Records as well. Every Edison Phonograph ever made, with the addition of a simple attachment, can be made to play Amberol Records—and still retain its ability to play Standard Records.

There are many Edison Phonograph owners who are receiving only half the pleasure that the Edison Phonograph will yield—because their instruments will *not yet* play Amberol Records, and it is for these that we are making

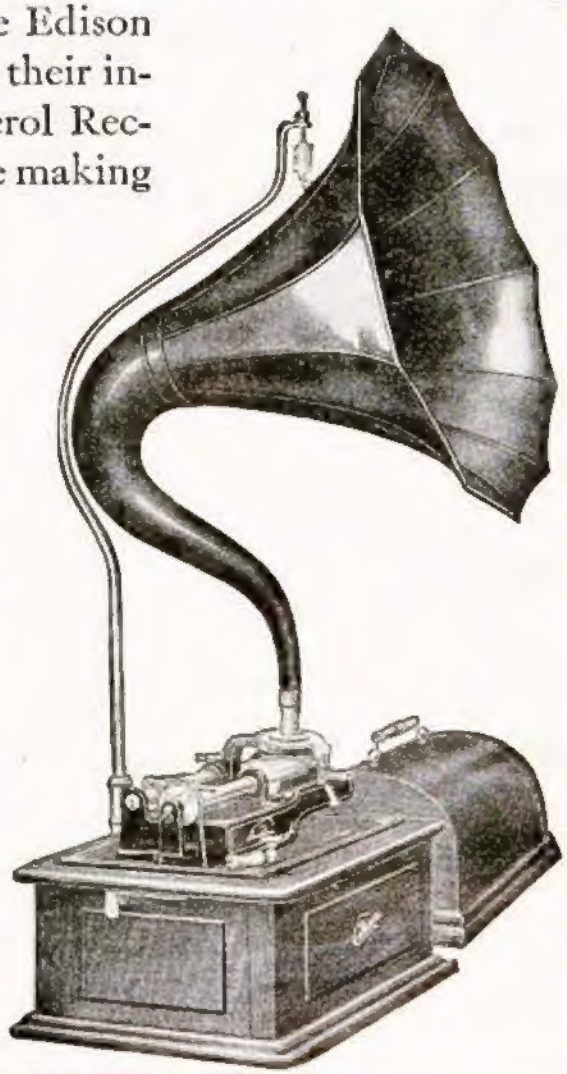
this special Amberol offer

With every purchase of Amberol Attachment, at prices ranging from $5.00 to $8.50, according to style of Phonograph you have, the purchaser receives ten special Amberol Records. Many Edison Phonograph owners would have had the Amberol Attachment long ago if it had not been for the immediate additional expense of buying Amberol Records.

This special offer means that you are getting your start on Amberol Records *practically free*. Take advantage of this offer. Go to your dealer and have the Amberol Attachment put on your instrument—and no matter how old your Edison Phonograph may be, it will be quite as good as when it was new.

There is an Edison Phonograph at a price to suit everybody's means, from the Gem at $15.00 to the Amberola at $200. Get complete catalogs from your dealer or from us.

Edison Standard Records	$ .35
Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long)	.50
Edison Grand Opera Records . .	.75 to $2.00



NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY
18 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.

There is a place in your office for the EDISON BUSINESS PHONOGRAPH, no matter what your business is.

"The warm, or hot, bath is the only cleansing one; and, for my part, I do not see how anybody can be physically clean who does not take at least one such bath, *with soap*, every day."

Frederic M. Lawrence, M. D., in Hampton's Magazine.

Please note the words "with soap."

Please note, too, that they are italicized in Dr. Lawrence's article.

Take a cold bath, before breakfast, by all means — if you are in good physical condition. But do not lose sight of the fact that it is not possible for anyone to be physically clean who does not take at least one warm bath, *with soap*, every day.

Use Ivory Soap. It floats; and it is pure. These are the qualities that make Ivory Soap unequalled for use in the bath. Purity, in a bath soap, is of paramount importance. And a bath soap that floats is immeasurably more convenient than one which, when needed, is at the bottom of the bath-tub.

Ivory Soap . . . . . It Floats

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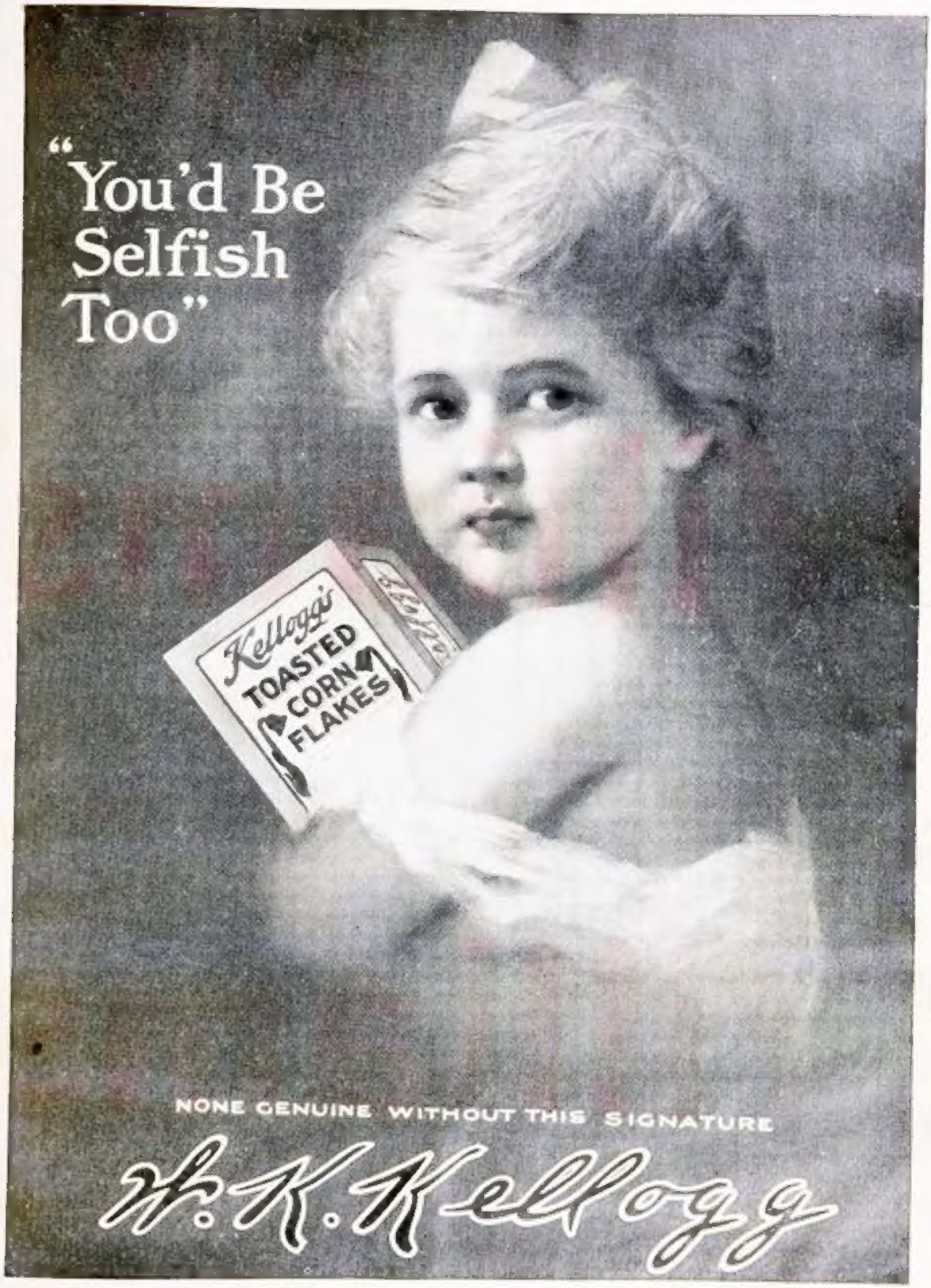
"You'd Be Selfish Too"
Kellogg's
TOASTED
CORN
FLAKES
NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS SIGNATURE
W. K. Kellogg

Williams'

Shaving Stick

"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

A little difference often makes a tremendous difference. The difference in the soothing, refreshing, antiseptic lather of Williams' Shaving Soap from other kinds may not be so apparent the first time you use it, but in the course of a few days or weeks the difference becomes unmistakable. The better condition of your face shows it.

Williams'

Quick & Easy Shaving Powder

The same good shaving soap, having the qualities that have made the Williams' name a household word to men who shave, is sold in powdered form. It shortens the time of shaving without impairing the efficiency of the lather.

Williams'

Jersey Cream Toilet Soap

After using Williams' Jersey Cream Soap a few times you can't fail to observe how much softer, smoother, and in how much better condition your hands and face are; in fact, this is apparent the very first time you use it. The soft, creamy lather is so soothing and refreshing.

SPECIAL OFFER

A miniature sample package of either Williams' Talc Powder, Shaving Stick, Shaving Powder, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap or Dentalactic Tooth Powder, mailed for 4 cts. in stamps. All five articles in neat combination package for 16 cts. in stamps.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

THE CHARLES SCHWEINLER PRESS